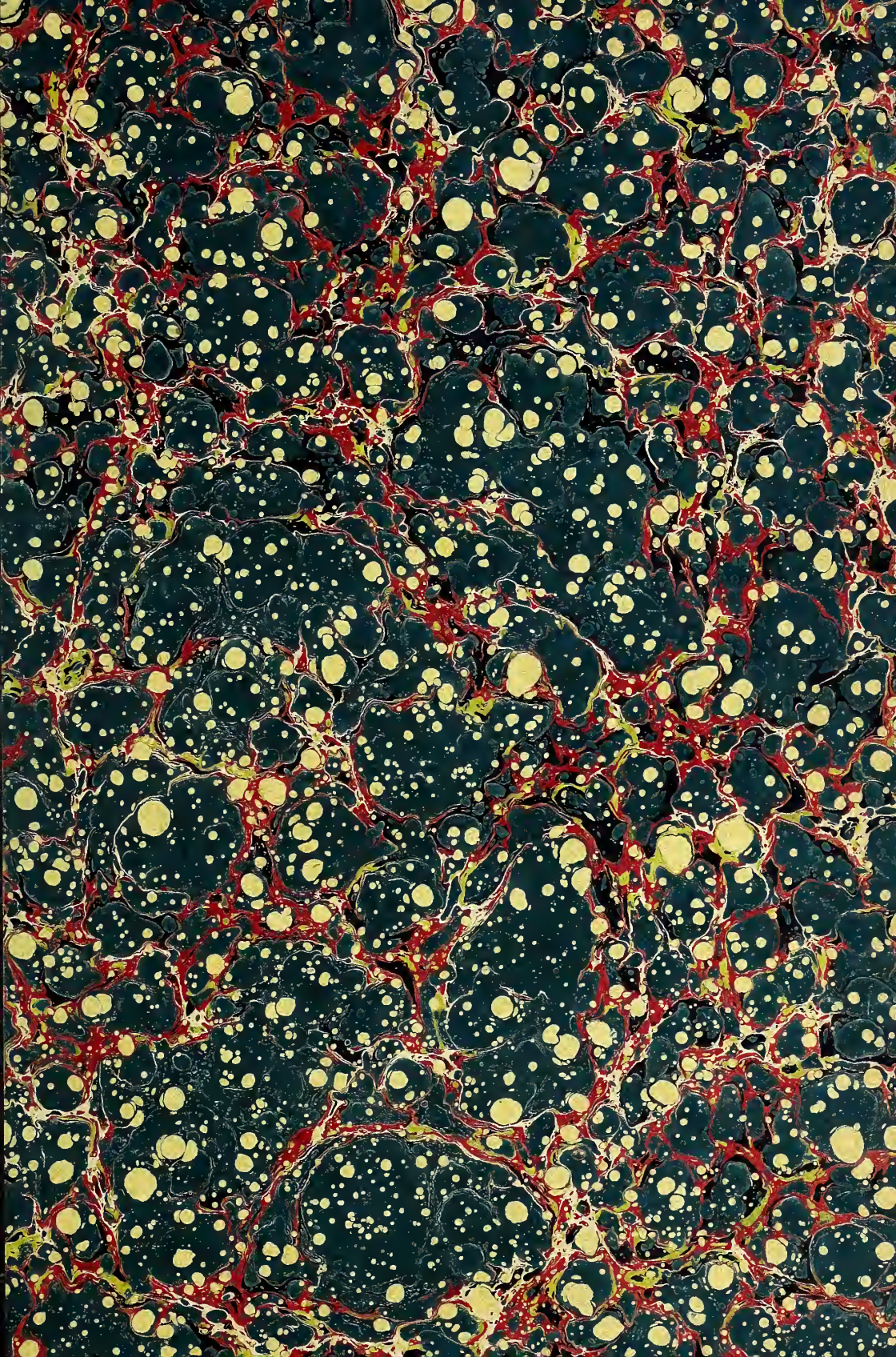




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Letters of Travel

THROUGH

THE WEST INDIES

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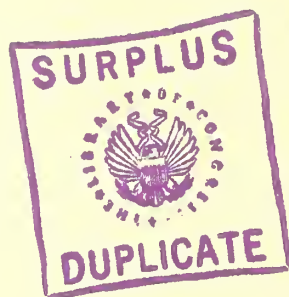
SOUTH AMERICA.

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FIFTH TOUR.

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PREFACE.

Inasmuch as the Letters of the previous Tours may not be seen by those into whose hands this Volume may come, it is proper to repeat briefly the Prefaces of the Volumes containing the former Tours to the effect, that they were written and are printed with no idea of giving them Publicity.

This, therefore, will, I am sure, be respected by those friends to whom they may be loaned, and by all others who may obtain in any way possession of them.

FRED. W. M. HOLLIDAY.

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LETTERS.

[No. 1.]

ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY,
Tuesday, May 22, 1888.

My Dear Margaret,—

It was with unwonted lingering I bade you Good-bye! yesterday morning, in our Old Home, to start out upon another long journey. Many think my numerous Tours render me restless and make me pant for new fields. This is not true. When travelling, my thoughts, amid scenes however interesting, ever revert to you all and hasten to the time when the movement ended, we shall be together again. To begin, has ever been hard for me. When begun, and my wings are spread for the distant flight, my enjoyment, you know, is exceeding great. But much of the pleasure consists in the bond which ties the sweet old memories with the new experience.

Yesterday, the starting was harder than ever before, and it would have been little, if any disappointment, to have given up the trip, and been satisfied with the quiet of the dear, familiar spot, and my and Mack's daily jaunts to the Farm to trim up trees and clean fence-rows. Taylor's walking with me to the Station didn't have the tendency to lessen my disinclination to go—rather the reverse.

Robert Hunter and Dr. Love's Brother, of Kansas City, started with me—the former for Washington, the latter for the Southern Presbyterian Assembly, now holding its sessions in Baltimore, to which he is a Delegate. At Charlestown Willie Wilson got on. He and Robert left the train at the Junction. Mr. Love and I, together

with Rev. Mr. Johnson, another Delegate from Texas, continued on the Main Stem to Baltimore. We had much pleasant talk. There I drove across the City to the Charles Street Station, and took an Express Train for this City at five minutes after twelve, reaching here at half past four p. m.

I secured a seat in a Parlor Car and had a comfortable ride. Near me sat a gentleman, who in a little while recognizing me, introduced himself as Mr. Adams—a Partner of Irving Buek, in the firm of Adams & Buek, Baltimore. He is a native of Loudon County, and having many mutual friends, we had plenty of topics of conversation to engage us during the whole ride. Sending my trunk through an Agent on the Train, by Baggage Express, we walked to Broadway together, he going to the New York Hotel, I stopping at this. On Courtlandt Street I was hailed across the way, and Colonel U. L. Boyce came over to greet me. Our conversation was brief, however, he about to start for home. I sent by him kind wishes to our friends, Mrs. Tuley and Miss Mary Jackson, saying I had written words of farewell to them before I left.

The Chief Clerk welcomed me with his usual cordiality, as did the attendants who knew me from my former visits, one of them telling me he lived in Richmond during my term of office there. And whilst sitting at the table, one of the waiters, with a foreign accent, and with delighted air, said he had waited on me at the Hotel in Odessa, and remembered my young Pole, William, who was, you remember, so pleasant and faithful to me on that long Tour. He asked me if I brought William to this Country with me. He said William told him, if he did not continue with me, he would return to Moscow, where I picked him up. The faithful fellow! I wonder where he is, and what he is about! These recognitions are curious. Should I make a few more Tours, whither can I go, in the uttermost parts of the earth, where I will not be recognized?

After Dinner I walked up Broadway to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, looking at the people and into the windows, like any other country bumpkin, finding the amusement which never seems to fail me in that proceeding—and then came back in a Street Car and went to bed.

Had I known it, I could have enjoyed myself much more, than taking what to me has been such an oft-repeated walk. At the Metropolitan Opera House, I observed from the papers, was one of the most remarkable Exhibitions that has been put upon the stage

for a long time, in this or any other country. Lester Wallack's Brother Actors got up a Benefit for him in the Play of Hamlet. Booth in Hamlet; Lawrence Barrett, the Ghost; Modjeska, Ophelia; Joe Jefferson, one of the Gravediggers; Florence, the Second, and others of less note in various Characters. It was a serious reflection to me when I saw what I had missed, for the Papers speak of the affair as a marvellous display and success.

After Breakfast I got me a Deck Chair, numbers of which were for sale under the Hotel, and had it and my trunk marked, which latter I had overlooked in Winchester. Then I paid my friend Frank McHale's Bookstore a visit. Then to Brown Brothers & Co., Bankers, and had my Letter of Credit arranged, and a pleasant meeting as usual with my friend, Mr. W. H. Gillen; and then to 84 Broad street, and interviewed Messrs. Gerhard & Co., Agents of the Brazil Line, and found they had my Room on the Steamer ready for me, and thus far had been able to comply with my request to let me have it entirely to myself—which he said, if possible, would continue to be done. He was very considerate and polite, and promised to be at the Steamer to-morrow before its departure and introduce me to E. C. Baker, the Captain, who he said was a good fellow: I told him unless he was I did not care to know him. A good fellow for Captain is a good thing on a voyage, of which I have satisfied you many a time on my former Tours. A pigheaded and supercilious chap, which these individuals, now and then are, is a creature to be avoided; though I must admit I have met in my experience with very few, if any such. How often, however, are men and manners made by one's own bearing! Kind and polite deportment in travel often transforms those you meet, who have an uncomely reputation.

Having plenty of time I determined to visit the Vessel and see for myself the place where I am to lodge for many days upon the water. I returned to Wall Street, and crossing at that ferry, found the good Ship Finance at the Robert Stores Wharf, and going aboard got the Steward to show me my State-room. It is not large, but very comfortable. And then, learning that the Captain was in his office, I called on him and was politely and cordially received, with assurances that he would do all in his power to smooth my passage. Thus far fortune seems to be propitious.

All these matters I attended to on foot, which was done pleasantly; the sky and temperature, both yesterday and to-day, being delight-

ful: they tell me almost the first good weather New York has had this spring.

This consumed pretty much the balance of the day. I rested and lounged, there being nothing of interest to engage my attention. I have dotted down these unimportant doings, well knowing how they will grow in importance, whilst they travel towards you.

Of course you told the Doctor how I regretted not seeing him before I left. How is he? How are Mary and Anna Bell? Give them each my love.

To Taylor: You must not only tell me how you are, but how you are getting on with the servants and everything pertaining to the Old Home, with the minuteness I have told you of myself.

To Charles: All my Letters will, like those of the other Tours, be forwarded to you. I wrote you on the eve of my departure and enclosed one to little Taylor, in which I tell him the Traveller's Cup he gave me shall be dipped in bigger waters than I found in the East, and how his Cousin Margaret was the cause of its being left behind on my last Tour. How are Essie and the little Boy? I sincerely trust that he may be spared to her. These things you must inform me of. Your Letters will follow, but they will not overtake me short of some thousands of miles. But when they do, what a joyous greeting they will get?

To Taylor: You must give my adieus to the neighbors.

SAME HOTEL, *Wednesday, May 23, 1888.*

I will not detain this Letter longer. I mail it now, simply telling you that I will sail this afternoon at four o'clock.

With tender love for all,

F.

[No. 2.]

STEAMSHIP "FINANCE," U. S. AND BRAZIL S. S. LINE,

Wednesday, May 23, 1888.

My Dear Taylor,—

This morning I mailed to you Letter Number 1 for Margaret, at the Astor House, giving an account of myself up to that time. I had

some hours to stroll about before the time of the Steamer's departure, which I did leisurely, and with my usual enjoyment. I met a gentleman on Broadway, who introduced himself to me as Mr. Davenport, a younger brother of Isaac Davenport, of Richmond. He said he was in New York making provision for the starting of a new Cotton Mill in Richmond, under the auspices of some gentlemen of wealth in that City. He spoke hopefully of the enterprise, and said he thought success would attend it, as it had already done many other enterprises there. The people of the Old Capital were full of expectation and zeal with regard to its future. To all which I united my heartiest good wishes.

At two o'clock p. m. I got a Carriage, and taking my trunk, satchel and Deck Chair, crossed to Brooklyn *via* Fulton-Ferry, and drove to Robert Stores—the Steamer's Landing. My things were soon safely aboard, and I was snugly quartered in my State-room—having it to myself as promised. The bulky trunk, the Steward said he would put for me in a small unoccupied Room near by, where I could have ready access to it, and I thus have my quarters unencumbered. This was very considerate and kind. Shortly after the Purser came and offered me another Room, on the upper or Hurricane Deck, which he thought would be more agreeable. This, too, was very courteous; but I declined, telling him I had chosen the lower or Main Deck purposely at the time of the selection of my Room, thinking it more private and better adapted to resting and reading should I desire, in loose and unrepresentable garments, the Ports opening upon the Sea, and not upon the Promenade.

Exactly at the hour of four, the Pilot came aboard, the cables were loosed, a fussy little Tug dragged the big bulk, stern foremost, out into the Harbor, and then letting go, the Steamer asserted her own power, and righting herself, began with easy, steady motion her journey towards the Sea. The Ship is not nearly equal in size to those on which I have hitherto tried the Atlantic, and her list of passengers much smaller. Consequently, her departure was with much less commotion and display. It is true, the sky was not favorable; a light rain was falling, which gave a sombre setting. Quite a crowd, however, gathered on the Wharf to wave farewells to their friends aboard; but nothing like the Bunting and Boats, and Music and Flowers, of which I have more than once told you,

filled the scene and air, when I ventured in a Floating Palae, from the New World to the Old.

The Finanee is not large—about three thousand tons—but is nice and well appointed; would have been thought a few years ago a fine Ship. The serviee and attendanee are good, and “John,” the Steward, attaeched to my Room, who is a polite and handy fellow, and I think will make things comfortable and easy for me on the long voyage.

Steaming out, I lost somewhat the exeeeding beauty of the seene, for the want of the sun, which I have many a time before enjoyed. The sky was overcast, and a fog was brewing, whose warnings of bell and horn were sounding all the while. Yet I could see Governor’s Island on the one hand, and on the other, Bartholdi’s Liberty, with toreh aloft—now that it is finished, an imposing figure—only wanting a bigger bloek of stone on which to stand to make it a magnifieent Emblem of that Genius, by which we set such store, and of which the average Ameriean does not tire of boasting. In a little while we pass Staten Island and its lovely Villas, and soon feel the pulsations of the Oeean, which knoeck speedily the sentiment out of many unhappy passengers, and send them from the Dinner Table to their Beds.

This eondition of weather was predicted in the morning Papers; warning Sea-going people that a storm had left the Main in Georgia, and was tiding Northward with the eurrent of the Gulf Stream, which, however, would probably lose its material and be converted into fog, a predietion speedily fulfilled.

I made the acquaintanee of a Mr. Ellis, a pleasant old gentleman from Barbadoes, and we had much talk about his Island and its affairs. I met, also, a young man from Kansas on his way to Buenos Ayres to work as Civil Engineer upon a Railroad, and several others whose names, oeeupation and destination I did not inquire.

And then I put me in my eot.

SAME STEAMSHIP, AT NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA,
Thursday, May 24, 1888.

That heading looks eurious; that I should have gone all the way to New York and find myself in Virginia, to be delayed here two days. But I knew this would be the ease, as the schedule I left you

shows. But I was compelled to go to New York to arrange my financial matters, which could be better done there in person than by correspondence; though it robbed us of two days longer pleasure with each other.

When I rose this morning after a sound night's rest, and looked through my port, the sky was still overcast, and a thick fog yet covered the Sea. This continued till after mid-day, and our course was accompanied by the ugly notes of the fog horn. It has not been cold, and I could sit or walk the Deck with comfort; but nothing was in view. The Coast Line was hid, and no ships came nigh enough to be seen. It wasn't a condition that suited me altogether.

About two o'clock the clouds and fog drifted away, and thence on till half-past four, we steamed over a perfect Sea and with perfect weather into the beautiful and magnificent Harbor of which we Virginians are justly proud. First came the Hotel at Old Point; near by, the Flag floated, marking in the distance Fortress Monroe; steaming between these and the Rip Raps, on my left, beyond, was Hampton School and the Soldiers' Home, and around me the glorious Harbor, which Commodore Maury tells us the floods of the Amazon, the Orinoco, the Missouri and the Mississippi and the currents of the Ocean mark for a Natural receptacle of Continental Wealth. And, in a little while, our good Ship is tied up at Newport News—two hundred and eighty-eight miles from New York.

The show of business, or rather preparations therefor, are quite considerable; a huge Elevator and long Wharves projecting into deep water; and a short way off numerous new houses of brick and wood, with several handsome Hotels, manifesting that their builders or owners have faith that, if business has not already, it will one day come.

Whilst I was dining, just after our arrival, a telegram was handed me, producing that trepidation which the thing well knows how to arouse—but whose perusal as frequently dissipates it. Upon opening I found it was from Barton Myers, urging me to stay with them in Norfolk during the Steamer's stoppage. I will consider and see what I can do.

After Dinner my new friend, Mr. Ellis, and I strolled over the town. We found the place laid out into well-graded streets and shell roads, and, we had observed on our approach, a large amount invested in houses—business and dwelling—with three or four capacious and handsome Hotels, not intended simply for transient visitors,

but for summer Bathing Resorts. I should think, however, too near Old Point to be a success.

This afternoon, one of the passengers, a young gentleman, spoke to me and said he and his wife were, like myself, bound for Pará, and thence up the Amazon many hundreds of miles, and we talked of our plans, briefly. His name is Ogden and he hails from New York.

SAME SHIP, *Friday, May 25, 1888.*

Upon reflection I came to the conclusion not to accept Barton Myers' kind invitation, giving my reason, in a note I sent him—that it was important in view of the long and fatiguing Tour I was entering upon, to be quiet whenever I could, and husband my physical powers. I gave him an outline of my Route, and told him when he read it he would agree I was right, and that I would pay him and Kate a visit at some other time, when I was free from any apprehensions and could quietly enjoy their home and hospitality.

Had I gone, it would not only have been that visit, but a hundred and one visits and calls and interviews, which would have wearied and worried enough. I will remain aboard and quietly lounge on Ship and shore, and feel the better for it.

Sitting on deck a young gentlemen introduced himself as Willie Marshall, from Fauquier—said he had gone to the Academy in Winchester, and was now in an Apothecary Shop in Newport News and doing well. He is a polite, pleasant fellow, and I was glad to meet him. Last night and to-day have been spent in coaling. I occupied my time in lounging.

SAME SHIP, *Saturday, May 26, 1888.*

The Ship moved yesterday evening to another wharf near by, and last night and to-day have been passed in taking on flour. In the routine, there is nothing for me to tell you; I simply put these few lines down before closing the Letter to let you know that things are going well with me. I am in first rate health and comfortable. This evening we cut loose for the Island of St. Thomas. You may not hear again for some time. Probably we may catch an incoming Steamer at that Island; if so, I will send you what there may be of No. 3, if not, I will forward it from Barbadoes; and should that

not be possible, then I will be compelled to wait till I get to Pará, my objective point on this Line, and whither I have told you to send your first Letters to meet and greet me.

I hope you are in good health and things going on as they should.

I trust Margaret and all at her home are well.

I will now give this to the Purser to mail.

With tenderest love,

F.

[No. 3.]

N. Y. AND B. S. S. LINE, STEAMER FINANCE,

Sunday, May 27, 1888.

My Dear Mary,—

Yesterday afternoon I mailed in Newport News No. 2, to your Uncle Taylor. May it have safe passage and tell you of my doings up almost to the hour of my cutting loose from the Continent!

My Barbadoes friend, Mr. Ellis, and I walked up to the Post-office to start the Letter, and on our return to the Steamer a gentleman introduced himself to me on the Deck as Colonel Lackland, the manager of the Line, and most courteously informed me that he wished me a pleasant voyage, that every facility on the Steamer would be extended me to secure it. He introduced me to General Parsons, of Texas, who at once recognized in me a Brother Centennial Commissioner at Philadelphia, and was complimentary enough to add that he had not forgotten my brilliant speech before the Board. We had much talk of old times. He said he now holds an office under the Secretary of the Treasury, and is stationed at Newport News. Neither he nor Colonel Lackland were going further, and we parted on the Steamer, much to my regret.

At half-past six o'clock we steamed out upon the Harbor, and under happiest auspices turned our prow Oceanward. The Stars were shining soon from a cloudless sky, and the surroundings of Sea and Land could not have been more smiling. Yet there came over me, through anticipations full of almost assured enjoyment, a sense of lingering, which, were it to do again, would have caused a contest, whether I would go or not. In a little while that hesitation ended, for I was upon the waters, with no stopping place short of St. Thomas.

When out of the Harbor, the weather changed; the same calm, but a dense fog prevailed, and the whole night the signals sounded. But when the morning dawned, the fog dispersed, and we had all day a smooth sea and a clear sky. When the night followed, the Moon came with it.

The Stormy Petrels—Mother Cary's chickens—were the only birds that accompanied us; much similar to our swallows in their make and movements; dark, like them, save a white band around their body behind the wings; with the same quick, agile motion; now tipping the water with their pinions, in their darting speed, and now resting upon its surface, but pursuing the ship from dawn till dark. No larger birds have yet appeared. But the water is beginning to take on its lovely shade of blue.

The Captain tells me that at seven this morning we crossed the western line of the Gulf Stream, clear-cut and visible to the naked eye, and that we have been steaming through it the entire day. We are dividing it obliquely, southeast, and will not pass out of it till to-morrow morning at four o'clock, when we will leave its tepid, for the cooler waters of the Encircling Ocean. Of all the Sea phenomena of the world, this, somehow, interests me most. Upon its sublime current it carries the destinies of much of the habitable Globe. Scientists have never seemed to me to have solved its mysteries. Simple enough is the gathering of its waters; but what forces send them, turning almost upon their track, to scatter untold blessings upon the Hemisphere whence they came?

SAME SHIP, *Monday, May 28, 1888.*

Again last night, the Moon came, and to stay, with no fogs to veil her. The Sea was smooth as could be, and, in the presence of her light, flashed Phosphoric stars in the Vessel's wake. To sit on Deck in the balmy air at such an hour, in such a scene, is an experience which does not weary by repetition, whose simple suggestion, leaving much to be inferred, like true descriptions ever, carries more of reality in it, than pages of written words.

To-day the little birds still followed us. Here and there the Sargasso growth floated in small tufts, indicating our approach towards the vast Sea, whence the storms have torn and drifted it. When I rose this morning the greater heat told me we were fast advancing

towards the region of the Tropics. But Nature, always delighting in compensation, with the increasing heat, is sending now the Trade Winds to moderate its ardor ; and the Vessel speeding to the eye of the Sun we sit under the awning protected from its rays, and enjoy what may be called the perfection of temperature. Surely, with such advantages of locomotion, Travel has become a luxury of which our sires had scant knowledge ; we now fear no calms, which aforetime waited those that floated under sail, making the heart of the mariner sick, while sweltering under Torrid heat, with loss, too, of time and cargo. With steam, we move right on, and the " Horse Latitudes " and the " Doldrums " are wiped from the seaman's Chart.

Around us, the water stretches to the horizon, without a ripple. A few little storm birds follow us, the Sargasso floats around us in larger patches, and we have plenty of time to let our reveries run back to the days when the Sea, whence these patches come, aroused such conflicting thoughts and emotions in the minds and hearts of Columbus and his Crews.

These reveries are brought back to the present more tangible times and things by the people who are with me on the Ship. Some are returning to their homes in St. Thomas, Barbadoes, Demarara, Pará, or Rio ; others and more interesting, of whom there are ten or twelve, are young men going to the Argentine Republic to seek their fortunes in various avenues of business, principally, however, to look for employment on the numerous Railroads projected and projecting there. One is from California, another from Kansas, another from Wisconsin, another from Vermont, another from Florida, and so on. I have talked with all of them, some are sprightly fellows, full of vim and hope, who will succeed ; some who will fail from one or another cause, which would have marked them out for failures anywhere or how.

The Californian has been a traveller almost equal to myself, and has done it, not without profit. The Vermonter has had a curious life : born in Odessa, his father German, his mother French. On his father's death his mother moved to Paris, where she married Mr. Hopkins, son of Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, who was, you remember, a warm friend and admirer of Bishop Meade and of our South, and very eminent in the Church in his day, when eminence counted. This youth, of course, speaks three or four languages, all native to him, and is an intelligent, gentlemanly fellow. His name, from the

card he gave me, is Pierre Hippolyte de Renthel. He gave me a pamphlet-speech delivered by his step-father a few weeks ago, before the Chamber of Commerce in New York, in which he set forth the mutual interests of the Argentine and the United States Republics, and the present and coming importance of the former to our future prosperity.

The subject engaged my attention before I left home, and this quite numerous band of young men leaving the United States, who have been preceded and will be followed by many more, is most significant and worthy of consideration. Is the area of Enterprise exhausted in our country, and has the advice of Horace Greeley, "Young men! go West!" become "stale and unprofitable?" Is our country becoming so populous that it cannot more than feed and clothe itself, like the old peoples of Europe, and the time arrived when we must seek a foreign market or suffer a glut, which, with our form of Government and restless, vigorous people, is almost equal to a famine? It is beyond all doubt that we can produce far more than we can consume, and that in some of our fields of industry more than simple abundance is preventing remunerative prices for our Labor.

I spoke, you will recall, in my Letters from the East, of how our foreign relations were neglected, and how, resulting from it, we had no position in the great Empires of China and Japan—England and Germany having taken possession of what once was and ought still to be ours. The same neglect, in the vast Continent which I am about to visit, will be to me, I doubt not, a subject of interesting study in my travels there. We will see.

SAME SHIP, *Tuesday and Wednesday,*
May 29 and 30, 1888.

These two days have glided smoothly away whilst we have been gliding over the Sea. The incidents, like those of the clements about us, have been much the same. The water by day has been glorying in its beauty of deepest blue, enlivened by flocks of Flying Fish—of their own motion scudding on the waves, or flushed by the ship's prow in its progress—and at night flashed into stars by the swift propeller—and strewn with Sargasso weeds in large patches, much resembling, in the distance, agglutinated saw-dust. This morning three new Birds appeared, of purest white, about the size of Gulls, but with straight, narrow tails, and graceful in their flight, called Boatswain—for short,

Bowsan—Birds from the resemblance of their tails to the Marline-spike. The Trade Winds and the motion of the Ship gave us a delicious atmosphere, which, for comfort, could not be improved. I could but contrast it with the heat I suffered in the same latitude on the other Hemisphere, and at the same season of the year. My room is on the East, or windward, side of the Ship, and when my port is open, small though it be, it keeps me supplied with pure, cool air.

On Tuesday night we crossed the Tropic Line, and hence all day of Wednesday we have been tiding in the so-called Torrid Zone; we can well say, from our experience on this tour, a gross misnomer.

I had talks to-day with several of the Emigrants of whom I have spoken, with regard to the country they have left, and their hopes in the country to which they are going. Among them, a Mr. Morrow from Kansas, a Civil Engineer by profession and long practice, a man of forty-five or fifty years of age, and sensible, his wife and children with him. He gives rather a doleful account of things in Kansas: The farmers are much in debt, with their farms heavily mortgaged at from six to eight *per cent.* interest; wheat and cattle so low that the prices do not pay the cost of production or raising. Each year involves them more heavily, and he fears before many more have passed a widespread crash will come. This is rather mournful, but in some sections we know nearer home, are prospects any brighter? I told him I had discovered in my extensive travels somewhat the cause of this, and was hoping I might find in the Tour I am now making a remedy for the evil in or through other forms. I gave him an account of things with which you are already familiar, and which I will not here repeat.

To Charles: I do trust the little boy is long since well again, and that Essie has recovered from her fatigue and anxiety, and that the other Household, big and little, are well. Give them all my love. I will wait impatiently till Letters come to tell me. Get ready and go up to Winchester, and you and Taylor study Geography over these Letters there.

To Taylor: How are you and how are Old Home things getting on? How are affairs Farmward, and how is John Stephenson progressing with the fence? I forgot to tell him before I left, or put it down for your guidance, to right up the Corn House on the Farm. It needs some patching, especially under the front doors. He can do it with the old boards.

But these are incidental. Let me know, more especially, how you

are, and how things are going at home, servants and all. Tell Dr. Fuller, with my kind wishes, that I am absolutely *rectus* now, and never think of what I feared might give me trouble on the Tour—my slight deafness from a cold. Maybe it was cured by a concussion I got from the firing of a gun on board, the signal of our departure from Newport News. I was standing near by, listlessly, with my side towards it; and the concussion was so great that I thought it had cracked the tympanum. The uneasiness lasted a day or two; but that is gone now and I am, as Tom Grim says, all right about the head.

Are the neighbors well, and are you taking care of each other?

Give my best love to your father and mother and Anna Bell. Tell your father now is a good time to write that Letter which he has been promising, on every Tour, for several years. I do hope your mother is quite well again.

To-morrow we expect to reach the Island of St. Thomas. I will mail this Letter there.

ON SAME SHIP, *Thursday, May 31, 1888.*

I will write only a few lines this morning. This afternoon we hope to reach St. Thomas, where I will close and mail this Letter.

Last evening on Deck, my new friend, Mrs. Morrow, introduced me to Mrs. Armstrong, wife of our Consul at Rio, who is from Alabama. Hailing from the South, she was most cordial in her greeting, and hoped, though parting at Pará, we would often meet in Rio; she was sure her husband would be delighted to welcome me to Brazil. He has been there three years; she is now going out for the first time. They, having a family of young children, thought it better they should remain at home. We had much talk, in which they drew me out upon my travels, and seemed to enjoy it and think it worthy of the time consumed. I know nearly all aboard now, male and female, old and young, and am treated with a consideration and courtesy agreeable enough. I go along quietly in the even tenor of my way, and my uniform, polite and kindly ways bring attention and tenders of help in various forms, which make my Travel seem like visits to ancient friends.

This morning I met Mr. Charles H. Parbs from Pará, and on his way thither now. He gave me his card and much information, and said he would help me to make all needed arrangements for my journey up the Amazon. This is very kind.

For several days we have had lovely Sunsets. Yesterday evening surpassed any I ever saw at Sea. You will recall the one a little North of this Latitude, on my first Tour, where the rising Moon and setting Sun greeted each other in such regal style across the waters. This was unlike that; his Majesty having it entirely to himself. The clouds dispersed themselves in fitting order, and of every name and kind, not only around the horizon, but over the entire sky, ready to be painted as the great Artist wished. Never could his palette have been covered with richer or more varied colors, and never could he have scattered them with more enchanting and lavish hand; not only about his own Pavillion, but far and wide, until the whole heavens glowed in recognition of his power. The passengers gathered, and the lightest were subdued by the marvellous exhibition. Mountains loomed grim and dark upon the border, their tops here and there glowing with the color of the rose, through which vistas opened into gladsome gardens or cities paved with precious stones. Curtains of softest texture were hung, of shades to which it would be hard for the artist to apply a fitting name in his vocabulary: and off in the upper air of deepest blue, galleries were suspended, rivalling the Temple itself where the Sun had built his Home. The scene seemed to linger, that we might take in its splendor and immensity; nor were any of us loath to linger with it—the oppressiveness which might have come upon us had it been a settled picture was relieved by the shifting scenes gliding with the gentleness of light and shadow. All this while, the Sea simply pulsating, seemed to be conscious of the glorious canopy and spread its waves with cloth of Imperial Purple.

You will wonder I should be thus seemingly carried away—a staid, old travelled fellow like myself. But this, beyond doubt, was the finest Sunset the Ocean ever showed me, and none on land I ever saw to rival it, save that which you remember filled me with enthusiasm from the heights of Rigi Kulm.

I will close this now, that it may go hastening to tell you of my whereabouts and doings. We expect to reach St. Thomas by four o'clock this afternoon—distant from Newport News twelve hundred and ninety-eight miles. After a few hours' stoppage we move on to the Island of Barbadoes—pronounced Barbãdoes, the penult long.

The Purser will mail this for me.

With tenderest love for all,

F.

[No. 4.]

ON STEAMER FINANCE, THE UNITED STATES
AND BRAZIL MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.,

Friday, June 1, 1888.

My Dear Margaret,—

I started Letter No. 3 to Taylor's address yesterday noon, mailing it at the Island of St. Thomas, through the Purser.

After it was written and sealed I went on Deck, and watched our approach to land. Forty miles distant, probably, we sighted the West India Group, and from mile to mile they grew in number and in beauty. On our left towards the West, Porto Rico could be seen in the distance, and then Eastward of it the Virgin Islands, of which St. Thomas is first and most conspicuous. These Islands were discovered by Columbus, and with his usual reverence for the Romish Church, named after Saint Ursula, of whom you remember I told you on my Second Tour, and how she and her Eleven thousand other Virgins were disposed of on their holy Pilgrimage, and how I saw their bones sacredly gathered and preserved in a venerable Church in the odoriferous City of Cologne.

These Islands, among which we have entered, beside their name of West Indies as a generic word, are divided into and called the Bahamas or Lucayan Islands, and the Antilles. The map shows the former scattered Southeast from Florida's Southern point, all of which save Inagua are Coralline, with slight elevation above the Sea; and one of which, New Providence, on which is Nassau, I visited on my First Tour. These all belong to England. The Antilles extend from Cuba in a curve, enclosing the Carribbean Sea, to Trinidad, near the coast of the South American Main. These again are divided into the Greater and the Lesser Antilles—the Greater lying Westward and composed of Cuba, Hayti and St. Domingo, Jamaica and Porto Rico: all the others are called the Lesser Antilles or Carribbean, and are divided into the Leeward and the Windward Islands. On earlier maps the Northernmost were called the Leeward, and the Southernmost the Windward: on later, the entire range from Porto Rico to Trinidad is called the Windward, and those along the Northern Coast of South America are called the Leeward. The whole are denominated Antilles, because they are Isles or Islands, *ante* before, or *anti*

opposite to, the Continent. A beautiful word, worthy of such beautiful things. Hence, the poetic name of Cuba—the largest—the Queen of the Antilles.

Of the Virgin Group we sighted St. Thomas, St. John and Santa Cruz; these belong to Denmark. There are several others which England owns. Our point was St. Thomas, which like the others stands boldly out of the water, covered with a green scrubby growth, but with no vegetation of any import. We approach the town with full-face-front, through a well formed, almost circular land-locked Harbor. The houses occupy a portion of the circumference and rise from the water's edge upon the flanks of the high hills or mountains which back it. In the distance the place presents a goodly look, with red-tiled and apparently freshly painted or recently built mansions.

When the Ship came to anchor—for there was no Wharf or Landing—we were forthwith surrounded by boats to take us ashore—without exception, manned by Negroes; and a well clad, well behaved and orderly set they were, with clean, good crafts. The passengers nearly all went ashore. Dr. Horsey, a dentist from the United States, on his way to the Argentine to seek his fortune, a nice, gentlemanly fellow, and I went together. The stewardess happened to be with us, and when we reached the Landing a shower came up, and taking a Carriage I invited her to join us. She had said that she did not belong permanently to the Steamer, and was taking a health and recreation Tour, and was greatly desirous of seeing everything on the voyage. She was modest and pleasant, and I told her I would pay all expenses, which filled her with such surprise and gratitude, that I was more than compensated.

The conveyance was one horse, not unlike our Barouche with four seats—two behind and one with the Driver—covered in with top and blinds; the horse was a pony—rather little—but well kept and plucky. The driver was a Negro man, of probably sixty, speaking English quite well, a fair representative in bearing and appearance of our old-time family Carriage driver. I thought he was not unlike London, the friend of our youth, whom we can readily recall.

The streets were well graded and macadamised; though not very many of them. They claim a population of twenty thousand—hardly I should think near that many. The houses are generally covered with red tiles, and some of them large and freshly painted, appear quite grand

when you come into the Harbor. Blue Beard's Castle, on an elevation, with its Tower, was built by a wealthy citizen in the better days of St. Thomas; long after, unoccupied it acquired its weird name, and lately bought by the French Government and converted into its Consulate, it now amounts to a land-mark and is the most pleasing and conspicuous sight of the ill-fated City and Island.

I call it ill-fated because it has had disease to contend with; it has had hurricanes rivalling in fury and destructiveness our Western Cyclones; and earthquakes and tidal waves which have left it now and then a wreck. The tidal wave of water was bad enough, falling upon it with destructive results; but lately the wave of Commerce has left it and St. Thomas is suffering unto death. These things were the topic of our talk with Prince, our Driver, for that, he told us, was his name. Prince, the good old darkey, in lugubrious tones, informed us how he was born in Barbadoes, and came here or was brought in his young days to live; how the City was rich then, and plenty abounded; how these disastrous things befell, of which I have above spoken, and the people were reduced to poverty. Once a great Entrepôt where Ships and Commerce came; where vessels were refitted and repaired and supplied; for once upon a time it was the chief centre of arrival and departure for all these Regions—on the line of travel from Demarara to Panama; from Panama to Jamaica and Honduras; from Honduras and Jamaica to Cuba and Mexico; from Cuba to the Bahamas—the common nucleus of navigation;—how this has suffered diversion to other Ports; how the Island never fertile, hence has gone to waste, until there are not ten acres of its entire surface in cultivation—all now simply a Range; how the subsistence and clothing of the people has to be brought from other countries, save the Fish which they catch from the surrounding Sea; how even their drinking water is imported, sometimes from the neighboring Island of Santa Cruz.

This was a gloomy story of our worthy Prince, whilst we drove about the streets. Many of the houses evidently had seen better days; built of wood or brick or stone, and now kept in respectable repair with paint and trowel; others were empty of occupants, or tumbling into ruin. Little Denmark can hardly keep her own home Kingdom on its feet; how can it much longer save its feeble Colony? England has transferred her vast patronage to her own Barbadoes; one by one it may lose sources of supply from other nations; the

drippings which fed its people will cease to fall, and the days of St. Thomas will be ended.

Notwithstanding Prince was thus doleful, when he told us how poor the people were, and our eyes confirmed the story, the negroes presented a better appearance than I had anticipated. They were quite well and cleanly clad, like the boatmen of whom I have spoken. There was no boisterous or jubilant mirth among them; nor on the other hand were they pictures of misery. Standing about the streets in squads, or in the stores, or on the Landing, or in their little Market, they were quiet, and sedate, and friendly. Maybe, expecting our arrival, they had on their Sunday clothes and were on their good behavior; but certainly considering they had no occupation in country work, and made their living by casual chores in town, by boat-fares, by driving the few vehicles needed, and by diving for bits of money, common in every Tropic region, they presented a by no means discreditable look and bearing.

When our drive was finished, and our pleasant chat with Prince was done, which was quite worthy of remembrance, we walked awhile among the Negroes on the Landing and in the Market, for we saw few white people anywhere, save in the stores. They nearly all spoke English, and it took me back to my own country, to joke with them about the commodities they had for sale, they enjoying it as a Negro can, and calling me Master or Massa. God has given the creatures everywhere, I verily believe, a gentle heart, only to be turned from its docile ways by the devilish white man's instigation. With their more than forty years of freedom here, they are yet simply children.

I wish you could have seen the Fish they had for sale—abundant—and of every shade of color, the most brilliant and varied I have ever come across. Could you see them in the waters of deepest blue, with a bright sun above, the vision of the Ancient Mariner, without its horribly agonizing accompaniments, would be paraphrased—painted fish upon a painted Sea.

We returned in time to enable us to stand for a good while on Deck and enjoy the outlook over the Island, and the naked Negro boys swimming around the Vessel and diving for coins; meanwhile big sharks gliding among and around them with frightful stealthiness, which the swimmers did not seem at all to fear. Expressing my surprise, the officers of the Steamer said, the monsters did not

appear to enjoy their black skins, and rarely, if ever, attacked them. Whether this be true or not, certainly the boys were not alarmed at their proximity, and the savage creatures glanced among them harmlessly, forgetting their fierce nature; objects of beauty in their marvellous grace and ease of motion, flashing through the water.

A shower fell while we were in St. Thomas. But having the Carriage, it neither delayed nor incommoded us. We returned to the Vessel beneath a brilliant sky. About dark we were under steam again, bound for Bardadoes—distant from St. Thomas four hundred and thirty-seven miles. Soon it began to rain, and we had a pour-down Tropic shower, and the night fell pitchy dark. But we steamed on.

SAME SHIP, *Saturday, June 2, 1888.*

After I went to bed I heard we had a thunder and lightning shower. I slept so soundly as to be oblivious of it.

I was up early, however, and looking through my port, saw in the distance the picturesque outlines of the Lesser Antilles, one after another, appearing and receding in the vista. We crossed the Caribbean Sea Southeastward, its waters all day stretching to the horizon. Again the delicious Trade Winds fanned us, rendering our Voyage charming; without which we would have been seething with a heat, of which I told you in my Red Sea experience.

Early in the afternoon we sighted Guadalupe, which belongs to France. It is really two Islands, joined by a narrow isthmus, through which a small salt water stream unites the Ocean on either side. Here is situated the town of Pointe á Petre. The Eastern portion of the Island is called Grand-Terre; the Western, Bas-Terre, which likewise is the name of its City, situated by the sea, in full and handsome view to us steaming along the entire Western Shore.

The Island is mountainous, and from the Deck presented a most attractive sight, vegetation covering them to their tops; some evidently forests. One of these mountains is La Souffriere, a Volcano, five thousand feet in height, whose top, while we passed, was veiled in clouds. At the Southern end, around the City of Bas-Terre, large areas were in sugar cultivation, and the farms and their mansions were in admirable view, seated upon the mountain sides. The town itself was seemingly well, parts of it handsomely built, and looked more thrifty than any portions of the West Indies I have hitherto seen.

We hoped to have seen Dominica—pronounced Dominēca, the penult long—under equally happy auspices ; for the Captain informed us he would, for our sakes, steam right along its Western Shores. This we were glad to hear—for it, too, is a beautiful Island. It belongs to England.

But, alas ! we were doomed to disappointment ! When we came in sight, its tops, lofty like the others, were covered with clouds, which, by the time we reached it, were condensed into a pour-down, shutting out even the Island's shape.

To-night we will pass Martinique, another French Possession, on the one hand, and St. Lucia, which England owns, upon the other ; and to-morrow morning, probably by sunrise, we will be in sight of Barbadoes, another stopping place.

I will close this Letter now, and give it to the Purser to-night, that nothing may prevent its sure despatch ; for at every Landing place I want to send a messenger with kind greetings and blessings for you all.

From Barbadoes we sail to Pará, where I leave this Ship.

To Taylor : What about the proposed Railroad ? How is it progressing, and by what Route ?

In haste, affectionately,

F.

[No. 5.]

SAME STEAMER, FINANCE, AT BARBADOES,

Saturday, June 2, 1888.

My Dear Taylor,—

No. 4 to Margaret was mailed for me by the Purser to you this morning.

The night passed pleasantly aboard. Whilst we were steaming from St. Thomas to Barbadoes another Tropic pour-down greeted us, and a dark night. But our progress was not stayed. We could not see Dominica for the rain ; and during the hours of darkness we passed Martinique, a French possession, and between it and St. Lucia, an English possession, on our way to the open sea.

When I came on Deck in the morning, St. Lucia was just sinking out of sight behind the Western horizon ; Barbadoes had not yet ap-

peared toward the East. The map will show you how the latter Island lies Eastward of the group and in a measure by itself.

The morning was fine as we sat on deck enjoying the Sea and breeze, to watch for its appearing. Towards mid-day, low-lying land peered up, and after awhile the whole Island was before us—its North-Eastern and South-Western ends quite flat, rising gradually towards the centre, of such a shape, from our approach, that its discoverers might well have given it the name of Tortuga—Turtle—which they applied by reason of their shape, to several of the smaller Islands of the West Indian group—one West of the Florida Reefs and another North of Hayti. They, however, saw fit to name it from the Banyan trees then growing there, whose pendant branches, its future trunks, waving in the breeze, looked like *Barbae* or Beards; hence the name Barbadoes, or from a Bearded Tribe of Indians then living there, it is not determined which.

Coming nearer, the outlines become more distinct, and its entire surface was spread before us, showing how entirely it differs from the other Islands we had seen—not mountainous like them and apparently uncultivated; but rounded with gentle curve from end to end, its highest point being it is said from ten to eleven hundred feet, and almost its whole surface cultivated. Drawing still nearer, we could see the fields in cultivation, the habitations of the people, the roads leading hither and thither, and the sugar mills, some driven by steam, indicated by the floating smoke; some by wind, flaring conspicuously as in Holland their extended arms. Towards the South-Western end, the chief City, Bridgetown, came in view, on low ground; much of it hid among the trees, but its Roadstead, quite full of vessels, manifesting by their size and numbers a Commerce by no means insignificant.

When we came to anchor in the Roadstead a half a mile from shore, we soon saw the boats coming out to meet and greet us, like flocks of birds gathering to a feast. Each trying to outstrip the others, soon they were around us, clamoring greedily for custom. All were manned by negroes, and they and their boats looked neat and tidy, each promising with earnest voice and gesture to carry us quickest and safest to the Landing.

I bade my old friend, Mr. Ellis, farewell, wishing him all good things, which he, in equal measure, returned; and also a Miss Jones, who lives here, and a Mr. and Mrs. Jones, her relatives, who stop to

take another ship to Demarara, where they have their home. Each one of these gave me much information about the places where they reside, and I parted with them unwillingly—but thus on Travel, as in Life, our friends and acquaintances come and go.

My new-made comrades, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden and Dr. Horsey, and I made up a party, and taking a boat, with four stout Negro oarsmen—which they were proud enough to tell us was *Viola No. 3* by name, and which under their strong strokes was the fastest thereabouts. We let them prove their boast and put us on the Landing. On arrival there, the Captain of *Viola No. 3* took us in charge to go into the City and get a Carriage. We thereafter saluted him by that mellifluous name—*Viola No. 3*—though a more incongruous one could hardly be conceived, for he was of the regular Ethiopian type and black as the ace of spades, but a polite, active and obliging Darkey, who knew the ropes.

The Landing and the streets through which we passed were thronged with Negroes, many of whom offered to perform the same duty *Viola No. 3* was doing for a less consideration. But we stuck to *Viola No. 3*, who seemed to be acting with honest and resolute intent. Coming to what was announced in flaming style the City Ice Establishment, we determined to stop in and take something cooling, while *Viola No. 3* was on his errand to secure the Carriage. We found within quite a nice Restaurant, and each to his liking, I took a lemonade, my friends something stronger. By the time we had finished, our Captain had returned, with a four-seat English Carriage and pair. We had some trouble about our money; we had only Greenbacks, which, greatly to our surprise, they refused to take. They would receive American Gold, and with that exchanged, we paid our bills. We told them—they were all Negroes—that they were behind the age, and had not heard that in the World's eye the Greenback was floating high on the field of Credit.

Taking our Carriage, we drove through the City to the Queen's House, and to the Military Station, where we saw a few troops—some of them Negroes—large and well-appointed Barracks, and an extensive and beautiful Parade. Thence we went to the Marine Hotel, a fine affair recently built and opened, in charge of a Boston man by the name of Pomroy. It is an exceedingly imposing House, two miles from the Landing, clean away from the town and overlooking the Ocean rolling grandly upon a beautiful and varied Beach. It is

built of stone, three hundred and sixty feet long and nearly eighty wide, and will accommodate three hundred guests, and from its Portico can be seen the vessels come and go from this now one of the great Ports of the Western Hemisphere. We simply drove to it, enjoying far more than the Hotel the "much-sounding Sea" breaking over the Reefs of Coral in glorious style, in its race changing its waters from deepest blue to delicate shades of green, like that at Nassau, of which I once told you, or at any other place in Tropical waters, where that little architect builds its dwelling place.

We returned by the Prison, the Lunatic Asylum, the Cemetery, where Mrs. Ogden bought some roses from the Negro keeper, who said he could not sell them generally, but to accommodate the lady "would take them from his own Grave"; and then on around the suburbs and through Bay and Broad, the chief streets of the City, and others, seeing the Churches, of which none require a description—until Bridgetown was exhausted. We had a good carriage and pair of horses, and a highly respectable colored gentleman as driver, and rode for several hours. On this jaunt we saw much of the people and their houses. Crowds of Negroes were about the streets—some bearing burdens, some driving donkeys the size of a well-grown New Foundland dog, some selling pineapples, yams, limes and other Tropical fruits, most, however, were idling and standing loosely around, as you many a time have elsewhere seen them. Of white people we saw very few, and they not of the best type by any means; if they or their ancestors ever bore the burly English phiz and figure, the sweating climate has washed it out. The Negroes are the burlier of the two.

The Negroes were generally better dressed than I expected. In this regard they disappointed me agreeably, like those in St. Thomas. We saw them in throngs wherever we went, respectful in their bearing, yet still in their appearance with a certain air of confidence, implying that they were equal to anybody else, if not a little better. Pickaninnies abounded of both sexes and every age, happy, don't-care, playing in the dirt, as they have been doing in our country—slave or free—for several centuries.

The houses of the City of the humbler classes are of the same general style—rectangular, frame, weather-boarded, one story, very small, with a pointed shingle roof and many windows with Venetian blinds, mostly unpainted, on loosely built foundations of Coral stone,

and over the entire City indicating if not poverty but moderate wealth. I should think the living scant. The streets and roads are of Coral, McAdam, or solidly built of the stone itself—the road cut frequently on and out of the living rock—an uncommonly fine drive, equal to the shell.

We met with nothing whatever disrespectful in word or look. Some of the young men who went over said they were saluted as Yankees! and sometimes in a kind of *sotto voce*, but intended to reach their ears, as Damned Yankees! We heard nothing of that. Returning, our driver called our attention to the Chief Justice of the Island, standing in the open window of his second story. He is a short, thick-set, highly respectable looking man, much like Frank Robinson in shade of color and make, though larger. He bowed to us when we passed with a dignity and grace that we know his Race excels in, which we returned with a touch of our hats, with such ease and grace as we could catch in imitation.

The Purser tells me that a short time ago he and an English gentleman were riding in a Carriage about the streets of Barbadoes, and commenting on the Negroes, as they called them, when the driver, a black, suddenly stopped his horses, descended from his seat and told them he would not listen to his Race being thus commented on, and that they must get out, he would drive them no further. His English friend descended and asked the coachman what he meant? Thereupon, he giving him further words and insolence, the Englishman knocked the coachman down, got upon the seat and taking the reins drove to the Landing, telling him when he recovered sufficiently he would there find his Carriage. The rumor of the affray travelled faster than the horses, and when they reached the water an angry crowd of Negroes had gathered to meet them. The police prevented a disturbance, and upon explanation they were not molested. Mr. Ellis told me that the whites have distinctly drawn, in social and domestic matters, the Color line, and it is rarely, if ever found, that one is hardy enough to break it. Consequently, a by no means satisfied condition of affairs exists, and it is easy, upon slightest provocation, to arouse angry and dangerous conflicts. The Negroes on the Island outnumber the whites five or six to one, and a short time ago Sir John Pope Hennessey, the Governor, for sinister purposes, it is charged, inflamed them, and like Lord Ripon with the Hindoos in India, almost “stirred their blood to mutiny.” The whites were extremely anxious

till the disturber was recalled. This same Sir John was afterwards sent as Governor to Hong Kong and then to Mauritius, from both which places he was removed for similar reasons, seemingly a pestiferous fellow. I think this is the Hennessey who owns Sir Walter Raleigh's House at Youghal, whose Mother, you remember, told me when I visited there, her son was Governor of one of the Islands. This reminiscence I drop here simply by way of parenthesis. The Captain of this ship also tells me that under the quiet exterior I witnessed upon the part of the Negroes, there is a slumbering fire which he thinks will one day burst out against the whites, hated by reason of this strongly marked Social distinction, of which they are bitterly and revengefully jealous. Have we no lesson here to learn?

In the midst of this Race Question, which has in its own transformations transformed the West Indies, Barbadoes has suffered less than any other by reason of its wonderfully dense population. It is more thickly settled than Belgium, more thickly than China, more thickly than Java, all of which with me you have seen—more thickly, we are told, than any equal area of country in the world, save probably Malta, and perhaps the most thoroughly cultivated. It is twenty-one miles long by fourteen broad. It has a superficies of one hundred and sixty-six square miles, of which more than one hundred are in cultivation. It contains more than ten hundred and sixty people to the square mile, and has been proudly called by virtue of these things Little England. When Emancipation came to the other Islands, the Negroes found subsistence in the idle occupancy of waste and uncultivated areas, and they lapsed and have continued to lapse from their then flourishing condition. On the contrary, in Barbadoes there was nothing waste or unoccupied, and England having a standing Military force to preserve the Peace, and universal suffrage not prevailing to appropriate by the forms of Law, they were compelled to work upon the principle of “root little pig or die.” Hence Barbadoes has been saved in spite, for the people look to me like those I spoke of in St. Thomas, fit rather to be cared for than to govern.

Interested profoundly as I am in this Race Question, for it awaits solution in our own midst in most portentous form, carrying issues of vital import both to White and Negro, which rises into proportions too vast for any human foresight, however gifted,

I should like to go from one to the other of these interesting Islands and see for myself what time has done and is doing towards its unravelling; from Barbadoes, still hanging on to the skirts of Civilization, held there by circumstances and the magic power of the most dominant of all people, to Hayti and St. Domingo, floundering in Social, Industrial and Governmental despair.

My head full of such thoughts, with my comrades, we found Captain Viola No. 3 waiting for us at the Ice Establishment, who, like a sure enough Ethiopian, was entirely oblivious of any of those thoughts, and though profoundly affected by them, not bothering his head about to-morrow, thinking, that sufficient unto the day is its own evil. The whistle of the Steamer sounded, calling us aboard, lingering ashore in our enjoyment, the last of the passengers, and our able-bodied Negro Captain and his crew soon had us by her side. In a few minutes more the Ship moved out, and when the evening closed, to us the last of the West Indian Islands sank beyond the waters.

I will remark that the temperature in our ride on shore was delightful—no unpleasant heat. We rolled on the smooth, shell-like Coral roads and streets, in easy carriage and good span of horses, with a respectable black gentleman for coachman, giving us information of the spots we passed, cooled by the motion of our conveyance and by that wonderful current of the Trades, which seems to me alone makes these Islands enjoyable, if not inhabitable, and gentle, if not “spicy,” like “the breezes which blow soft o’er Ceylon’s Isle.”

Whilst we are receding from the West Indies I will tell you how they stand in nationality and ownership. You may want to know. I can do this both by exception and by enumeration. The Bahamas belong to England, Jamaica is England’s; Cuba and Porto Rico are Spain’s; and Hayti and St. Domingo are Republics so-called, hideous caricatures of what we are in the habit of denominating the noblest form of Government. All the Lesser Antilles belong to England, from Porto Rico to Trinidad, save St. Thomas, St. John and Santa Cruz, which are Denmark’s; Saba, St. Martin’s, and St. Eustatius are Holland’s; St. Bartholomew, Guadeloupe, and Martinique are the possessions of France. The English Islands are governed by four Governments: one at Barbadoes, one at Trinidad, one individual and central Government of the Windward Islands, save Trinidad and Barbadoes—at Grenada; and a central Government of the Leeward Islands at Antigua—pronounced Antēegua.

The whole of the Antilles—Greater and Lesser—are of volcanic origin, save Antigua and Barbadoes, Trinidad and Tobago; the first two are Coraline, the last two are severed parts of the South American Continent, having the same Geologic formation and the same Fauna and Flora. Whilst, curious to say, all the rest of the strange and beautiful Group have a Geology and production of their own, heaved up in ages gone from the Volcanic Bed of the Caribbean Sea. Last and by no means least Tobago, insignificant though it be apparently, is said to have been the home of the dear friends of our School-boy days, Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, and Trinidad was the distant land whence the Cannibals came in boats to hold their horrid orgies and terrify our lonely but beloved Exile.

These West India Islands are full of interest to the thoughtful. They not only contain much to engage the lover and the student of the Beautiful in Nature, bounding the waters of the Caribbean with pearls of varied size and value, but their History is fascinating in romantic incident and full of food for profoundest reflection. The vicissitudes of their Life since Columbus found them, read like the creations of Romance, and abound in startling stories, covering every phase of man's nature, from the noblest to the meanest, from the gentlest to the fiercest and most brutal of his traits. I feel like wandering among them and seeing the spots where each in turn was manifested, reading valuable lessons.

When discovered, they were inhabited by happy Tribes, which were utterly destroyed by the remorseless cupidity and cruelty of the Discoverers and their Successors. The account of it given by Las Casas is one of the saddest tales in all History of man's inhumanity. The place of these inhabitants was supplied by another Race of more powerful build, and under their labor the Islands again were converted into Gardens with a totally different production and style of civilization. This Race was held in Slavery, and their work, under the leadership and guidance of superior men, converted the Islands into one of the most productive and richest of all the Regions of the Earth.

After awhile the Philanthropist, with little knowledge of this Institution of Slavery, and its multiform and complex relationships, and the immediate unfitness of its subjects for any higher sphere, assailed and ultimately overthrew it. Hayti and St. Domingo were the first, and have told and are telling with frightful results the folly

of those ill-judged and unwise proceedings, and the other Islands are following suit. Recent travellers tell us of their lapse from Gardens into Wastes, and the poor Negroes, the objects of the charity, naturally of a kindly, gentle nature, are suffering grievously from its bestowal, conveying startling lessons for us in our day and generation. When in the Sandwich Islands, on my First Tour, I wrote you how full they are, in their history and present status, of food for profitable reflection, rivalling Greece and Rome. In another phase of the same general subject, the West Indies are their equal. Well may we add to the prayers of our beautiful Liturgy, from Philanthropy and Philanthropists so-called, Good Lord, deliver us! To turn the sweet Economies of the world upside down is not a blessing, any more than to make a Desolation and call it Peace. It is a bitter curse to those we wish to bless; cruel like the Bed of Procrustes, and as futile. It is not only unnecessary, but unphilosophic and disastrous, in our effort to elevate, to level downward. It ever brings in the end common suffering, maybe ruin. Is it not thus ordained in Nature that the fittest must survive, though often by grievous trial? Is it not thus in the Evangel of our Faith?

When in Cuba you remember, on my First Tour, I visited Santa Barbara, the Plantation of Mr. Napoleon Davis. I spoke of the Negroes there and their low condition, many of them brought from their native African wilds, with the marks of Savagedom upon them. Mr. Davis and I talked of the result, when their emancipation came, which he said would be perfected in 1887, and he asked me what would be the outcome? I gave him my views. He promised to write me when the time arrived. Not hearing, in 1888 I wrote, and received the following reply from Mrs. Davis, which explains itself. It is exceedingly interesting and worthy of preservation.

MATANZAS, CUBA, *March 6, 1888.*

Governor F. W. M. Holliday, Winchester, Virginia.

My Dear Sir,—With extreme sorrow I opened your favor of the 18th of February directed to my deceased Husband, which caused me much regret, thinking that two years had elapsed since his death, and you were not aware of it. He died in August of '86; he had been a great sufferer for some time. Thinking that a change of scenery and a little trip to the States would brighten up his spirits, he determined to go in July.

On arriving in New York, he had a stroke of paralysis, and after medical consultation, he returned in the same vessel, too ill to recognize any of us.

He always spoke in the highest terms of your friendship, and answered a Letter of yours received soon after you left Santa Barbara: of the others that you mention having written, we have not received them.

I have also lost my oldest brother, of whom, I think, you have heard my Husband speak. He had reached a good old age—seventy-five. Mr. Davis' death saddened him a great deal.

Soon after Mr. Davis' death we left the Plantation and have been since living in Matanzas. Country life is not what it used to be. The Highwaymen are scattered all over the country, and it is not safe to be much alone. What you told us would, has certainly come to pass. Besides, Santa Barbara has so many sad memories for me that I am better off away from it. The Laborers, as they have been free since '87, are their own masters, and only work when necessity demands it—something like they do in St. Domingo—work three days and rest five. We have now an excellent administrator and my sons look after the place.

Sugar took a great rise, but as the Planters were getting enthusiastic over their good fortune, suddenly it went down on account of the "Trust," and the price now is little better than last crop.

We have had lovely winter months, and have read in the *Times* of the terrific cold days that have been felt in New York, where my sister and nieces are living. I suppose in Virginia it has not been felt so much.

Undoubtedly, your trip around the world must have been a great source of pleasure to you.

My sons are at Santa Barbara, or otherwise they would have written for me. If Fortune brings you to Cuba again we shall be most pleased to see you.

Hoping that this will find you in good health,

I remain respectfully yours,

MARIANA O. DE DAVIS,

Calle del Rio, No. 61, Matanzas, Cuba.

[Historians are often poor observers. Witness Macaulay when he went to India, and lived three or four years in high official position, spending much valuable time on his long voyage then around

the Cape, and during his residence, in reading the Classics, which he could well have postponed till his return, instead of studying a country and people rivalling in every phase of interest Greece and Rome, and leaving there without giving us any valuable fruit of observation and reflection. Froude—whilst I do not rank either him or Macaulay among the Great Historians, yet has more power of personal observation than his distinguished cotemporary, is not in other words so complete a Bookworm—about the time of this Tour I am now describing, travelled among the West India Islands, and published his experiences in a volume he calls “The English in the West Indies,” in which he has recorded many and sometimes thoughtful observations, worthy of remembrance.

Recently Mr. Philip A. Bruce, a Virginian, sent Mr. Froude a copy of a Book he had published called “The Plantation Negro.” I have not seen it, but those I think competent to express an opinion tell me that it is admirably done—a thoughtful, well written production.

I came across the reply of Mr. Froude to Mr. Bruce, published in one of the Richmond Papers, and print it here as worthy of preservation, in relation to this profoundly important Question.

“MR. FROUDE’S OPINION.”

“James Anthony Froude, the well-known historian of that name, is one of the few men who have studied the Negro Problem *in loco*. He travelled so as to inform himself in the premises, and when he had qualified himself to speak he bore testimony on the subject. It was with much pleasure that we learned yesterday that he had written to our Virginia author, Philip A. Bruce, Esq., of this city, a note giving his opinion as to Mr. Bruce’s book on “The Plantation Negro.” Mr. Bruce has kindly favored us with a copy of this Note, which is as follows :

“5 ONSLOW GARDENS, LONDON S. W., *April 8, 1889.*

“*Dear Sir,*—I received your Book, and I read it, as you may suppose, with the deepest interest and approval. Much occupation and various anxieties have prevented me from thanking you before. You and I have approached the same problem from opposite sides, and we have come to the same conclusion. The worst enemies of the Blacks are those who persist in pressing upon them an equality which

Nature has denied them. They may attain it in time if they are fairly treated, but they can attain it only on condition of going through the discipline and experience of hundreds of years, through which the White Race had to pass before it was fit for political rights. If they are raised into a position for which they are unqualified they can only fail back into a state of savagery, and in such a world as ours this can only mean their eventual destruction.

"Thanking you again for your courtesy,

"I remain faithfully yours,

"To Philip A. Bruce, Esq.

"J. A. FROUDE."]

We turn our prow Oceanward, with no more land in sight, till we reach the mouth of the Amazon, looking for Pará, distant from Barbadoes eleven hundred and sixty-one miles.

ON SAME SHIP,

Sunday and Monday, June 3 and 4, 1888.

Advancing South-East into the Ocean, the waves got bigger and the vessel heaved and pitched much more than among the Islands. During the night we felt the change; and in recognition of the fact, when the hour for Breakfast came, there was quite a number of vacant chairs.

Sunday and Monday were without special incident—the simple routine of days at Sea. Breakfasting at half-past eight—before, at any hour of the morning after six, tea, coffee or chocolate to those who want it—which I have never taken; Lunch at half-past twelve; and Dinner at half-past five. The service and fare are excellent; for Breakfast, the three beverages above named, several kinds of bread, wheat and corn, liver and bacon, sausage of several kinds, fish, beef-steak, pork, veal, mutton chops, boiled ham, sometimes birds, crackers and cheese; for Dinner, Courses: soup, fish, the meats above named, turkey and vegetables, beans, peas, tomatoes, maccaroni, potatoes, turnips, asparagus, beets, and for Dessert: pudding of various kinds, raisins, oranges, prunes, bananas, nuts, jelly, cheese and crackers, &c.; for Lunch, assortments of the foregoing. On Sunday we have Boss—of ice cream—abundant and well served. This enumeration is for Margaret and Mary and Essie—ladies like to know what a body has to eat. They must give me commendation for the labor expended

in the enumeration ; the recollection of them has been a serious strain—I have no doubt omitted something—and has given me more trouble than all the rest of the Letter put together ; therefore give me credit for the praiseworthy effort. I think you will agree that we live well, and can have no apprehension that I will endure any suffering for want of food.

I know, now, everybody aboard, and have got what information I could about their respective homes, and those to which they are bound. Among them, I have met Dr. Slade, the celebrated Spiritualistic Medium, on his way by invitation to Rio to manifest himself. Poor fellow ! the tension upon his nervous system has paralyzed one of his limbs. He has had evidently a fine physique. I had a good deal of talk with him, and he has agreed at my instance to give an Exhibition to-night, Monday. He has had quite a remarkable career ; has been before many of the crowned heads of Europe, and showed me a magnificent ring and sleeve buttons, aglow with diamonds, given him by Alexander II, late Emperor of Russia. He speaks confidently of his powers, says he knows nothing of the philosophy of them : only knows that through him sundry wonderful things are done, entirely beyond his will or cognizance. We will hear to-night about it.

My Thermometer has for some days shown the heat to be very great—in my cabin, with ports open, 84° – 86° . Yet on Deck it is imperceptible, and these winds, to which I have several times gratefully alluded, have converted what would otherwise be most oppressive temperature into genial weather. But we have had no Birds since we left the Islands, nor are the Flying Fish so numerous. The water continues of deepest blue, of higher waves under the open Ocean's swell—the sky much overcast, and dark clouds hastening up often in the afternoon and evening with heavy falls of rain, which necessitate a retreat from the Deck, it beating through the thick double awning, and to the consequent suffering of a shut-up ship below. But this is of short duration. The cloud quickly comes and goes.

Our friend, the Spiritualistic Medium, gave us the talk to-night he promised, simply the opening Lecture, telling us his Mother was a "shouting Methodist," those are the words he used, and his Father a stolid Atheist, which bred much discontent and controversy in family affairs. An older Sister took after the Mother in temperament and died young of consumption in an ecstasy of bliss, and he taking after

her in nervous organization, standing by her bedside, saw her pass through the opening roof and beyond the Stars. The Brother died an Atheist. He survives, by congenital conditions, a Medium, manifested in various forms in boyhood, yet even beyond his ability to control or to explain. How he, a wretched scribbler, wrote at school a composition on Astronomy in beautiful penmanship, and of fine thought and style, knowing the while that he had nothing whatever to do with it, being entirely beyond his capacity, he only the Medium through which the Spirit acted; and other things of that sort, quite common with those who profess that Faith. This Lecture was only the first Lesson: two more are to follow.

SAME SHIP, *Tuesday, June 5, 1888.*

This morning the Captain called my attention to the lighter color of the water on the Westward, and said that it was taken to be caused by the commingling of the fresh water of the Amazon, flowing along the shore and affecting the Ocean for a width of one hundred and fifty miles. But I could not see it with my comparatively unpractised eye. We are some hundreds of miles yet from the mouth of the Great River, too far, I opine, for such influence to extend, though I have no doubt it does make its impression over many miles. We will, I think, see better when we get nearer. The continental flow of the Amazon, the Esequibo, and the Orinoco come out with their volumes of hot and muddy water to taint the surface, and swell the tide of the Equatorial Current.

A few Birds to-day hovered over the Sea, but at such a great distance we could not tell their species. One alone, early this morning whilst I was walking the Deck, fluttered around the Ship, and once or twice perched upon the yard-arm, but seeming startled at its own loneliness, soon fled away. A numerous Shoal—may I not call it Fleet of Nautili, or Portuguese Men-of-War, spread their interesting little sails in the Steamer's pathway, but we soon sped through them. They were nothing like in number to those through which, you remember, we steamed for hours from Yokohama to San Francisco, and which with their tiny canvass covered the Ocean for many miles. Can arithmetic estimate the number of these and other little creatures with which Nature stocks her Water-Realm?

We had an interesting proof to-day of how a heavy rain-fall can

beat down and break the Ocean's waves, and convert its turbulent surface into a level, smooth like oil ; and thus it has continued since, without a ripple, and the vessel's keel cuts through it, devoid of pitch or roll. This might well be called the perfection of Ocean voyaging, for whilst the Thermometer indicates in my Room, with ports open, the high range of 85° , on Deck there is no appreciation of it, for round about you breezes blow which seem to clean neutralize the heat.

Not many Fish appear, save the attractive Flying specimens, which scud diligently the shiny water, either to enjoy their little lives or, Scientists tell us, to escape an enemy. Dolphins, now and then, perform their antics in front of the Vessel's prow, rejoicing to beat its speed, and seem to be leading us joyfully, like some of their fellows did, you will recall, on our entrance to Gibraltar. At St. Thomas, you remember, I saw bloody looking Sharks floating around the Ship whilst at anchor in the Harbor. The Negro boys were diving eagerly for money a few feet off without any apprehension. Indeed, our boatman told me they were not dreaded, and the Negro people bathed regardless—anywhere.

The sky has not presented usually the Tropic splendor I have sometimes seen, and the Constellations are often hid by clouds or veiled by drifting mists. The Southern Cross some days ago came up from below the Horizon, and rising higher from day to day, has assumed its place, the Guardian Genius of this Celestial Hemisphere. But it has not shown itself here, nor did it in the Orient on my visit there, with the same splendor with which it first greeted me on the high lands of Mexico, with Orizaba by my side. The crisp and diamond clearness of atmosphere has been elsewhere wanting.

ON SAME SHIP,
Wednesday and Thursday, June 6 and 7, 1888.

Dr. Slade gave us Lectures Tuesday and Wednesday nights in continuation of his exposition of his virtues as a Spiritualistic Medium. He told us of his marriage and how happy it was, and how his wife passed away a few years thereafter ; how his Father opposed his marriage and his Spiritual mode of life ; how he and his young bride braved opposition, and he set up for a clairvoyant Doctor and won fame and money. How his reputation extending, he was invited

to Russia by the Imperial Household, and on his way how he stopped in London and gave Seances, which were attended by throngs; how he was charged with obtaining money under false pretenses, and was arrested and tried and convicted, to three months hard labor and imprisonment; how an appeal was taken and the higher court reversed the sentence and discharged him; how he went thence to Leipsic and was engaged by the Professors in the University there, and one of them, Professor Zollener, became a Convert, and wrote a Book which he called "Transcendental Physics," in vindication of his views, which Book has been translated into English and published in Boston, and which I promised him to read. Leaving Leipsic, he told of how he finished his mission to Russia, and how his manifestations were a success—his phenomena responding fully to every call, and how the Emperor covered him with gifts of jewels and precious stones.

After his Lecture on Wednesday night, he and the Captain and I had a talk, and whilst we were talking, the table around which we were sitting gave the Spiritualistic raps, and the Doctor taking the Captain's Cap by the visor held it to my ear, and three distinct raps resounded upon its pasteboard crown. He said the rapper was Dr. Davis, a physician of high standing, who lived in New York City in Colonial Times, and with whom he had constant communications. I told him he ought to confirm his teaching by manifestations to the audience. He said the conditions were not good, and he could not always evoke the Spirit; moreover saying with some expression of impatience that if they did not choose to believe his statements he did not care. I replied that both for himself and them he ought to do it: first to vindicate his own integrity, and then to extend his Faith, which he said he ardently desired.

This morning—Thursday—we had another talk. I told him, of course, in mildest manner, that it struck me there was two fundamental objections to his Science; that such great influences were brought to bear to such small purpose—to produce knocks on hats and tables and to write on slates, most frequently inconsequential matters. For such purposes it was rather hard to disturb the Spirit and draw him from his happy duties in Celestial Spheres. Nor did it seem to me, had I a friend in the Higher World with whom I wished to talk, he would only do it through a so-called Medium, unknown to either of us. I rather thought the communication would come

direct to me, being certainly more in conformity with the Eternal Fitness of things ; and if the Spirit could write upon a slate, why not speak with human voice ? And with regard to conditions of which he spoke being necessary for success, was he not confounding in terms two distinct so-called Sciences—Spiritualism and Animal Magnetism ? in the latter of which no one could deny there was much of truth. With Magnetism, conditions might be required ; with Spirits, hardly. And then in addition to the Spirit being swayed with frequent calls, must he not be both omniscient and omni-present, to know that he is needed in out of the way and strange places at odd times and hours, and by queer and often inconsiderable people ?

To these inquiries and others, my worthy friend could give no satisfactory response. Indeed, said he had no knowledge of the Rationale whatever. He only knew results. He pretended to no learning, but satisfied he was honest in the proclamation of them. There were others present, and considering he had given these Lectures free, and mainly at my request, I was sorry I had this conversation with him, exposing his shallow ignorance. The maintenance of Spiritualism is bread to him—it is nothing to me, if not folly.

But enough of this. I write it simply to amuse you, having plenty of time on Ship-board to dispose of somehow.

Whilst writing, two heavy showers have come and gone. It is certainly a Region of rain at this season of the year. I hope it may not extend its influences up the Amazon and mar my travel there.

To-morrow morning we expect to reach Pará ; there I will close and mail this. I can receive no Letters from you now. I am travelling faster than those you are putting on the wing. I can get nothing till my return to Pará from up the River, and then I hope a joyous flock will greet me.

I hope you have had no trouble with the Farm. Has Rogers cleaned out the West stable, at least that no injury may befall the large sill upon which that end of the Barn rests ? How is John Stephenson progressing with the fence ?

How are you, and how are Dr. Mason and Margaret ? Don't fail in every Letter to tell me how you are.

To Charles : I trust both Households are well again ; if not, tell me all about the sick ones.

PARÁ, BRAZIL,
HOTEL CENTRAL, *Friday, June 8, 1888.*

This morning early on the Steamer upon waking, I found she was at anchor. Going out I learned she was anchored at the mouth of the Amazon, the Pilot unwilling to venture till daylight. When that came, we heaved and proceeded on our way.

The water had lost its Tropic Blue, and that of the immense River mingling with it, had changed it to light green. It is said this influence is exerted probably one hundred and fifty miles from its mouth, which is itself that wide at its debouchment. Proceeding, the Southern Bank appeared low and scarcely visible; the Northern was lost in the distance. The River flows into the Ocean, your map will show, not like many of its sisters of anywhere near its size, by means of a Delta, but through two mouths—the Amazon and the Pará. Between these lies the Island of Morajo or Joannes, usually known by the latter name. The Amazon mouth, though you perceive very much the larger, is by reason of its shoals and bars not navigated. The trade of the country it drains finds inlet and outlet through the Pará.

We steamed nearer the Southern Bank—the Island to the North, at first far off, approaching as we proceeded up the River. The Southern Bank is thickly covered with Forest, now and then a habitation, but very rare. These increase in number, and are sometimes settlements, seeming from the style of the buildings, to be places of Resort. The River narrowing, its beauty greatly increased, and was studded with numbers of small Islands generally covered thick with Vegetation, and when the City of Pará, about sixty miles from the mouth, came in sight, the prospective and retrospective and surrounding views were of extraordinary beauty. The River, by this time, had lost the green hue into which it had changed the Ocean waters. From time to time in our progress we could see the contest going on, now patches of the River's own peculiar flood, and now streaks permeating the flow, until at last, its absolute supremacy asserted, the whole volume tided by us "tawny as the Yellow Tiber."

The City is said to be growing rapidly, having increased in ten or fifteen years from about twenty to nearly seventy thousand people: and approaching, located on low ground, it presents an imposing appearance, with five or six Churches showing themselves above the

houses, and the water-front conspicuous with many handsome business edifices—some of them quite ornate in their style of Architecture.


We reached here at four o'clock in the afternoon and a steam Tug belonging to the Company took us ashore from the River some distance out where we were anchored. I bade my numerous friends with whom I had pleasantly associated, Good-Bye! Some came off to spend an hour or two in the City. On landing with my satchel, I came by advice to this Hotel, a short walk: there was not a vacant room, and not a soul spoke English. Mr. Sheldon, who came off with me and who lives in Rio, I think, kindly acted as interpreter. The Proprietor informed him that Mr. Rothschild, a young Jew, a jolly, amiable, pleasant young fellow, whom his associates called "Isaac," for short, and whom I knew on the Steamer, had taken the Rooms, and had returned to the Ship for his baggage. I was quite sure, being a Commercial Traveller, that he wanted two simply for space to store his sample trunks, and would allow me to occupy one of them; which when he came, he kindly granted.

In the evening, eight or ten of the young men bound for the Argentine, came from the Steamer and sat with me for an hour or more, and then we parted for how long or forever, who can tell? I was much amused with some of them, all of whom hailed from the Northern States, furiously ventilating themselves about their treatment by the Negroes in Barbadoes, saying they called them "Damned Yankees," and other not euphonious and pleasant epithets. I told them my Sable Brethren did not treat me thus, and they, who had been and claimed now to be their special friends, ought not to complain: it was only a way they had of expressing their appreciation of their disinterested friendship and loving labors in their behalf.

Mrs. Ogden will go on to Rio; Mr. Ogden will go up the River with me. I expect a Steamer will start day after to-morrow. But I will close this now, that I may mail it with my Banker. I may not have time to add anything more.

With tenderest love for all,

F.

 Your next Letter after receipt of this direct to care "London and Brazilian Bank, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, South America."

Notify at once Charles and Margaret to do the same.

[No. 6.]

PARÁ, BRAZIL,
HOTEL CENTRAL, *Saturday, June 9, 1888.*

My Dear Mary,—

I finished Letter No. 5 yesterday, and mailed it to your uncle Taylor this morning at the London and Brazil Bank, whence it will start for you to-night *via* New York. While it is, I trust, travelling rapidly, giving favorable tidings of me, and my wanderings, I will go on and prepare this for the same excursion, I hope not many days hence.

This morning, Mr. Rothschild and I went to the Custom-House, looking for our Baggage. I carried only my satchel and sea-chair with me when I left the Steamer. My trunk remained, that it might be brought over this morning with the others to be examined upon their arrival on shore. We found that none of it had come, and returning, we met upon the street nearly all the Finance's passengers, ladies and gentlemen, together with the Captain and Purser. They had come in the Launch to inspect the City, to the extent their limited time would allow. The Consul, Mr. Clayton, met us and insisting upon our joining them, we mounted a Street Car and making the circuit of the place, saw at least the outside of Pará.

We must have ridden several miles; the Car was open and drawn by mules, not much bigger than donkeys, and from the load the creatures had to drag and the brutal lash of the driver, the Street Car service of Pará is not an elysium for mules. We passed through Business Streets, and those of private residences, some of them quite ornate—the former several stories high, the latter almost invariably of one, set back in the yard with Tropical trees and shrubs about them, but no grass, which will not flourish here. The houses are mainly of brick, roofed with red tiles, and stuccoed or faced also with tiles in many instances, and of a make and pattern which had the finish of handsome porcelain in color and gloss. I am informed that many of the edifices, especially near the River, have, by reason of the character of the soil, to be built on piles.

On our ride the Consul took us to his home, also of one story, surrounded by verandas, and with such communication of Rooms

that all can be thrown into one. The yard is large, full of Tropical growths, but not a sprig of grass anywhere, which to me, whatever be the bloom of trees and flowers, always looks desolate. The more I see of the Tropics the better I am satisfied with our Temperate vegetation, the former having nothing in beauty to compare with the flush of our Spring and the glow of our Autumn. The Consul had numerous pets—Pidgeons and other Birds, some noisy Parrots, and two festive Monkeys, with long prehensile tails, which, though fastened with a ring around the loins, met us at the end of their chains in most jubilant and hospitable mood, and coiled themselves, tail and all, around our legs. We returned by a different route, passing the Opera House, which is said to be the largest in Brazil, and now undergoing repair. Reaching the spot whence we started, our fellow-travellers and ourselves parted again, they to return to the Steamer *en route* for Rio.

Two modes of ascending the Amazon were open to me: either by one of the large English Ocean Steamers or by a Brazilian Steamboat. I chose the latter, because the former steams generally midway up the River, giving few opportunities of seeing the country thoroughly. The Steamboats, on the contrary, coast the Banks, stopping frequently, and affording an opportunity of observing more closely and minutely the Vegetation which crowds the scene, the most wonderful in volume and variety the whole world affords.

Fixing on this mode of Travel, I determined to get some one to go with me up the Amazon, who could speak English. I learned that none of the Officers on the Boat could do so, and in taking such an extensive Voyage I ought to have some one to act as my intermediary in the acquisition of any knowledge that it might be desirable to acquire on the journey. The Hotel keeper sent for an old man, who, when he came, declined on the ground of other occupations. The Consul took and introduced me to a Mr. Pomeroy, from away-down-East, in Maine, and now a merchant here. Mr. Pomeroy said he thought he could get me a young man, who would suit admirably, and at once sent for him, fixing an hour for our meeting. Consenting, his Father and Brother came with him at the appointed hour, who I saw were gentlemen, the Father being Interpreter in the Custom-House, and his Brother, also, holding office there, and after some little conversation I agreed to take him, more as a companion than a Guide, paying his passage—First-Class—with an additional

sum of forty milreis, about twenty dollars. It is rather expensive, and I may not need him, but I cannot risk the probability of travelling through such an interesting Region with myself hermetically sealed for the want of a tongue. The point on the River to which I propose to go is Manaos, distant nine hundred and fifty-four miles from Pará. Your map will show you the site.

After I had seen my trunk safely through the Customs—in which I was treated with great politeness and consideration; but which for dilatoriness and inefficiency of service I have never in any country seen paralleled—I took my young friend, whose name is Alberto Pinto de Sampaio, and is about twenty years of age, a gentlemanly and prepossessing Youth, and hiring a coach we started out to get ready for the Voyage, up and down, of near two thousand miles.

We went to the Office of the Navigation Company, where I bought Alberto's Ticket for him. Mr. Ogden had, at my request, kindly purchased mine this morning. He left the Steamer *Finanee* to Tour up the River with me, his wife going on to Rio, where he will join her upon his return. We then went to the Bank—London and Brazil—to get some money on my Letter of Credit. There I met Mr. Ogden again, and agreed more fully upon our Journey. There, too, better than all, I received your Mother's Letter, and whilst they were preparing the papers, devoured its contents. It moved fast enough to overtake me in New York and travel with me on the same Steamer, to be released from the Mail Bag in Pará. Within such a short time after my departure, I have nothing to say of its contents.

My young friend Alberto and I then went to bring my trunk to the Hotel, and buy a Hammoek with Mosquito Bar to use upon the Steamboat, for they tell me it may be very hot in the Cabin, and I may find it more comfortable in my Hammoek swung on Deck. It is well to make the provision.

We then drove to the Hotel and I rested after my busy day, for it was both busy and hot. I will here mention that in Pará and, also, on the Steamer coming here, the Thermometer registered 85°–87°. But I have told you of the breezes which tempered the atmosphere on the Sea.

I ought to say something of the Birds which frequent the streets of Pará called Urubu, similar to our Buzzards on the wing, but in proximity, not so large nor so unsightly—rather like those which strut

about the thoroughfares of Charleston, South Carolina. They are numerous and not timid, seeming to think their services richly compensate for their presence—and doubtless they do.

Whilst Dining to-day, a gentleman came in and walking up and addressing, said he had called especially to see me. He introduced himself as Mr. Rome, of Texas, who, with a number of others, when our Confederate Cause collapsed, formed an association and came to Brazil, hoping here to revive their shattered fortunes. Gen. Parsons, of whom I told you, at Newport News, was also one of them. Some died, some returned to the United States, when things settled down into Reconstruction Times, and some remaining in this country, determined to make it their permanent Home. Mr. Rome says that the Colony to which he belongs lives at and near Santarém, and, save one or two, are doing well. He says the chief trouble they have is with regard to the future of their children. He has two daughters and one son, whom he is educating in the United States. But when the time for their settlement in Life comes, in such a mixed and heterogeneous population, with whom will or can they intermarry? He says the Climate suits him admirably, his lungs being weak, and he has health he could not have enjoyed in Texas. We had a long and interesting talk; I wish I had time to put it down. He will be in Pará some days; I may see him upon my return.—Then to Bed.

STEAMBOAT IMPERATRICE THERESA,

ON THE AMAZON, *Sunday, June 10, 1888.*

This morning I was up, had Breakfasted and was ready for my young friend Alberto, before the hour I told him to meet me at the Hotel with a Carriage to take us and our Baggage to the Steamboat, between half-past seven and eight. He did not arrive till half-past eight, and when I chided him for his delay, he seemed to be surprised—the average Brazilian thinking an hour's margin of an appointment quite reasonable enough.

He got the Carriage, and we were soon safely landed at the Steamboat, with our traps, and at nine o'clock loosed cable and started on our long Voyage up the Amazon. I met Mr. Ogden, who had my Ticket, and had secured my Room. The Steamboat is large enough, and under proper management could be made a comfortable mode of locomotion. But, as in Russia, they furnish simply the Room, no

bed-clothes, no soap, no towel, and a carelessness and discomfort in things which require attention, worse than even those in Russia. But here as there, it will doubtless be some time before reforms come, unless forced by the competition of Foreign Lines. Of the People of Brazil I will speak further on in my travels and observations ; at first sight I am not impressed.

On board, Mr. Ogden introduced me to Mr. De Haas, a German from Hamburg, who lived at Bahia, in this Empire, some years ago, now living in Honduras and here on business—a nice gentleman, who speaks English well. He will be a pleasant travelling companion, I think. Soon after I got on board, one of the Pilots, a bright young fellow of Indian descent, probably eighteen or nineteen years old, spoke to me in very fair English, telling me he had acquired it in Philadelphia, where he had gone to School. With these exceptions and my Guide, there is not another English-speaking person on the Boat. The Captain or Commandante's name is, I learn, Rufino Lcizio Tavares.

Receding from Pará, the same exquisite Scene opened to us which excited our admiration on our approach. The Sun was blazing down, and the stuccoed and tiled houses of the City glowed in his rays ; thus did also the yellow waters of the Great River, which broadened between us and the City whilst we receded. But this was beautifully relieved by the numerous Islands that lay hither and thither, covered with dense vegetation and verdure, without a break in their impenetrable green.

It is on the Pará we have steamed all day—your map will show you the Southern mouth or outlet of the Amazon, and seemingly a uniform, unbroken and clean-cut current. But not so ; it is filled with Islands, like those I have spoken of above, and the Traveller cannot tell whether he is passing among them or they on one side and the River Bank upon the other, the River itself is so vast, and though they and the Banks present no elevation, the whole is distributed in such graceful manner, and of such graceful forms and rich colors, we are constrained to admit that we have witnessed few Scenes more beautiful and attractive.

With such surroundings, we travelled the live-long day—the luxuriant Vegetation, of varieties beyond the present ability of Botany to reduce to enumeration, without a break on Island or Main save where a family has squatted in their light, one-story, Palm-sheathed

and thatched Shanty by the water's edge. These humble habitations occur only now and then, and when they do, simply standing on piles, the Forests close shutting them in. If, sometimes, an effort seems to have been made to clear a space around, it is always futile. No sooner has the woodman laid aside his axe than Nature asserts her unconquerable right to rule, and covers the spot with Vegetation. The Settler is doomed to have the yellow water under him and in his front, whilst rearward the verdure presents an impervious wall. They seem to live much in the state that Adam and Eve were born in. The men and women and large children have scant clothing, to suit the climate and surroundings; the little ones, who are very numerous, in the condition of our aforesaid worthy parents, before they found the Fig leaves.

When night came, a Tropic pour-down came with it. I determined not to use my Hammock, but to let my Guide take it, whilst I occupied the Cabin. I went early to bed, only remaining up long enough to renew my acquaintance with my Friend, the Southern Cross. The night was fine, and it showed itself quite grandly; but no where have I seen it, I have before remarked, like it appeared to me when first we met in Mexico. Hardly had I gone to bed when the rain came, literally in bucket-fulls from the Sky. Very soon it dripped upon my face and then in quite a stream, and I found my Cabin leaked. Arousing myself, I went out and got a lantern and discovered that without immediate action my things would be drenched. Moving them to the lower Berth, when the rain was past, I found I had saved for myself not only my clothes from wetting, but a dry place wherein to sleep, and survived the rest of the night quite comfortably for a resolute and easily satisfied traveller.

I have already told you something of the Boat. It is well built, of our American River make, with all the appointments of an excellent Vessel, which the officers are incapable or unwilling to utilize. An American or English Captain could in twenty-four hours convert it into a delightful Excursion Vessel. But these people, either from National or Natural characteristics or the climate, cannot lift themselves from the apathy in which they are encased. Well enough, is their acme of perfection in mundane affairs, and with this idea ever, they do things; nothing more.

SAME STEAMBOAT,
Monday and Tuesday, June 11 and 12, 1888.

I was early out to enjoy the fresh morning air. The upper or hurricane Deck on which the Cabins are, is roofed in like our own River Boats—the sides open for air and observation. Iron rods and hooks are fastened to the roofing, to which Hammocks may be hung and were utilized by most of our passengers, numbering eighteen or twenty, in preference to the Cabins. Some of these Hammocks are simple; some ornamental, with their fringe and colors, and hung about, present not only a Tropic look, but one of ease and comfort.

Along the middle of this Deck a table extends its full length; on this we take our meals, on this I write these Letters, in full and easy view of the scenes I may describe. At six o'clock in the morning a bell is rung to tell us coffee and tea are getting ready for those who want them, and until half-past seven or eight their wishes may be gratified. At ten o'clock, it is presumed, though nearer half-past or eleven, which to the Brazilian's note and value of time are equally the same, on this table our Breakfast is set; and with the strange incongruity I have noticed in all Tropic Climes I have visited, a Feast is set before us heavy enough to gorge the stomach of an Esquimaux. I thought the Rice-Table, of which I told you in my Route to and travel in Java tough and heavy enough for anything; this quite equals, if it does not surpass that. Half a dozen kinds of meat, cooked in their own fat, is the substance of the meal; and no fruits; the only light things one can find are bread and farina and rice, which, roughly boiled, fills ruggedly one big dish about the centre of the Board. Common wine and tea and coffee are also served.

At four o'clock, or with an accuracy of time the same as that of Breakfast, we are called to Dinner, a meal similar to Breakfast, only a little more so, save that our stomachs are sometimes consoled with bananas and oranges and pine-apples and guava jelly, for which I am duly thankful. Coffee and tea are also given here. This finishes the eating for the day, except to those who wish toward bedtime a cup of tea or coffee. This eating to me is a hard business, and my Stomach longs for lighter fare; and my Liver—what of it?

But when not at meals, pleasanter things await around us on every side. We are tiding up the Amazon, the mightiest of Earthly Rivers, and were we to float simply upon its name, together with the knowl-

edge books have brought to us, there would be in it much of charm. But I must admit, the reality brings no shade of disappointment. The River does not extend its yellow waters in one unbroken sheet from shore to shore, but thousands of Islands of picturesque shape and beauty adorn it, among which the Steamboat carries us, the resistless torrent seeming not angry at being impeded by their presence, but glad to bring to them with its gentle flow a luxuriance, prodigal and perennial. They lovingly agree.

Sometimes, the Banks, I might more properly call them Shores, indicating the Oceanic magnitude of the waters, are far off; sometimes, we almost brush with our paddles the Vegetation which crowds them. The same impression, however, is produced. Our admiration is divided: now it is absorbed with the River, carrying its Continental floods; now with the Flora, Continental too, in its vastness and profusion. Never have I seen, in all my Travels, anything to approximate it. I was struck with that of Ceylon, you remember, in the lowlands beyond Columbo. But that is nothing to this, either in profusion or extent. Mile after mile, as we move, it is ever the same, nigh or far; thickset, dense, seemingly impenetrable from the water's edge—indeed sending out itself on small floating Islands, upon the surface, which, doubtless fastened by pendant roots to the River bottom, rise and fall with the current stirred by the Vessel's speed.

No wonder the Scientists are overwhelmed. The River in its magnitude invites them, and the Vegetation it nourishes; far more do its contents, surpassing, they tell us, all others of the World, containing with its affluents a greater number and variety of Fish than all the European Rivers combined. The untutored eye needs no teaching to fill one with amazement when he beholds the crowded Vegetation on its Banks—a struggle for Life amid Life ever going on. Yet who can say which is strongest? where all survive. Often we would go near enough to smell the dampness of its Labyrinth, and could see no opening through the growths—big, strong trees crowding each other, in the contest for existence, and unable in that struggle to send out lateral branches, climbing higher and higher, that they may spread their fronds in the upper air. Around their lower trunks thickset thickets grow, which in their nature could have no such aspirations; and Liánas or trailing plants winding themselves like huge serpents and climbing with prodigious vitality and force, spreading themselves

above the highest trees and adorning them with a splendid crown. Parasites, feeding on other Life, not satisfied with that on which they treacherously feed, sending down hundreds of feet pendants like ropes, which, fastening in the soil, are nourished with a Life which they may call honestly their own. What Philosopher, in this vast Battle Field of Vegetable existence, where all seem to flourish, will say which ought properly to survive? The River flowing with resistless tide, without a compeer, the strange Life fed by its agencies, presents manifestations competent to excite and divide our supreme wonder. It would be very childish and jejune to say I am disappointed in the Amazon.

At three o'clock on Monday morning we stopped at Breves, distant one hundred and forty-six miles from Pará. I got up, but could simply see the lights along the Banks. After Breakfast we sat on Deck, and steaming near could see the thousands of Birds, rejoicing in their range. Some of them were very beautiful—one species like our Pheasant, but of richer, brighter and more varied plumage. Ogden brought out his gun, but the motion of the Vessel and their quick movements prevented his success. These creatures seem to adapt themselves to the temperature. In early morning they are abroad, rejoicing on the wing; towards mid-day they cease their flight and chatter, and their home is silent as the Tomb. These Birds are very numerous, but no other representatives of Animated Nature deign to recognize us out of their Forest Home.

At four o'clock on Monday afternoon we passed from the Pará into the waters of the Amazon. We would not have known it had we not been told, save that the narrow channel of the Tajapura unites the waters of the Pará and the Amazon, bounding the big Island of Marajo on the West, as the Ocean does upon the East—the same scenes greeting us on every hand—the same yellow flood, the same Islands, the same thick-covered banks—and now and then the Settler's humble home.

At nine o'clock last night—Monday—we halted at Gurupá, two hundred and sixty-nine miles from Pará. I did not get up to look, and lost nothing thereby; it was too dark to see.

On Tuesday morning, about seven o'clock, the Pilot called my attention to the dark water mingling itself with the yellow current of the Amazon, and informed me that it was the Xingu, one of the Southern affluents. At half-past eight we had turned up its current

and anchored in the middle of the River off the little town of Porto do Moz, three hundred and seventeen miles from Pará. My comrades went ashore in the Steamer's Boat; I preferred to remain on board. It was hot, and from under the awning of the Steamboat I had before me everything the village had to show. It is built upon higher ground than usual, on a Bluff probably ten or twelve feet above the River's flow. The houses stretch along for about half a mile, looking, some of them, not unpretentious, having been built in an ambitious moment and then suffered to lapse for want of energy to keep them in repair. The Church occupies the centre of the town—which has a Bell, and rang out its summons whilst we were there, and must have cost a good deal of money in its construction, but which is falling to decay. Some wandering seed have found a lodgement in its walls, and, blooming like Hanging Gardens, are rapidly wasting them away; there is not energy enough among its worshippers to put a ladder up to save them. Few boats came out, and they sluggishly and slow, not asking custom—careless whether it came or not. The apathy which afflicts the land is profound, like the quiet which pervades the River and the Forest at mid-day under the broiling Sun.

The contrast between the waters of the Xingu and the Amazon is striking. The latter keeps its tawny color in spite of everything; the former is blue or black, until its dark is swallowed up in the lighter color of the parent stream. And thus all the affluents are treated by this domineering King. The Tapajos—pronounced Tapa-hoz—another great Southern affluent, is also blue or black, and the Rio Negro on the North, whither we are bound; both have to recognize the greater power of the River that receives them, which the Amazon itself does, after awhile, of the all-embracing Ocean.

At eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning, the Highlands for the first time came in sight upon the North. They stretch along the horizon in a Blue Ridge of probably seven or eight hundred feet in height, covered with vegetation, and seem strange at first, and out of place. They are not a continuous Ridge, but broken through or down, here and there—seemingly as if washed by powerful currents. These are called the Hills of Almeirim, and the Geologist finds in them sources of study and investigation: did the River pile them, or do they confine its bounds, put there by Nature before the River's birth?

On the South side, hither and thither, we passed small open spaces, where we saw Cattle and Horses grazing, and good ones, too, both my naked eye and glasses told me. The Forests grew thinner—the trees not so thick or large—not altogether impervious to the vision like those I have described, but daylight shimmering through their foliage, yet thick enough to excite admiration everywhere, save in view of Amazonian Sylvas in their prime. And the splendid Palm Tree, which in our run hitherto helping to make the throng of Life, and towering often like a diadem above its fellows, has in a measure disappeared. Yet enough are left to beautify the Scene.

It rained in showers during the day, but not in torrents. It seems to rain when it listeth, not with thunder and lightning and wind, but quietly and without fuss, the currents meeting gently in the Sky without much show of cloud, and amicably agreeing to drop their contents on the River and surrounding. And when the Sun was going down he saw fit to change the Blue of the Almeirim Hills to Purple, and rim them with richest gold, which, when he had done, the young Moon came and hung above them her silver bow, whilst in the opposite Heavens the Southern Cross claimed honored recognition among her Sister Stars. It was a sight worthy of the wonderful Earthly Panorama through which we floated, and to be remembered ever.

SAME STEAMBOAT, *Wednesday, June 13, 1888.*

This day, too, afforded us its interest. We steamed up the main body of the Amazon. The Banks were still full of Vegetation, but not so large and dense. The Palm trees did not crowd themselves and claim admiration to the same extent, and this is a loss; for their rich green leaves, under the gentle breeze, wave and quiver with a kind of metallic lustre, and flash like gleams of light above the dense and deader green of their associates.

Quite early in the morning the distant height of Monte Alégre—the Gay Mountain—four hundred and fifty-six miles from Pará, appeared upon the North, and later on came full in view, not over Forests, which had hitherto bound the River Banks, but beyond Campos—level areas—without trees and covered thickly with a carpet of grass, over which numerous Sheep and Cattle roamed.

These elevations are thought by some to be the foothills of the Northern transverse Ranges of the Continental Mountains; by others

to be the original bed, alluvial or lacustrine, out of which the Amazon of younger birth cut its channel to the Sea. We will not bother about their origin ; there they are, and a picturesque outline of the Horizon on the North. On the South, the Sierra de Santarém—accent on the last syllable—stretches in much lower Range for many miles ; nor will or can we stop in Geologic interest to inquire how they came there.

We passed several Fazendas, or Country Homes, conspicuous on the River Banks ; one in the afternoon especially attractive for its beauty and comfort. The house, of one story, was large and finished in handsome style, its owners evidently not uncultured people. Flowers of richest colors bloomed here and there, claiming admiration with the magnificent Forest trees which stood close behind or spread their arms above the houses. Horses, Cattle and Sheep, well kept and good, were round about. But the place was mainly for the cultivation of Cacao—pronounced Cacow—from which you know Chocolate is made. I told you of this in India, you remember. The tree is rather a large bush in form, of deep green color, and the fruit is not unlike a thick cucumber, which grows fast to the trunk and branches, not out upon the boughs or twigs. It is from the seed the Chocolate is made, and from the thrifty appearance of the Plantation a profitable product.

This day's progress has been very interesting and beautiful. From the Deck we saw not only the attractive things of which I have spoken, but how, if the huge mass of Vegetation had now and then disappeared in Campos or thinner growth, the glorious Sylvas, not willing to suffer loss of admiration, replace the number and size with Liânas or trailing plants, which cover every tree with festoons, in richness and color and grace surpassing the utmost reach of Art. In the Morning and the Evening, before the Sun grows hot, or after he had in a measure withdrawn his head, Birds of varied kinds and color came out along the margin of the River and flashed their wings for our enjoyment ; and now and then a Jacaré or Alligator gently stirred the water near the Banks and exposed a portion of his ugly head, as in Old Cathedral Architecture the Devil or his Imps mar the Symphony of an Angel Choir.

From the Deck, too, we could now and then see small openings through the Vegetation, and an humble stream creeping into the River, the thick foliage forming an arch above its waters. These

often are not simple inlets, but creeks of many miles in length, along which you can row in light canoe amid scenes of rustic beauty; they are called Igarapés—literally Boat-paths—have their own sources, and are independent affluents of the Parent stream. Sometimes we would see much larger apparent inlets, soon lost to view amid the Forests, or we would leave the main bed of the Amazon and navigate them, after awhile again reaching the River higher up. These are not only navigable by Steamers, but the utilizing them affords a delightful change from the waste of waters, and present in their narrow current a rich wall of vegetation on either side, smelling fresh as morning dew and filled with joyous Birds, with openings here and there, where Sitios or humble Palm-leaf habitations look out from their quiet Groves filled with children joyous like the Birds, and quite as Natural, too, without their feathers. These larger inlets are called Paranás—which word means a River—the accent on the last syllable.

Thus you see the Paranás, though larger, are not original streams, like the Igarapés, but rather like the Bayous of our own Mississippi, links in the chain of the Mother Stream. When small, it is called Paraná Mirim, which means small, or Assú, which means large, and when the Igarapé and Paraná, or the River are united by a still smaller current, which in this wonderful Amazonian System of waters is common in its multifarious flows, it is called a Fúro. The Fúros often unite these Rivers with shallow Lakes along their flow—called Lagos in Brazil, and Lagunas in Peru—all of which together convert the Amazon and its affluents into a marvellous River System, without a rival—in its communications, like a Great Inland Sea.

The Indians of this Continent have progressed very far in their knowledge of the Geography and Topography of their country, and its Fauna and Flora. In the first two, our North American Indians were, I have no doubt, their equal; in the last two, not. The Indians here are familiar not only with the marvellous diversity and number of the Plants which distinguish their country above all others on the globe, and have given them a nomenclature, but have named the Birds of the air and the Fishes of their Rivers, in number and variety of species and individuals without any parallel. What a resort for the lover of Nature is the Amazon!—whether he be learned in its diverse and diversified Species, or only in the midst of manifestations, whose simple presence to the inquirer, however ignorant, is sufficient to inspire.

We reached Santarém—accent on last syllable—at half-past seven last night, five hundred and fifteen miles from Pará. We anchored in the River off the City's front, and could see the lights sparkling along the land. It contains about twelve or fifteen hundred people, only an Amazonian town, nothing more. My friends Ogden and De Haas, for amusement, took a boat and went ashore. I with the same laudable object remained on Board and went to bed, and with the sagacious advice of the wise Sancho Panza, found my reward.

Santarém is situated on a point of land where the big River Tapajos throws its black water into the Amazon's yellow flood. This River Tapajos is navigable for twenty miles beyond Itaitúba, or sixty leagues beyond Santarém to the Apúem Rapids. Where the two great Rivers join, an interesting contest takes place, as in all such confluences, but the Amazon as ever is the victor, and soon tides on like a Serpent that has swallowed its feebler competitor, with no other effect than change of size. This dark water, when stirred by the paddles of the Boat, has the appearance of being discolored by Juniper, not unlike that of our Dismal Swamp.

My friend Mr. Rome, whom I met in Pará, with other Confederate settlers, lives here. Many came—of them, only a few families are left. The land where they settled is a rich and productive area. It would be a delightful thing to stop and for a day or two move among them and talk of our common Past, and how Fortune had befallen them and theirs in this strange and distant land, since our Star went down.

SAME BOAT, *Thursday, June 14, 1888.*

I was in bed and asleep before the Boat left Santarém. I have continued to occupy my Cabin and found it comfortable. My young friend Alberto sleeps in the Hammock swung to the covering of the Deck. The Evenings have been cool and pleasant, and towards the going down of the Sun the air loses the sweltering sensation which the hours of mid-day bring; and it is an experience to sit on Deck and watch the Stars come out, sending down no heat from their shining spheres, but rather evoking cooling breezes from every nook of Earth and Sky.

And the Morning is equal in sweetness to the Evening. I am up at six o'clock and out. The sense of heat is wanting then; if no

special breeze be stirring, the motion of the Boat makes one, and had I the tempering of it I could not more wisely mix its elements. The Amazonas are said to be full of Insects, which are to the traveller a constant pest. It may be thus on land; they do not leave it to come to our floating habitation. Yesterday evening a few mosquitoes visited us, whilst near Santarém, and sitting on Deck, but I shut and darkened my Cabin and none came near me during the night; nor have I been bothered by noxious things at any hour of my long travel on the River. This, doubtless, will surprise you; it has been a most agreeable one to me. I trust it may hold till my sojourn is ended. Yet I have found, by considerable experience, that care in travel as in Life, warns and wards off many ills.

At six o'clock this Morning we stopped, for a few moments, at Alenquer, five hundred and fifty-two miles from Pará, a small and unimportant place, and yet most interesting. The country around and in front is like a marsh, the tall grass growing luxuriantly, through which the people rowed their Dug-outs without obvious impediment. Beyond this, where solid ground prevailed, stand the *Sitios* or houses of the Settlers, and horses, cattle and sheep were feeding, and groves of Banana and Cacao in great luxuriance flourished. If not healthy to our upland eye hygienically, they certainly looked uncommonly healthy in their Economic promise.

Passing this, around which dark water floated, we glided into a Paraná, which led us to the Amazon again some miles ahead. The walls of vegetation closed us in on either side, every few hundred yards broken by *Sitios*, around which Gardens of Cacao and Banana flourished in extraordinary luxuriance. Things about and in the *Sitios* looked comfortable enough. The children, which were numerous, of every age from infancy, looked happy, running hither and thither with scant clothing or none at all;—with or without, equally happy. Nobody seemed at work: Nature, with abundant heat and moisture, was doing that without an effort, and they simply gathered the results. Little boats, mostly Dug-outs, are links to bind these *Sitios* in neighborhood for many miles; and the Steamboat, the bigger link, to connect them with the outer world, and whistling to attract attention, steaming along, dropped bottles, which contained the Mail.

No portion of our voyage gave greater interest and pleasure. There was an unwonted commingling of Human Life. The Forest trees had not lost their import; the *Liânas* still trailed and climbed,

in columns and festoons, models for the Artist; and early in the Morning, before the Sun had gathered strength, there came to us, moving on, cool draughts, with the delicious fragrance of fresh-mown meadows.

The Amazon is so strong in its Flood and Flora, we imagine when we come, that it is only emotions of immensity we will enjoy. But not so; scenes like those which greeted us on the Paraná d'Alenquer are not alone, and were I of poetic turn, or subject to "giving 'way," might say, in the excitement of temporary enjoyment, that the Brazilian need not resort to Ancient Story to find spots where Nature is perennial in her benefactions, and of Hesperidean, Arcadian or Elysian sweetness.

From this narrow Paraná we steamed into the broad Amazon, whose distant Banks seemed like the shore of an Inland Sea, and our emotions passed from the diversified but confined delights of lovely Gardens into Continental immensity once more.

At four o'clock p. m. we came to Obydos—pronounced Obēdos, *e* long. We sighted it some distance off, seated on a considerable Bluff, and quite conspicuous. Some of the houses are along the River Bank, one story and ordinary; one fine-looking edifice crowns the Bluff, a private residence, and just below it a small Catholic Chapel, around which numerous little flags of different colors floated in the Sunlight. A Religious Festival, we learned, was going on. My friends, Ogden and De Haas, went ashore with some of the other passengers. The Sun was very hot, and I preferred to sit on Deck under the covering and enjoy the outlook of River and City, and the people passing hither and thither on land and water. The Boats are all propelled by a paddle, of circular shape, eighteen inches or two feet in diameter, used with both hands. Oars would drive them too fast, with too much effort, and as to Time—they have all there is.

It was interesting to see the women and children coming down the Bluff, with their earthen jars, to fill them with water from the River, and then bear them, walking steady and erect, up again upon their heads; as Lo! they have been doing in some country or other since Patriarchal Times.

Obydos is said to have ten thousand people; but like other of the towns of the Amazon, Steamboat navigation has marred its prosperity—as Railroads, alas! have that of many of our own inland places. Formerly they were centres of Trade, now only Stations, like many smaller towns or villages.

When my friends came back they could only tell me of the hot walk they had, which was hardly compensated for by the view of the River from the Bluff, and the agreeability of one of the citizens, who was also a passenger, and who treated them in his house to the hospitality of a glass of wine and a present of Bananas to bring back with them to the Boat—all he could do in so brief a visit. These people have credit for a quite liberal hospitality.

I, in the meantime, saw the Sun go down in dignified and quite elaborate style, and the young Moon and the Stars rise in a clear Sky—on one side dominated by the Southern Cross, on the other by the North Star, from our Latitude now of about equal altitude.

Amid these scenes of Earth and Sky I didn't long for bed, fond of it though I be.

SAME BOAT, *Friday, June 15, 1888.*

This morning the scenes were different, but quite equal in attractiveness. The River opened wide. We steamed near the Northern Bank, now skirting woods; now Campos, with no show of cultivation; the Liânas in sheer wantonness displaying their graceful tendrils in hanging clusters around the trees they girdled, now reaching above their highest boughs and spreading out in a profusely luxuriant Diadem. Birds of every size and shape and hue—Pheasant, Ibis, Crane, Urubu, Humming Bird, Parrot and many others whose names I do not know, each in its own way, filling the Forest edge, shooting singly with arrow-speed and directness from tree to tree, or flapping lazily and lighting on the water's margin, or in flocks, with garrulous and querulous chatter; and at rare intervals a Jacaré or Alligator, sticking his snout above the flood—all, strange to say, extremely timid. One would suppose that in the vast Solitude where they dwell, harm from man could so rarely reach them, that they would be void of fear.

Ogden, every day, has brought out his guns—a double-barrelled shot, and a Winchester rifle, both repeating and with cartridges; but the long range and motion of the Boat prevented his success—save one poor Ibis went under, from a queer noise and blow he knew not whence.

At Breakfast, the Commandante or Captain invited me to have some of the Peccary, which you know is one of the wild animals of South America, resembling somewhat our Hog. It was well cooked

and tender, not unlike our Roast Pig, and, consequently, you will say, not bad.

At this meal, we stopped at the Fazenda Amizade, to load and unload freight, and its owner, Señor Prudentio, came on Board and breakfasted with us. He is a young, large, fine looking, good natured fellow, and invited us to go ashore and visit his Plantation, which invitation we cheerfully accepted, the Captain agreeing to delay the departure of the Boat. He took us in his own Canoes.

His house was built and sheathed with Palms, and roofed with tiles—a long, one story edifice—all the doors and windows opening to the air. It is built within thirty yards of the River, and around it are his Gardens—chiefly of Banana and Cacao—though he also showed us some Indian Corn and Sugar Cane of his own raising. The space around the front and sides of the house was cleared away, and here spread out in the Sun on canvass or boards was the seed of Cacao, from which our Chocolate is made. It is an oval bean, not unlike the shelled almond. I will bring some home to show you.

He then took us to the Groves, which were very extensive. The trees grow in clumps, or rather are large bushes or bundles of small trees, planted in rows fifteen or twenty feet apart, but spreading and large enough to join their branches above, forming a dense, impervious shade. The leaves and débris are allowed to fall and cover the ground, still further protecting the roots from the burning Sun, and in their decay affording nutriment for the plant. I asked him how long it was before they bore fruit, and how long they lasted. He said they bore at three years old, and the orchard never died out, perpetually renewing itself. And I could see how the old plants were falling and rotting on the ground and the young trees were taking their places from the parent root. If Nature enfeebles man by the enervating effects of its climate in Torrid Regions, in compensation it works for him with ten-fold continuity and force—repairing the decay and waste with its own energies—simply requiring him to rest in its shade and pluck the Fruit.

The Fruit itself is much like a bulky short cucumber, with a thick rind, which contains a mass of seed. It grows, I think I have hitherto said, strangely to the body or big branches of the trees—unlike any other fruit I have ever seen. The seed are cleaned and dried and sent abroad for manufacture into Chocolate, now coming from year to year into more and more varied uses. Paris, I believe,

manufactures more than any other City. The husks or rinds are burnt on the spot, and make, the proprietor told me, admirable soap.

Our hospitable friend took us into his house, where he had a Musical Box, and broke a bottle of wine for us, and urged me to stay with him till the next Boat came, and he would do everything in his power to make me have a good time. He is a Portuguese, and, of course, this conversation was through my Interpreter and Guide. On leaving, he half filled the Canoe with Cacao Beans, Bananas, Cocanuts, Sugar Cane and Hen Eggs, which he gave to me as chief, with liberty to divide with my associates, and rowed back with us to the Steamboat and saw us safely aboard, and shaking hands, wished us a prosperous voyage. It was a pleasant and profitable visit, as we testified by waving our farewells to him from the Deck.

We witnessed a singular scene about mid-day. A small Boat had been allowed by the Captain to be cabled to us, to take it and its owner to a point up the River. Steaming on, we flushed a Shoal of Fish called Jaraxuy, which were very numerous, and whether in alarm or sport, I do not know, they sprang several feet out of the water, with such agility and force that many of them leapt clean on to the Boat, which had a top, as many of them have not unlike the Chinese Sampan, and some fell into the Boat itself, and the Steward served them for our Dinner. They were twelve or fourteen inches long, but too dry to be called a good pan-fish.

Towards Sundown we came to Parentins, seven hundred and seven miles from Pará, a town of several hundred inhabitants, built on a Bluff, and not unlike the other Bluff towns of which I have spoken. My friends went ashore. It was very hot; I think the hottest day and evening we have had, and without stirring air. I preferred to stay on Board and amuse myself in looking at the people, being quite sure I saw them better and with more comfort than my comrades did in the sweltering town.

Again, too, I had the pleasure of a cloudless night.

SAME BOAT, *Saturday, June 16, 1888.*

Last evening was hot, and so it was this morning; but not hot enough to prevent the exercise of my admirable talent for sleep. I have not used my Hammock. I prefer my Cabin, which I occupy alone; Alberto sleeps on Deck. After leaving my door open long

enough to thoroughly ventilate the room, I close it, and when night comes I use no light, but going in I shut the door and feel my way to bed. Thus I hide from the Mosquitoes. I sleep simply in my night-gown, and need no covering. The Cabin is thoroughly ventilated above, and after lying down I soon feel the cool draughts, and pass the night in comfort, free from heat and the much worse winged pests. Contrary to my expectation, I have not had a single unbearable day or night upon the Amazon. The mornings and evenings have been cool and pleasant, with delightful breaths from the Vegetation on the Banks we skirted. A few hours in the middle of the day are hot, when the breezes go to sleep, like all Nature seems to do, save the Sun, who is then the widest awake of all his busy hours.

Expressed in language, each day repeats itself. For whilst the same Forests and Campos and Sitios are concerned, the same words might describe them in generic terms; but words fail in the specific. When under the same general scenes, the thousand struggling combinations passing before the eye, Language is powerless to describe. You remember, when among the Alps, this poverty of tongue ever cramped me, whilst the images impressed themselves upon my mental vision in ineradicable pictures. They were incommunicable—Language has no shades of lines and colors with which to draw and paint them.

Thus am I poor upon the Amazon. I float upon it from day to day in full view of interminable Vegetation, broken now and then by Sitios, around which Bananas and Cacao and Sugar and Cocconut and other Palm Trees flourish, and this morning, for the first time, large gardens of Mandioca, from whose root Tapioca and Farina are manufactured. This latter—Farina—is set before us in several forms upon the table in saucers at every meal. Between these Sitios, Nature never fails to assert herself, leaving no waste—now in massive Forest trees, the space between thick set with humbler growths—or Liânas, making of them ladders to climb into the upper air, and often, forgetful of the help, smothering their friends to death in their flowery embrace.

The Commandante told me that near Itacoatiava, a place we would reach in the afternoon, eight hundred and forty-four miles from Pará, an American by the name of Stone had settled some fifteen or twenty years ago, and going lustily to work, had cleared the Forests off and

made for himself a Plantation, where he had been successful, especially in raising Tobacco and Cattle. We arrived in sight some time before dark, and I had a good opportunity of seeing it, situated upon a Bluff or Ridge overlooking the River. And sure enough, he had done what he proposed. The Forest had been cleared for many acres around his one story, tropico-verandahed mansion, which itself looked out from Palm and other trees. Where the dense Amazonian growths once stood is now a Campo, covered thick with luxuriant grass, over which numbers of fat Cattle fed. Things were in such perfect order, and so different from anything I had hitherto seen upon the River, that I was for a time lost, and imagined I was looking upon the home of a thrifty representative of our own Civilization, and in our own county, till the illusion was dispelled by the Growths and Architecture. It was, with such other and different accompaniments for thousands of miles, by contrast, a charming sight to look upon.

When we reached the town of Itacoatiava—Itacoatiava means Painted Rock, so-called because at low water it appears to have been painted by the Indians long ago ; it is otherwise called Serpia. A mile further on, where we halted for an hour or two, an Anglo-German gentleman by the name of Kettell came on Board, and the Commandante introduced him to me. We had some pleasant and to me profitable talk. He said he had been here since 1884, merchandizing, and from what he said, with profit ; but, he added, with heavy losses also. The whole system is one of Credit, and whilst the profits are very large on the sales, much is sunk in bad debts : when the pay day comes, the dealer has broken up, or gone. This Credit system, he and others have told me, is the bane of Brazil. He said Mr. Stone, who, he thinks, is a native of Massachusetts, has done wonders in clearing up the land he owns and converting it into such a beautiful and comfortable Home. I asked him as to the original cost of this process, and the expense of keeping it in order. He said it was great in the beginning, and the expenditure was annual. The wonderful fertility of the soil and sympathy of the Climate would not allow the ground to be uncovered, but cessation of work and watch enabled the small roots and seed originally left in the clearing, or others carried by the Birds or wafted by the winds, to spring into a prodigality of growth, demanding to remove it the same outlay and labor as in the beginning. I rather think the great River will only surrender to a population vast enough to fill it with *Sitios* and little

Gardens like those I have described ; King cultivators of thousands of acres it will not tolerate. How many generations hence this will be, who can tell ?

SAME BOAT, AND MANAOS,
HOTEL DE FRANCE, *Sunday, June 17, 1888.*

The Boat was steaming near the Banks of the River when I went on Deck in the early morning, and I witnessed the same continued scene of dense Forests, alternating with *Sitios*, giving me a chance of seeing their varying beauty, which I have already done for many days and miles without satiety, and enjoying them by the near proximity of our course. Being Sunday, the occupants, big and little, came out in full force, and in their best attire, to witness our passage, and when we waved Good-morning ! to them with our handkerchiefs and hands, they returned the salutation gleefully.

Seven or eight miles before reaching Manaos, we observed black water on our horizon. Soon, approaching, we saw on our left, where the Amazon with its yellow floods was coming from the South-West, and the Rio Negro, twelve hundred miles in length, from the Northwest joining it with black. The latter, also, is a great River, and the scenery being picturesque with green Islands and main, the junction is one of the finest of the Amazonian wonders. The Union of two streams of different color or speed, or both, is always interesting. The Mississippi and Missouri and their struggle for supremacy is striking. The Rhone and the Arve, both rapid streams, of which I told you, is most exciting—the former purified by Lake Geneva, and rushing a limpid torrent of Cerulean Blue, is joined by the dashing Arve, stained with the substances it has washed from its Mountain home ; the larger stream seems to disdain conjunction and affiliation with the smaller and forces it against the land, refusing, for some miles, a commingling of their currents. Here the same struggle obtains ; the Negro tides against the mightier current of the Amazon, and meeting with an, at first, apparently impassable barrier, turns and flows in a distinct current pressed upon the Northern Bank. From time to time, the resistance getting feebler, the Yellow and Black commingle in whirlpools or streaks of either color, until at last the Junction becomes complete, and the volume sweeps on, the Tawny Amazon once more. This Union of the Rivers is one of the most interesting and imposing I have ever seen.

The Amazon here loses its name in the nomenclature of the country: above the Rio Negro it is called Solimoens to Nauta, beyond Tabatinga and the Brazilian Frontier. From Nauta to its source it is called Marañon. But why should they cut the noble creature into names? Let it be called the Amazon! I call it Amazon and not Amazons, more lately used, because we have thus known it from our youth, a name given it by Orellana, one of Pizarro's Officers, who descended it from Peru to the Atlantic, and who, among other marvellous stories, said he had encountered on its banks a Nation of Amazons, rivalling in military prowess those of Classic Times. It is enough to distinguish its tributaries by names, which together, it is said, contain many thousand miles of navigable water. Not satisfied with this, full we should think to repletion of greatness, by the Casiquiare, a River one hundred and eighty miles long, through the Negro it joins itself to the Orinoco. The Amazon itself is more than three thousand miles in length from its source to the Sea. In comparison, all other fluviate systems on the Globe wane into insignificance. It is one of the Wonders of the world. It surely has not been waste of time to see it.

We anchored in the Negro, off the town of Manaos, nine hundred and fifty-four miles from Pará, at eleven o'clock in the morning. The Captain invited me to remain on Board during the Ship's stay, and at first I thought I would accept; but hearing of other Steamers going down to Pará and probably on to Rio, and not knowing how long I could utilize my time in Manaos, I determined, upon reflection, to come ashore. The Proprietor of the Hotel De France, the one which heads this Letter, with others, came out with his Boat in search of custom. He speaks very good English, and with my friends De Haas and Ogden, and Alberto, I came with him here. His House presents an excellent appearance, and he gave me a nice Chamber, and we all sat down to a plentiful and well-served Dinner.

The town of Manaos looks well, situated on Bluffs visible a considerable distance down the River. Some prominent houses stand out conspicuous, among them a large Catholic Church, with double towers; and when we reached the Landing and walked thence to the Hotel, I observed that it contained many new structures, and among them not a few handsome and substantial buildings. I am informed that Manaos has grown and prospered lately. A few years ago it was thought to be decaying; it has recently taken a fresh start, and

is one of the flourishing inner towns of the Empire, and is called the St. Louis of Brazil.

When the Vessel cast her anchor, it was very hot, and when we reached the shore and walked to the Hotel the Sun blazed above and the pavements and houses reflected a heat equally intense—no breeze cooled us like that whilst moving on the Boat, and I was glad enough when I reached my room and disrobed myself of superfluous apparel, whilst Alberto attended to my baggage.

After Dinner, I had a long and interesting talk with our Proprietor—a Frenchman, who has been living here some years, an intelligent and observant man. He says Manaos has improved greatly of late, and continues to improve. Almost its only source of wealth is from Rubber, whose supply is increasing. The population of the surrounding country is indolent and thriftless, and he sees no hope for the advance and elevation of the Country till new blood comes in from abroad; that here, Negroes, Indians, Brazilians, Whites of various nationalities are mixed in inextricable confusion, and the product is a hybrid multitude unfit and unable to elevate or build up either themselves or the Empire. Of the value of time or industry they have no idea; equally little have they of the sanctity of morals or of virtue. Great numbers of the children have not been taught to know their own father; nor does this ignorance in any manner affect their position in society or that of their mother. Negroes, Indians, Whites, all shades of Color and Race associate upon terms of entire equality. Whilst Slavery existed, those in bondage were not recognized by the free as equals; now, that by recent Law, Slavery has been abolished, perfect equality prevails. You can imagine the sorry condition of such a society.

Our Proprietor thinks that the Amazon Valley has wonderful resources, which its present population will never develop; but when those resources are known, strangers will come and open them up. Since I have seen it, I am inclined to believe many generations will come and go before its vast area is tenanted by civilized men, for the reasons given when commenting on Stone's work. By the way, this enterprising man Stone married a Brazilian wife, the Proprietor tells me. There must be a dense population before the Amazonas can be subdued, and not a few think that Nature will survive here in spite of man's ingenuity and power. Thus Buckle argues, if my memory serves me, in his *History of Civilization*. This is far to go,

considering what man has done, and how immeasurably his power has been increased by calling to his aid the very forces of that Nature, which here seems to defy him. Nature, perchance, will be made to help defeat herself.

Towards the cool of the evening, we walked about the town. I call it cool simply *pro forma*, because the Sun was going or had gone down; for it was calm, and with any exertion very hot. A good many people were out, and dressed up in black cloth, with vest and often coat buttoned to the chin. I have never seen a more senseless costume than is worn everywhere I have been in Brazil. This dress, aped from the colder countries of Europe and America, most incongruously, is worn here with thermometer ranging from 80° to 87°, which latter it has been most of to-day.

We passed on our walk the Public Prison, immediately on the street; a one story affair, with long, open barred-windows, through which we could see the prisoners, and I inferred from their appearance, that if they suffered from their confinement, the community would suffer more were they turned out.

SAME PLACE AND HOTEL, *Monday, June 18, 1888.*

To-day I spent quietly in the Hotel. Again it was very hot. I walked down street with Alberto to have my pantaloons mended by a tailor, and to have my hair cut—both which jobs were well done. I returned quickly. Of course, I had my umbrella, but it seemed to be of little avail; I could not tell whether more heat came through it from the Sun, or blazed up into my face from the stone pavements. It was like a furnace I was walking through, and I got away from it and back to the Hotel without any unnecessary delay.

Mr. Carver, a young Missionary of the Methodist Church, from the State of New York, called to see me, and we had a pleasant talk. He told me he had lived in Pará for awhile to learn the tongue, and about nine months ago had been sent here. He is the only Missionary of any Denomination in Manaos, and he said that he felt quite lonely at times, with no one to consult or sympathize with him in a community hard to reach, either from devotion to their own Church—the Catholic—or from absolute indifference, the latter by far the more universal. There is freedom of Religious Thought here, but it cannot be manifested in Church Architecture. Only the Catholic

can build Church Edifices. Other Denominations may construct Meeting-Houses or Conventicles, or whatever you please to call them, and hold services in them—a way, in a Government which boasts loudly of its Freedom, of “whipping the Devil around.” His account of the morals of the people was similar to that of our Proprietor—and their modes are deep-seated and universal, without the slightest consciousness of impropriety; defying reformation, for they do not see that any reformation is needed. He said he was holding on, hoping. No insults are offered him; only indifference and silent neglect.

Mr. Watson, an English young gentleman, and a Partner of Mr. Baird, another Englishman, who is our Consular Agent here, called on me. He said Mr. Baird was in Europe now, and he represented him, and tendered his services to me in any way in his power. I spoke of taking a short Boat Excursion; he offered me his, together with his oarsman. I thanked him cordially, but declined, preferring to hire one. The young Missionary I have named is the only American living in Manaos now.

The Consul from the Argentine Republic, and the Editor of the Paper here, whose names I do not remember, sought an introduction, and also tendered civilities. The Consul offered me Letters to persons in authority in Buenos Ayres, which I do not desire.

Our Commandante, by our invitation, came from his Boat and dined with us to-day. This is the terminus of his run from Pará, and his Boat is still anchored in the River, awaiting the time appointed for her Departure. He does not speak English, but Mr. De Haas and Alberto interpret for me.

De Haas lives in Hamburg, and is in Brazil looking after his trade in these Regions. He at one time lived in Bahia and then learned to speak Portuguese. He speaks English quite well also, and is a nice gentlemanly fellow. His family are in Hamburg—wife and six children—whose photographs he showed me; a handsome set.

SAME PLACE AND HOTEL, *Tuesday, June 19, 1888.*

I made arrangements, or Alberto did for me, to take a Boat Excursion up to Cachoeira Grande—pronounced Cashuera—meaning Great Falls, a trip of several hours, ascending an Igarapé. I have seen the Amazon in all the phases which can be viewed from its

waters—the main stream and the Paranás, with which, by this time, and their accompaniments, you are familiar. From the Steamboat, I saw the mouths and outlets of many Igarapés, which, with their shaded currents, looked enticing.

Alberto had engaged the Boat for six o'clock this morning. I aroused him, and by the hour, we were up and had taken a snack and were ready. Before daylight we had had a heavy shower, and the sky, at the time of our departure, was threatening. The temperature, however, was delicious; the rain had cooled the hot earth, and the clouds prevented the Sun from heating it again.

We found our Boatman ready for us at the Landing, with a nice Boat, fixed up with carpeted seats and oil-cloth bottom, and a canvass covering. With this and our umbrellas, we thought we could save ourselves from getting wet in case of rain, unless it should come in storm. We rowed up the Negro for awhile, probably a mile, and then turned Northward into the Igarapé. I have hitherto told you what an Igarapé is; to save you the trouble of looking back for the definition, it is a small affluent of the River, what we would call a Creek, a Run or Rivulet, larger or smaller as it may be. This, in the beginning was tolerably wide, narrowing rapidly as we ascended.

The unfailing Vegetation flourishes the entire distance—trees of large proportions and lesser size standing on the margin or out in the deep water, without any apparent effect upon their vitality, for such seems to be the case in this whole River system; they are accustomed to, and live in and by the moisture prevailing everywhere. The stream narrowed rapidly—of course, the vegetation approaching nearer and nearer, till soon it was not more than wide enough for the Boatman to use his oars and the branches met above. The sky overcast, the water dark almost to blackness, the shadows below the clean, outlined and accurate counterparts of the trees above, our Boat seemed to be gliding in the centre of a double arched vista, above and beneath us, more beautiful than my pen can tell.

We passed the residence of a Mr. Morton, an English Civil Engineer, now engaged in constructing new Water Works for Manaus. Around him were workshops and other evidences of his trade. We did not stop. Soon after, it began to rain and our Boatman rowed us to a Sitio standing near the water's edge. We got out and went in, but the owner was absent. Around and within, however, were evidences of occupancy. Clothes were hanging outdoors on lines to

dry, pots and pans of flowers were on old stumps of fallen trees and stands about, showing some evidence of taste, and two paroquets sheltering themselves under an old parasol, opened and suspended in a tree. But the Sitio itself was very poor. It was built of small upright stakes, on which rested the roof of Palm leaves; one half of these stakes were entirely open, the inner room protected from the outer air by palings as it were; the other half was sheathed with Palm leaves. There was only one apartment, the floor of sand; there were no beds, but Hammocks suspended from wall to wall, and lines in the same way on which the clothing was hung. There was no table, only two odd chairs, which Alberto and I took the liberty of sitting on. There were no windows—two doorways, but no doors, the opening uncovered night and day, the year around. In striking contrast to these, a sewing machine of English make stood near the entrance where we took our seats.

In a few moments, the owner, a tall, good looking Indian woman came in, and on Alberto and our Boatman explaining the purport of our being there, gave us cordial welcome. In a little while the rain held up, and I walked out and looked around. The frame-work of a new and much better house was building near by, which she said her Brother-in-Law was putting up. She had planted some Orange and Banana trees near her shanty, which were doing well; besides these, there was no evidence of thrift or industry—beyond and inland apparently was the Wilderness. Whilst there, probably half an hour, she sat upon an old barrel in the room, and cheerfully answered our inquiries. She said she had two Daughters, who had gone to Manaos in their Boat.

I was glad we had this opportunity of seeing the interior of the Home of the humbler Brazilian Classes.

We then moved on up the Igarapé, the beauty and interest increasing. The clouded Sky and the overshadowing trees kept off the heat, and the temperature could not have been more balmy. We went to the Cachoeira Grande, where the new Water Works Dam prevents further ascent, and getting out, we visited that; and then returned to the City, reaching here at ten o'clock.

Strange to say, we saw few Birds—our Boatman said the rain kept them in their cover. Only the Urubu or Buzzard, which seems to be ubiquitous, seated on the houses, strutting about the streets, and like ours, though smaller, performing their graceful evolutions in the

air over both town and country. They must be a blessing in a climate where decomposition follows quickly on the heels of Death.

This morning's paper, *Commercio do Amazonas*, contains a complimentary Notice of our arrival :

“HOSPEDES ILLUSTRES.”

“Acha-se entre nós em viagem de recreio e hospedes ao Hotel de France os Srs. Edward de Haas, Junior, Allemão, negociante da Bahia e Hamburgo ; Fred. W. M. Holliday, Ex-Governador da Virginia, dos Estados Unidos. Fez a Campanha de 1860–1865, e n'ella perdeu o Brago direito. Acompanha-o Como Interprete o nosso particular amigo Alberto Pinto de Sampaio. E o Sr. William Butler Ogden, dos Estados Unidos. Cumprimentamos a todos os viajantes.” Which translated, reads thus :

“DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.”

“We have in our midst travellers for recreation and guests at the Hotel de France, Signors Edward de Haas, Junior, from Germany, merchant of Bahia and Hamburg, Fred. W. M. Holliday, Ex-Governor of Virginia, of the United States, who fought in the War of 1860–1865, in which he lost his right arm—accompanied as Interpreter by our particular friend Alberto Pinto de Sampaio, and, also, Signor William Butler Ogden, of the United States. We extend our compliments to all these Travellers.”

I send you the Paper by mail for your entertainment.

Signor or Dr. Cabral, Doctor is the title of distinction here, an eminent Lawyer from Pará, who has come up to Manaos to engage in an important Criminal Trial, and now staying at this Hotel, made my acquaintance to-day. He speaks English tolerably, and is a striking-looking young man of about thirty-five ; the Portuguese style—black hair and eyes, and dark complexion. He was very civil and courteous, and invited me to Dinner, to come off at the Hotel this evening. I declined on the ground that, when travelling, I declined all such invitations, and gave him my reasons at length, fearing he might not understand. At first I thought he did not understand, and I, not knowing the customs of the country, was apprehensive that he might be offended. But my friends said they were sure he appreciated my reasons. The Dinner came off, and the hilarity was kept up till towards midnight. The party grew jovial

and noisy over the wine, and when I heard their carrying on, dressed up in their tight-fitting cloth clothes, in the glare of the lamps and the sweating atmosphere, I could but congratulate myself that I was snugly in bed, quite comfortable and cool, luxuriating, I was very sure, in my quiet rest more than they did in their jollity; certainly with more pleasant recollections of it on the morrow.

Whilst thus enjoying myself, my door being half ajar for the benefit of the ventilation, a youth came in with match-box in hand, trying to strike a light, and inquiring for his chapeau or hat. I asked, from under my Mosquito Curtain, what was the matter? He continued to advance, making the same inquiry, and striking the match-box. I threw aside the net and made a motion to rise. He saw me, and taking alarm, bolted for the door, and jumping over the chair I had put to keep it ajar, made his escape. Doubtless, the poor fellow thought I was after him with murderous intent. He turned out to be only Cabral's servant, looking for his hat.

SAME PLACE AND HOTEL, *Wednesday, June 20, 1888.*

I made no special excursion to-day. It was hot, and I remained in-doors the greater part of it. Before Sunrise this morning, there was a heavy rain, of short duration, but a little deluge like others I have told you of since my arrival in the Tropics. It cooled for awhile the earth and atmosphere, but in a few hours the Sun came out and asserted vigorously his right to rule.

I had a long and pleasant talk with Cabral. I regret that his command of English was not sufficient to enable him to do justice to himself upon the subjects discussed—he labored often for words to convey his meaning. We talked about the Government and Laws of the Empire; the organization of the former and the modes of procedure in the administration of the latter. I infer he is an Imperialist, or rather, in favor of the continuance of the present Dynasty, for he spoke eulogistically of its Freedom and Liberalism; how it is an Empire only in name, the Emperor having no more power than the head of the most liberal of Modern Governments. He inaugurates, but of his own motion makes no Laws. He simply has the veto power, which can be overcome, as with us, by a two-third vote of the Parliament. This Parliament is composed of two Houses: the Lower, elected by the People; the Upper

appointed by the Emperor for life, each individual member chosen by him from three persons presented by elective authority; and other provisions I have not now time to name. Though the Government is so liberal, and the Emperor even more liberal than the Government, there is, I hear, a strong party in favor of a Republic.

He spoke of Criminal Law and procedure. The accused is entitled to trial by jury—very similar in its organization to ours. The Jurors are selected by an officer appointed for that purpose, of the best citizens. From them forty-eight are chosen by Ballot for each particular trial. From this number twelve are stricken off by the Government and twelve by the accused; and from the remainder the Jury for the trial is drawn by lot. The accused is always entitled to Counsel, and should from any cause he have none, one is appointed by the Court.

We spoke of the Climate of his Country. He said he was born and reared in Pará, and thought the continued 'round-the-year heat detrimental to the development both of the individual and the Nation. It shortened greatly the period of Human Life; a person had generally reached its acme at fifty to fifty-five, few survived beyond that; if any did, it was with the infirmities of age. I spoke also of their inappropriate clothing. He agreed with me, that it was extremely silly—adopted from colder climates, in the United States or Europe, it had no appropriateness here. They in effect lived in a sweat-box. But in Rome, as Rome; Custom had to be conformed to, whatever befell. When he argued a case before a Court or Jury, he was compelled to be buttoned up in heavy black cloth, with the Thermometer ranging towards the nineties in a close room; and when gentlemen went into society or appeared upon the street, they had to be apparelled in the same incongruous Fashion.

I remarked that my observation had been, that for such a climate too much liquor was consumed. He said my observation and conclusion were correct. He was sure the habit was too common and very detrimental. I take, though he did not say it, that the depressing effect of the climate induces the use of the stimulant, which is a poison leading to gradual and though insensible, rapid decay.

He is a robust, strong man, apparently thirty-two years of age; thinks he has made himself more vigorous by a regular system of exercise he has for years prosecuted; yet he feels that his best days have been spent, and he is sure his powers are waning. This seemed

absurd ; yet he spoke earnestly. Under such reflections the Amazonas can never become either the hive or the workshop of any great Coming Race.

I should have liked to talk with him on this subject more extensively, but no opportunity was afforded.

The Imperatrice Theresa, the Boat we came up in, returned to Pará this afternoon. I had determined to take another and larger sea-going Steamer, and was divided between two : one of the Brazilian and one of the English Line ; the former goes to Pará and thence on to Rio ; but no one of its officers speaks English, I am told, and whilst Alberto and Dr. Cabral, who is going to return to Pará in it, would answer that far, beyond to Rio, for fifteen days I would be a close prisoner on her, with my mouth hermetically sealed. I thought, however, I would take her, and with Dr. Cabral and Alberto I could do well to Pará. But being due to-day, and not having come, the time of her arrival is uncertain ; and after she comes, by law, she is bound to stay in Port here for twenty-four hours.

On the contrary, the English Steamer has been in Port for several days, and leaves to-morrow evening for Pará, on her way to Lisbon and Liverpool. I have consequently resolved to take her, and determine when I get to Pará my future movements. De Haas and Ogden will also go. I regret the missing of Cabral, who returns to his home in the Brazilian Steamer.

The difficulty confronts me now, that I feared would before I left home upon this long journey, the loss of time I might sustain from want of connections. I have spent more here than I desired, but could not get away. I do not suffer by not returning on the Imperatrice Theresa, for the one I shall take is faster, and will get to Pará before her—though when I get there I may be compelled to remain for some days waiting for a Steamer to Rio. This loss of time worries me. If in Rio, I could utilize every hour.

Ogden went out hunting this morning with the Captain of the British Steamer. They boated up the same Igarapé I visited the other day, but after nearly a whole day's wandering returned empty ; did not see a killable thing. It is curious how shy the inhabitants of these Forests are ; they seem to fly at the very presence of man. It is said the sound of the gun drives them hastily into the recesses, where their human enemy cannot go without cutting every foot of his pathway through a crowded, tangled Wilderness.

In the afternoon, towards Sundown, I went out alone and wandered over the City, through its interior streets and along its water front, visiting its Stores and Markets and Booths and Cathedral. It was not so hot as usual; we had had a shower, and I took it slowly. The Cathedral is big enough to hold apparently more than half the people of the place; it is plainly constructed, kept nicely white and clean within, but not a soul was in it, nor came whilst I was there. On the wall were some small framed wood carvings, illustrative of the Passion of our Lord; nothing more worth telling of. The mass of the people I saw in my walk did not tend to remove any unfavorable impressions I may have formed of them from inquiry, or from my own observation; of various shades of color and make up—none, however, looking like those who, Sir William Jones says, “constitute a State.” I think the best, both in face and figure, are the full-blood Negroes; they have better countenances and finer physiques. I saw plenty of Dogs, too, but not a fine one; they, likewise, are a mongrel lot, only fit to be killed.

Of course, I saw some good-looking people; where they came from or who they were, I do not know. I speak, in my foregoing remarks, of the multitude.

STEAMER SOBRALENSE,
On the Amazon, Thursday, June 21, 1888.

This morning, Alberto and I walked out to visit the Museum, about a mile distant—hardly worth the effort in the hot Sun. We found the front gate broken from its hinges and laying on the ground, and the place presenting that heated, dry appearance which, when vegetation is wanting, makes a Tropical place or scene look sadly dreary.

The dwelling of the Director and the Museum are under one roof. The front Hall of the main Building is devoted to the latter, reached by broad flights of steps at either end of the platform which runs the whole length of the House. We were met by a native Brazilian in shirt sleeves and bare feet, which was more grateful to us after our walk in the Sun than if he had been buttoned up in black cloth in regulation style. His knowledge was scant as his clothing; he knew nothing of the contents of the Treasure he was guarding. But after this description, I must do justice in expressing the opinion that he was only a servant of the household; he told us the Director had gone out to Breakfast.

The Museum, however, was open and we went in. There were three or four Portraits, but our conductor did not know who they were. One good sized room was pretty well filled with utensils of Domestic use, principally Pottery, and implements of war of the former inhabitants of Brazil. To describe them would be a useless waste of time.

We then returned to the Hotel, stopping to call on Mr. Watson at his Office, and also at the Office of the English Steamship Company, to get a Ticket on the Sobralense to Pará, which is announced to sail at five o'clock this afternoon. I also stopped in at a silversmith's and bought a teaspoon for the Set.

Our Hotel Proprietor, M. d'Anthonay, and his wife, have been untiring in their efforts to make my time pleasant whilst their guest, and when about to leave, she gave me several Vessels converted out of South American plants—two of the Calabash, and painted by the Indians. They are curiosities and I will try to take them home with me. The Proprietor himself accompanied me to the Landing and in a Boat to the Steamer in mid-River, saw my Room secured, and my Baggage put into it, and then introduced me to Captain Collins, who received me most cordially and tendered me the courtesies of his Ship. This was very kind in the Proprietor. DeHaas and Ogden and, of course, Alberto came aboard also.

I wrote a note for Dr. Cabral and left it at the Hotel for him, thanking him for his attentions, but just as I was ascending to the Steamer's Deck I met him. He said he had come over to bid me Farewell and wish me a good voyage. He proposes to take the Brazilian Steamer.

There was such an assemblage on Board that I feared we would be crowded; but they were mainly persons who had come to bid their friends adieu. I succeeded in getting a Room to myself—and a comfortable one—the number of Passengers not being equal to my apprehensions.

At five o'clock we were off down the Amazon.

SAME STEAMER,
AND AT ITACOATIAVA OR SERPIA, *Friday, June 22, 1888.*

My friend, the Proprietor of the Hotel de France in Manaos, excited my sympathies greatly. He told me his story. He is a

Parisian ; his wife a Bavarian. They met in Paris, and were there married, and were both then well-to-do in the world. In an evil hour, desiring to do better, they came to Brazil, and he entering into the Mercantile business, and speculating in Rubber, lost all. The end was, keeping Hotel. I told him I hoped he would recover his lost fortunes. He seemed to think there was no chance for that. They keep an excellent House, and both work hard ; but, he says, the margin of profit is small ; and both are sorry for their loss and hopeless for its recovery. They have two children. They were evidently handsome in their youth, and good looking now, and amiable and kind. I bade him Good-Bye ! with many cordial wishes for the future of himself and family.

We dined on Board, soon after which I went to my Room, and disrobing myself, laid down, to make the best of the night I could. The Vessel had been lying in the River some days in the broiling Sun and her framework was heated through, and with her lights at night had attracted swarms of Mosquitoes. Happily, when we started a heavy rain came up, with a considerable wind, which helped much to cool the Ship and blow the Mosquitoes away. Still, when I went to bed it was very warm, and having no nets to my Berth, I had to call in requisition one of Mary Taylor's silk handkerchiefs, with which I covered my face and succeeded in fending off the rapacious disturbers of our peace. Thus, I got through the hours of Darkness reasonably well.

During the night I heard the rattle which notified us that the anchor chain was running out, and soon I felt that our motion had ceased. In the morning, I learned that we had, about midnight, stopped at the town of Serpia or Itaoatiava, or Painted Rock, where, you will recall, we halted on our voyage up.

The Steward, Mr. King, informed me that he had to go out to see Mr. Stone, to lay in supplies, and asked me how I would like to join him in the visit. I told him, very much ; I should take interest in seeing more nearly than from the Deck this New England gentleman and his Amazonian Enterprise, and talk with him of how he wrought it into such a success. The Captain said he would delay. After Breakfast, ten o'clock, we went on foot, a distance of probably a mile and a half. Ogden and the young Surgeon and one of the Pilots, whose name I do not know, went with us. The heat was less than yesterday and a fresh breeze swept up the River, which tempered it greatly.

Our walk, consequently, was not oppressive, with my umbrella. On leaving the town our way was by a road cut through the Forests and thickets to the House, but little used, thickset with grass and pleasant under foot. On either side, where the original growths did not prevail, groves of Cocoa and Banana and Oranges stood, luxuriant in their number and proportions, and patches of Tobacco, or open spaces where Cattle grazed, large and sleek in their general make-up, and with wide-spreading horns not unlike our Texas Breed.

We found Mr. Stone, with two of his sons, nearly grown, in one of the Out-houses, busy putting his Tobacco in condition for Market. He stopped at once and came out to greet us. We urged him not to allow us to interfere with him in his occupation ; but he said he was only too glad to see us, and went with us to the House. I have told you of it, appearing from the River when passing up, large, one story, covered with tiles, the roof extending and embracing under it a wide Veranda entirely around. In this Veranda we took our seats, with a row of Cocconut trees in front, and beyond, the Amazon. It was an extremely fine outlook, and the breeze of which I have spoken coming from the water, fanned us deliciously after our exercise.

Soon he called his three daughters out, little girls, and introduced us, and whilst we talked they brought us glasses of Lemonade, which was not bad, but would have been better to some Virginians with the ingredient of ice—and to others of them better doubtless, spiked.

The rest of the party walked out ; Mr. Stone and I remained in the Veranda whilst they were gone. It was an interesting conversation we had, in which he gave me the story of his Life, that has been curious in one coming from the Latitude of his birth-place—Massachusetts. He is a tall, thin man, such as Down-East produces, of apparently sixty years of age, and bears upon his person the wear and tear of the climate and vicissitudes of work and exposure. When he first came to this region he merchandized ; twelve or fifteen years ago he turned his attention to reclaiming an Amazonian Forest—thought by those who knew it to be a wild and unprofitable freak. He bought from the Brazilian Government six hundred acres, two hundred and fifty of which he has reduced to cultivation.

He raises Cattle, and Tobacco, Bananas, Oranges, Cocoa and hundreds of Chickens, which, and their eggs, he sells to the Steamers, or sends by them to other markets. The Chickens are of the white Leghorn species, and from their thrifty look, well adapted to the cli-

mate, and it to them. I told him I should think the quantity of grass and weeds and undergrowth and the heavy dews and frequent rains bad for them when small. He said not so bad as would be inferred, and when they got the gaps his wife eured them by extraeting the worm which caused the disease with a small feather, as we do ourselves—serious work when the chickens are numbered by the hundred.

He said that whilst he appeared suecessful, he made the mistake of his life in coming here ; it is no place for a white man to live. A few years ago, a traveller from the United States paid him a visit, and on his return wrote a Letter to one of the City Papers, giving a glowing aecount of him and his Amazonian Home and pecuniary suecess ; how he had converted the Tropic Wilderness into a Garden, and had made thousands and was living bountifully in a kind of Terrestrial Paradise. In a few months he began to receive eommuniations of inquiry from every part of the eountry, and espeeially from his old home, written by persons desiring to come out and try to do likewise. He invariably replied to them, to stay where they were ; by coming here, however bad their fortunes, they could not mend them. The Climate and hardships of a totally different eountry and people and mode of Life, would soon render them far more anxious to get away than they had been to come.

Not a few Europeans and Americans had, when their money was gone, came to him and he gave them what work he could, and when they had earned sufficeint, none of them desired to remain, but drew what was due them and left the eountry gladly enough. In this manner a good deal of work was done upon the house where we were sitting—painting, laying the Veranda and room floors with tiles and the like, some of them being meehanics of one kind or another. One of them, a Scotchman, a strong, burly fellow, was so much pleased at first that he entered into an agreement to remain a year. But in three or four months the poor fellow lost his appetite, moped around and fell into hopeless home-sickness. Seeing his condition, he told him he would not hold him to his agreement, but paid him what he owed, and he hied him off to Seotia joyously.

Stone married a Brazilian, who cannot speak English ; the children follow their Mother and her country and speak Portuguese—they do not speak their Father's tongue. This to Stone, now, is another source of regret. He says his children ought to have been taught

English, both for his sake and theirs. He has a teacher for the younger children—it is too late for the two boys, who are grown.

There is a vein of sadness in the old man's talk, and of profound regret. I think he regards his Life a failure, however successful here in his undertakings, and the most distinguished of Amazonian Pioneers. He took a trip to his old home in New England, but the memories of it are tinged with sorrow, that his wife and children could find no welcome or associations there; and now that Old Age is coming fast and with it the longing to go back to the graves of his people, this longing is intensified because it can never be satisfied. There is no home there for his children; and when he dies who can take up and continue his work in Brazil? for he does not think any of his offspring can. These reflections trouble him much. He is not an educated man, but of that robust frame and head which used to be cut, in earlier times, from Plymouth Rock.

When I told him of the conclusions I had drawn with regard to the future of the Amazonian Valley, and which I have expressed, I think somewhere in this Letter, he approved them. He is practically alone in his peculiar Enterprise over the many thousands of miles now open to communication by Steamer and Steamboat upon this huge River and its affluents. Nature is too strong for a sparse, its subjugation must await the advent of a vast, population.

By this time our friends had returned from their stroll. He had Coffee brought out by his children, and good it was, the best I have tasted for many a day—perhaps since my travel in Java. We had already spent several hours and I thought it time to go. The Brazilian does not regard time; but the Yankee regards it carefully as money, and I doubt not Stone retains this characteristic. He literally begged me to stay with him till to-morrow and the hour of the Steamer's departure; said he would make me very comfortable, and he had much more to talk with me about. The Steward, after we left, told me that the old man said I had interested him more than he had been for many a day, and it was hard to part with me. And I was interested equally with him.

I have entered into this detail of our interview because, through it, I can give you a better idea of things than I could by pages of description. I hope my rapid narrative has given you some of the pleasure its incidents afforded me.

The breeze continuing, our walk back to the Steamer, with our umbrellas, was not oppressive, though the Sun was hot, beguiled by Humming Birds and Butterflies of gorgeous hues. Now and then we would stop to look at Insects, which abounded everywhere, and at their busy work. Ants were especially conspicuous—little red fellows, called Fire Ant, which in their activity get upon the feet and legs, and their sting or bite burns like the touch of a live coal; some larger and black, called the Umbrella Ant, which I saw in Orizaba, and of which maybe I told you on my First Tour. There were thousands of them to-day, each carrying the section of a leaf, one-third of an inch in diameter, and borne on their mandibles above the head much resembling a parasol. Whilst these were busy thus, going towards their hill, others were as active in their gait returning empty, while others still were in the thickets cutting leaves. I remember to have read an account of these creatures in the West Indies, I think, by Mrs. Carmichael, an English Lady, in which she said the Negroes told her they carried the leaves to make a bed for a White Snake, which occupied their nest and was regarded as their King. Of the truth of this I will not vouch, though I think the Lady did. Is it more remarkable than the conjoint residence of the Prairie Dog, the Owl and the Rattlesnake?

The rest of the day I spent quietly on Deck, whilst the Ship was loading.

ON SAME STEAMER, AND AT SAME PLACE,

Saturday, June 23, 1888.

To-day was spent on the Steamer, they still loading with Brazil Nuts and Cocoa, and with the proverbial Brazilian slowness and contempt of time.

During the day, my friend Mr. Stone sent me a large bag of Oranges by one of his sons, through whom I returned my thanks for his kind remembrance. Not knowing what to do with such a big cargo, I gave them to the Steward, who has been particularly considerate and polite.

This morning the Captain, Ogden and the young Surgeon went out hunting, and spent the greater part of the day in the hot, wet Forest, returning, as they seem invariably to do, with empty bags. Stone says this is no country for hunting, the Game retreats to the thick Forest, and if you should wound it, finds an easy hiding place

in its dense growths. Certainly these results have followed the efforts of my fellow-travellers hitherto. The Captain has a Dog which he was afraid to take with him, lest he get into the Wilderness and be lost.

We have on Board a few pets—two Monkeys, one a large black fellow, with prehensile tail; the other a little brown chap, about the size of a Fox-squirrel, with a long tail, but not prehensile, both gentle and playful. It is funny to put them together, the small one wants to play with the bigger, but is treated like a grown dog treats a puppy—with infinite disgust, as you have doubtless witnessed often, stepping high to avoid the contemptible thing. We have Parrots and Parroquets, and several other Birds whose name I do not know, and an Onça or kind of Leopard, with the same spotted skin, but smaller, and apparently harmless, if not timid.

At six o'clock this evening we hoisted anchor and renewed our journey down the Amazon.

Our Doctor's name is Esler, a young Irishman, from Belfast, and a sensible, good fellow, with Pat's tendency to fun. We have had pleasant talks about Erin, of which I have seen much more than he has; more, doubtless, than many others who were born and have lived there.

SAME STEAMER, ON THE AMAZON,

Sunday and Monday, June 24 and 25, 1888.

I will not worry you with a descending view of the Amazon; it would simply be a repetition of scenes, and have the proverbial annoyance of a twice told Tale. Going up, we coasted the Banks of the River and thus were enabled to see better the things to be seen. This was done on account of the numerous stopping places the Steamboat had to touch at, and also to avoid the full force of the current. Now descending, this Steamer makes few stoppages, and, therefore, seeks the middle of the Stream to take advantage of what we shunned in ascending.

Before daylight of Sunday, we halted for a short time at Parentins to drop and take on Mails; and thence will continue to move without stop, till we reach Pará. During the day we passed Santarém, near the junction of the Amazon and the Tapajos, and again witnessed the blending of the black water of the affluent with the lighter flood of the parent stream. After awhile Obydos came conspicuously in view upon its bluffs; and more South, the Sierra do San-

tarém, with its long Ridge; on the North, Mount Alégre, and then the Almegrim Range.

Ogden is feeling the effects of his walking after Amazonian Game. His legs and feet bitten or stung by insects, and swollen and puffy, present an ugly look. Hunting seems to be a profitless pursuit: the Game escapes, and while the hunter fruitlessly pursues, almost microscopic enemies avenge the invasion of their joint domain.

Sunday night we had a heavy rain, and it became so dark the Steamer was for awhile delayed. It cooled, however, both Ship and air, and in the morning it was delicious on Deck, while the Vessel steamed through a Paraná, and the Forests near, on either side, sent us their Fresh Fragrance.

To-morrow morning early, we expect to reach Pará, when my Amazonian Tour will end. I have not been disappointed. The pleasure of the experience, however, has not been unbroken. The heat has at times been great, and the accommodations on Land and Water not such that the experienced world-wide traveller can, by any means, pronounce very good. On Deck, the natural breezes and those made by the Ship's motion have generally tempered the Sun, save in the middle of the day. But below, the Vessel is nearly always hot. Disrobed, at night, a good sleeper like myself gets through, but often not without a generous flow of perspiration. In the early morning, when one goes on Deck, the fresh air makes him forget straightway the closeness of his Berth.

My reading had made me familiar with the Amazon. Nothing, however, that I had read seemed too extravagant. Many other places and things I had made myself acquainted with, and when I have seen them they appeared like their memories witnessed at some certain, yet unfixed time. Thus was London to me and its sights, which I had been among long and often, in History and in Story. Thus the Amazon.

We will not bother ourselves with the question, which has troubled Scientific heads, of how the Amazon, with its wondrous tides of water, emerged from Chaos and began its interesting career. Whether the Continent has simply ever used its channels to drain its colossal water-shed, like any other River does and should, wherever and whatever be its course; or whether, in Geologic Ages gone, it had no local habitation here, but its immense Valley formed by ice during the Glacial Age, wherein Time did many other mighty and strange

things, lay unbroken and untraversed. Then the young Andes—for they are Geologically young—were upheaved upon its Western border, and lifting their front to the clouds and robbing them of water, sought an outlet for the Continental water-shed. The Amazon, with its tributaries afforded it, and has thus made channels through the Glacial Age Formation, on its journey to the Sea.

Usually, the Ocean receives gently the Rivers which seek its bosom, and permits them to form alluviums and Deltas at their mouth. Not so with this, the greatest of them all, lest it should presume upon its power. The Ocean meets it with its currents and forbids its advance upon the Sea's domain. The Nile, the Ganges, the Mississippi—indeed most, if not all, the great Rivers of the world have Deltas; the Amazon has not. On the contrary, the Equatorial Current, not satisfied with making the Gulf Stream on the North, is on the South driving the waters of the Amazon back toward their sources and eating into the Continent. Some of the Rivers which now flow into the Sea are supposed to have been once affluents of the Amazon; and those now its tributaries will in course of the ages flow directly into the Sea. A warning to Rivers that they must not in their presumption claim to rival Old Ocean in majesty and power.

This Future, which fatefully awaits the big water course, has not yet befallen, and to our untutored eye it is just as magnificent as if it was building Deltas, and enlarging instead of helping to lessen the Continent's Dominions.

ON SAME STEAMER AT PARÁ,

Tuesday, June 26, 1888.

This morning about two o'clock we reached Pará, and anchored off the City.

I write this in anticipation of the arrival of the Customs and Medical Officers aboard; and will close, that I may take it ashore and mail it with my Bankers, when I hope most anxiously to hear from each and all of you.

I will go hence to Rio, but cannot now say when or by what Steamer. I shall delay here short a time as possible.

It seems a while since we parted, and how I long to see you! This longing is sometimes such upon these extensive Tours that I think I shall never make another.

All I can now say for Charles and his, is to send my kindest greetings.

With tenderest love for all,
F.

Be sure to let me know in every Letter how everybody is.

Direct your next Letter to care *London and River Plate Bank, Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, South America*, and notify Charles at once; for if sent to Rio, as I requested in my last, they may be delayed in reaching me.

[No. 7.]

PARÁ, BRAZIL, ON STEAMER SOBRALENSE,

Tuesday, June 26, 1888.

My Dear Margaret,—

I finished on this Steamer, Letter No. 6, to Mary, and mailed it to Taylor in three Envelopes this morning at the London and Brazilian Bank in Pará, giving an account of my trip up the Amazon, and my safe return. I was sorry to learn that it would be delayed a long time, and would not start upon its Journey for ten days, and thus more than a month will elapse between the times of the Letters. This, however, I told you would be the case from the best information I could obtain before I left home. I hope, therefore, you will not be anxious or annoyed. I have been and am in excellent health.

Alberto went ashore and continued with me whilst I was in Pará, purchasing some small articles I needed, and visiting the Bank. I then returned to the Steamer, not having definitely determined what Vessel I shall take to Rio. A Brazilian Steamer will reach here this evening or to-morrow from Manaos, *en route* for Rio; but probably there will be no one on Board speaking English, in which event I would hardly undertake a voyage in her of fifteen days. But when she arrives I will be able to ascertain, and will then determine on my course. I would prefer to take her under disadvantages, because she coasts the Brazilian Sea Border, stopping at most of the Ports, which would enable me to see more than I could by taking any other Line; and, moreover, I would not be detained here in Pará in idleness till the sixth of July, which is the day on which the Ameri-

can Steamer Alliance arrives of the same Line as the Finance, in which I came out, you recollect. Ten or twelve days here with nothing to see or do, will be hard to endure; yet this is the best that can be accomplished, for the want of closer connections. When the Brazilian Steamer comes, I will determine.

In the meantime, this Ship remains in Port for several days, and Captain Collins, who has been untiring in his attention and politeness, invited me to remain on Board until the Brazilian arrived, instead of lugging my Baggage to a Hotel and probably back again; and Alberto's Brother, who is an officer in the Custom-House, and came aboard in discharge of his duties, had my trunk examined, that I might avoid the annoyance which attended my first arrival in Pará. I accepted the Captain's kind invitation and will remain here on the Steamer, where I am writing this, till my plans are decided on.

I hurried my business on shore, that I might get back to the Ship and read the Letters I received. And you may be sure, sitting on Deck and forgetting the Amazon, which was hasting by me on its race to the Sea, and the City on its Banks a few hundred yards away, and the Foreign scenes and things and people among which I have been moving, I was in your midst, just as certainly and feelingly as if there in person. I do trust, when you read mine, this closeness of presence and association will exist with you. If my Letters can bring you to my side, seeing with my eyes, what more can I desire?

The Letters were: two from Charles, May 26 and June 4; one from you, June 3; two from Taylor, May 25 and May 30, enclosing one from Mrs. Tuley, one from Cousin Mary, one from Rev. Dr. Thos. B. Wood, and one from Mary of June 3.

I am glad you are getting well, and write in such good spirits about yourself and Dr. Mason. If Mrs. Nelson is with you when this comes, give her my love; if not, when you write to her.

[You remember, doubtless, the Rev. Dr. Wood, with whom I met in Havana on the First Tour and travelled thence to Mexico. Having lived and travelled much in South America, as Superintendent of the Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, I wrote to him February 18, 1888, before starting on this Tour, to inquire with regard to the proper Season to travel in these countries and other matters connected with such an experience. He responded, and directed

the Letter to Winchester, which reached there after I had left, and was forwarded to me by Taylor. It is so interesting, and contains such a fund of valuable information, that I here transcribe it.

“MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY, *April 18, 1888.*

“*My Dear Friend :*

“Yours of February last came tardily to hand at this place during my absence in the interior. I have just returned, and with great pleasure take pen to reply.

“Well do I remember our travels together, to which you refer, and highly do I prize the acquaintance that we formed. If it should come to pass that we might meet again, it would give me extraordinary satisfaction. I hope your trip to South America will be carried out, and that I may fall in your way.

“Your times are well chosen. The months June–October are the best time to see Brazil, this side the Amazon. Later than October you are likely to encounter Quarantines between the River Plate and Brazil on account of Yellow Fever, which sometimes sets in in November. If November passes without much Yellow Fever in Brazil, the Ports may remain open till Christmas. But December, or January at latest, will bring the Quarantine.

“After coming from the Tropics, you will not find the River Plate Summer at all oppressive. Still, the best time to visit extensively, especially in the Interior, is Winter. The belt of Winter Rains is confined to the Coast Region, and Inland you will find a delightful dry and bracing, though mild Winter, clear up to the Tropic of Capricorn and beyond.

“I have been in Paraguay at different Seasons—indeed all Seasons—and find the best time there from August to December. The great rush of Visitors then takes place from May–September—the Winter—as that is now a fashionable Watering Place for the Coast Cities. Similarly, Montevideo is a Summer Resort for the Interior, from November–April. For nine years I have been travelling all over these Regions at *all* Seasons; and so you may at *any* Season have a healthy and comfortable trip through the parts where Public Conveyances are best organized. Comfortable Steamers will take you to the heart of the Continent; Pullman Palace Cars will take you to the foot of the Andes, &c.

“I recommend Winter because of less dust and the absence of heat,

also because of freedom from Quarantine, for the diverse Republics are addicted to harrassing one another with Quarantine Restrictions in the hot Season on the slightest premonition or suspicion of epidemic disease.

“ If you spend the closing months of the year South of the Tropic and East of the Andes, then January could appropriately take you to the Falkland Islands and the Straits of Magellan, and on up the West Coast, following the Sun North. If you fall later into the Season, you might go over the Andes to Chili any time up to the end of April. The Falklands and the Straits are dismal in Winter ; but they and Patagonia are specially interesting from December to April. The best time for the West Coast up to Equador, is February–July ; though, there as here, any Season will answer. But the Winter there is more disagreeable than here in the Interior.

“ You will find the general state of affairs here far more European than what we saw in Mexico. I am sure you will be interested in your Trip as proposed, and may well decide to take it leisurely and see what is to be seen in the Interior of this vast Continent. In that case you might take a good deal more time than you seem to have planned for your Tour. I find that our Countrymen are *invariably* surprised by the extent and interest of what they find on visiting these Regions.

“ Our Mission Work goes forward grandly. I have passed the Superintendency to a Successor, and am now busy on Literary Work in connection with our expanding operations. My residence is no longer in this City. You may find me in Buenos Ayres or in Chili. A Letter addressed to me at Buenos Ayres, No. 214 Calle Corrientes, will reach me with the greatest certainty.

“ On reaching Montevideo, inquire for Rev. Charles W. Miller, from Tennessee, our Pastor of English Speaking Work. He now lives at No. 71 Calle Durazno ; Church No. 264 Calle Neinta y Nes ; Services 11 a. m. Sunday, 7½ p. m. on Thursday. In Buenos Ayres go to our Head-Quarters, No. 214 Calle Corrientes, Church and Parsonage, where resides Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, an experienced Minister and perfect Gentleman. He will tell you where to find me, also the New Superintendent, Rev. Charles W. Drees, formerly of Mexico, and others of our Countrymen, who will give you cordial welcome.

“ Very truly yours,

“ THOS. B. WOOD.”]

To Charles: I am truly gratified to hear the Baby is now out of danger and Essie is relieved from the eloud which hung over her for many weeks. What a sad thing for Mrs. Kownslar, the unexpected and sudden death of her Daughter! You must give her my love and sympathy, when you write, and tell her how my heart went to her in her sorrow from this far Country. So to Mr. Ladd, in his grief for Cousin Sue's death; he will not long survive, I should think, this blow, from his feeble condition when I saw him. Don't fail to drop me the Letters you usually send—they light up the dark plaees and hours of Travel.

To Taylor: I am delighted things are going smoothly with you in the Old Home. What about Rogers and the Farm? You ought to have a talk with him and learn his intentions. It will not do to let things go on too long in uncertainty; and for him to leave me without a tenant or postpone till it is too late to get a good one and be annoyed with applieations of unfit or worthless men. Give my love to Cousin Mary and tell her how much pleasure her Letter gave me, and to Mrs. Tuley and Miss Mary, if you should see them. What about the Railroad? Have they determined upon a route, and where? You speak of sending Carter to the Country. Why not you keep him to drive with Shawnee? He eertainly, of late, has had a luxurious life, and might well dispense with a rustiation at present.

PARÁ, BRAZIL, GRAND HOTEL DE LONDRES,

Wednesday, June 27, 1888.

I spent last night on the Steamer Sobralense. I cannot say it was one of rest. The Mosquitoes eame out from Pará to enjoy the blood of the Strangers who might be aboard, and during the hours of darkness, held high carnival. Having no netting in the Cabin, I covered my face and proteeted it from their assaults, but it being too warm while the Ship is stationary to use a sheet, they plucked my legs, till in the morning I looked legwards as if I had gone through a gentle attack of Small-Pox. I was glad to go out early upon Deck.

I soon learned that the Brazilian Steamer Pernambuco arrived last night from Manaos, and I saw her anehored a few hundred yards distant from our own. I waited till the Customs Launeh visited her, and I then took a boat and with my Baggage rowed to her. I was in time; the Launeh, having discharged her duties, was leaving

for the shore. My friends, Doctor Cabral and Mr. Sampaio were aboard. The Doctor said he was sorry to inform me that there was not a soul on Board—Officers or Passengers—who spoke English. This was a great disappointment, and shut me up to the only other course to be pursued—to remain in Pará till the sixth of July and take the Alliance. They invited me aboard the Customs Launch, and with my Boat and Baggage towed alongside, we came to the Landing. On the way Dr. Cabral told me I ought not to be disappointed; he did not think I would have had a pleasant Voyage; the Pernambuco is an old Ship, and he thought the style of living I could not have enjoyed.

On Landing, Mr. Sampaio saved me from the botherations with which I was harrassed upon my first arrival in Pará. He passed my Baggage and engaged a Porter to bring it to this Hotel, which was done in a few moments, it being a short walk, and soon I was comfortably fixed in the Room, where I am now writing. It is large, in second story, equal in size to a small house, with heavy stone walls and a lofty ceiling, a double door opening upon an uncovered paved Veranda, and two windows, quite as large, opening on the street—a pleasant, well-ventilated apartment, a considerable inducement to make me satisfied with the stay of the eight or ten days I am compelled to make.

On my arrival, a young German employé met me with a salutation in quite fair English, which added to my satisfaction, by assuring me that my wants could be responded to and supplied.

By this time it was nearing the hour of mid-day, and the Sun was hot. I determined not to go out again during the day, and disrobing myself of my outer clothing and taking out my Books, I sat down to enjoy myself, in to me, one of the most delightful of ways, feeling sure I will not weary—though the time to wait looks long.

My travelling companion, De Haas, went to a German Hotel, where he had left some of his traps on his way up; Ogden went to the house of a friend who lives here.

When I had gotten rid of the excitement of Travel and settled down, I began to feel that the pressure of work upon mind and body through hot countries had begun to tell upon me, and my Liver needed help in the fight it was making for me against the elements. I had used Taylor's bombs once or twice, and they had exploded with happy effect on each occasion. I determined now, having the time

and leisure, to use them in course for several days, and right myself up thoroughly, if possible, before starting afresh for other fields of Labor. I, therefore, when night came, loaded myself with one, and went to bed.

PARÁ, BRAZIL, SAME HOTEL,

Thursday, June 28, 1888.

I spent the day quietly in my Room, and with my Books and thoughts, pleasantly enough. The Proprietors and employés are in every way attentive and do all they can for my comfort. I met in the Dining Saloon old Mr. Sampaio and my Texas friend, Mr. Rome, who gave me cordial welcome upon my return from my Amazonian Tour. Mr. Sampaio wanted to know how his Son behaved whilst with me. I gratified him by responding, to my entire satisfaction.

In the evening, Mr. Rome called with Mr. Rothschild, and we had a long and pleasant talk. The latter said he was busy in his work interviewing the merchants and tradesmen, and exhibiting his samples, and with promise of a successful visit. He still retains his two Rooms at the Hotel Central, one of which, you remember, through his kindness I occupied. I told him, I feared from what I heard up the River of the depressed condition of Trade, his venture would not be profitable. He replied that business in Brazil is always risky and dangerous, on account of the Credit system which is Universal—a Cash business being entirely unknown. But the profits are so large, that prospective losses are looked and provided for—in the nature of an insurance. This I have been told by all the business men with whom I have conversed; and from what they tell me of their losses, I should think a not especially happy condition of things for the merchant. The effect is a not unusually high Code of Business Morals, which, among a people who have no private morals to speak of, I should infer would make Brazil a by no means hopeful field of venture.

Mr. Kettell, whom you will recall I met at Serpia, up the River, told me of a loss he sustained whilst abroad in Europe last year of twelve thousand millrais—six thousand dollars—by an Agent whom he left in charge, and spoke also of the many losses incurred by this same Credit System; but said his profits were such on his sales, he found in his experience, the losses could be suffered and he yet survive. He, however, is a man of uncommon activity and energy, so

much of it that he must succumb ere long to the debilitating influences of the Climate.

Whilst I am upon this interesting subject, I will add that of the great numbers of Foreigners with whom I have conversed, and I have talked with many whose names I have not mentioned, there is hardly one, whatever may have apparently been their pecuniary success, who has not said that their coming here to live in this Amazonian Region at all was a vital error. This is not a Country or Climate for the white man; nor are the people who now inhabit it fit associates for himself or for his children to intermarry with. I have been in most of the Tropical Countries of the world and they have impressed me ever the same way. Elsewhere, however, temporary escape may be made. In India, the Himalayas, the Ghauts, the Nilgheries in a few hours may, with refreshing breezes or breaths, afford relief from the everlasting Sun; in Ceylon, an hour or two will take you from the sweltering heat of Columbo to the exhilarating air of the Highlands; in Java, you have not forgotten how I was delighted to retreat from the Coast to the charming Buitenzorg and the Bandong Plateau, for it is wonderful how comparatively few feet of elevation will correspond in temperature to many miles of Latitude.

No such retreats are available from Pará. Thousands of miles of travel, North, South, East or West, will alone take one from Tropic influences.

One question which presses us vitally at home, and I have alluded to if not discussed frequently on my former Tours, that of Race, has brought up another since I have been in Brazil more forcibly than ever before in my Travels. The Almighty not only marked the Lines of Race which man cannot eliminate by his own volition, but He also has fixed in his wise Providence the bounds of their Habitation.

Brazil is not the Country for the white man any more than the Arctic is the fit home of the Negro, or the Tropics of the Esquimaux.

Yet *per contra*, Mr. Rome contends, from his own observation and experience, that the Amazonas are healthy and well adapted to the White Race, provided they use the reasonable precautions which the sensible and prudent would adopt—*mutatis mutandis*—in any country on the Globe. His, together with ten or eleven other families, have lived at Santarém for eighteen or twenty years, and have reared healthy children, and during the whole of that long period enjoyed

exemption from disease. They have been industrious and have accumulated property and material comforts around them—cultivating the soil and raising Cocoa, Indian Corn, Mandioca and Tropical Fruits, and also some of the vegetables of the Temperate Zones, such as Peas, Beans, &c., selecting certain seasons and modes of culture, which experience has taught to be necessary for their perfect maturity.

These conflicting opinions seem hard to reconcile; conflicting opinions, however, prevail upon every conceivable subject under Heaven. We don't annoy ourselves with trying to harmonize them unless we have specific personal objects in view, satisfied in a general way to adopt that which appears most in accordance with the fullest information we can get, and our own observations; or let it hang *in nubibus* like many another opinion of our lives—either of which in the Legion of subjects meeting us is equally sensible and good.

PARÁ, BRAZIL, SAME HOTEL,

Friday, June 29, 1888.

The Consul, Mr. Robert T. Clayton, called this morning. He said he and my friends in the City thought I had gone on in the Steamer Pernambuco to Rio, and he was surprised to learn that I was still here, and had come to tender his services. I told him I did not wish to give trouble in any way, but was glad he called. I wanted to talk with him about the diseases of Pará and guard against danger from them by using precautions before they became firmly fastened on the system. He said the three most common were Ague and Fever, Bilious Fever and Yellow Fever, none of which were regarded dangerous if taken in time. I told him that my feelings indicated none of these, only that derangement of the Liver which was not uncommon to me on long Voyages, and which had always readily yielded to my medicine before the stage of fever came. In case I thought at any time I had better see a Doctor, he gave me the name of Dr. Paes Carvallis, a Brazilian, who spoke English somewhat, and a cultivated gentleman.

The Consul said, when my presence here was discussed, a Bank Officer remarked he inferred I had gone to Rio, because I had left an order for my mail to be forwarded to that City—and he thought there were papers and Letters for me awaiting a Steamer by which to send

them. This, I am sure, is a mistake, because there has been no American Steamer since those I have already told you of had been received. He said, however, he would go to the Bank in the morning and bring them to me; he could not to-day, it being a holiday, the Bank being closed. He will also bring me the latest *New York Herald*s received. We had much other pleasant chat.

My German friend De Haas called, saying he had just learned I was in the City, thinking I had gone on the Pernambuco, which I proposed when we parted on the Sobralense. Mr. Rothschild and the Sampaio Brothers and Mr. Ely—the last, with his wife, came from New York in the Finance with me and stopped here whilst I was journeying up the Amazon. He said, when we parted, that they were stopping at this Hotel, and advised me on my return to stop here also. In the meantime they had been invited to stay with a friend, and after her removal from the Hotel she had been slightly sick, but was now entirely well.

Later in the evening a strong, stout, fresh looking young gentleman called, introducing himself as Mr. Brown, of Philadelphia, now travelling over South America. He said the Proprietor of the Hotel at Manaos, my friend d'Anthonay, had told him of me, and learning on his arrival here to-day that I was at this Hotel, he made bold to seek and make my acquaintance. He asked me about my Oriental experiences, where he had not yet been, but desired to go. I gave him what information I could. He in return told me of his extensive travels in this Continent, often roughing it, riding seventy days across the Mountains on mule back, from Quito to Bogotá, and paying the penalty with a violent spell of illness. I do not feel prompted by any such enterprising fit. One of the follies of travel is the undergoing of excessive fatigues and dangers, for which no adequate compensation can possibly be received; and thus the young man now thinks, when he recalls the trials and risk of his long ride. There are things and places which are not worth the cost of seeing. I know scarce anything in Nature or Art that may be called exclusive in its kind and excellence, which cannot now be reached by easy, safe and healthful modes of locomotion; there is no need of risking life or health. Of course, till these latter times, this was not so. Till steam came to aid us, the adventurous traveller had to take health and life in hand if he wanted to see the World's great wonders.

PARÁ, BRAZIL, SAME HOTEL,

Saturday, June 30, 1888.

The Consul called this morning according to promise, bringing information from the Bank that there were no additional Letters for me—the Officer had been misunderstood: he brought, however, some of the latest issues of the *New York Herald* that have reached this country, which afforded me amusement for several hours of the day. One long Letter, covering several columns, written by Gorham specially in vindication of the Memory of Conklin against, as he calls it, the treachery of Garfield and Blaine, was to me of chief interest, involving things in which I took deepest concern, whilst Governor. How Conklin was in favor of forming a combination with Mahone, both to hold the organization of the Senate in the Republican Party and to build up and solidify it in the State of Virginia; how, on the contrary, Garfield and his Secretary of State, Blaine, at first, bitterly opposed and denounced Mahone and his Repudiation Schemes, and thought that any affiliation with him would bring disaster upon the Party and Country; how, when the breach occurred between Garfield and Conklin, Garfield shifted his position and was willing to combine with Mahone to organize the Senate, and with Ben Hill and other Democrats to defeat any designs of his arch-enemy Conklin. Charles will remember how our old Republican friend Smith, then a member of the General Assembly, brought me constant messages of sympathy and encouragement from Garfield and Blaine in my fight against Mahone and his followers to preserve the integrity of the State, declaring they had no sympathy with him or his schemes. When the veil is lifted from the inner motives and movements of politicians, who can unravel the tangled thread of incident which seems often to leave such a mystery, if not stain, upon their character?

Ogden called to see me, stating that he had been under the weather; he invited me to Dine with them at Nazareth—pronounced Nazaree. The Consul, also, invited me to Dine with him at the Consulate.

PARÁ, BRAZIL, SAME HOTEL,

Sunday, July 1, 1888.

Last night, indeed I may say every night, there has been some Parade or Procession or other, with Banners and Music and Fire

Crackers and Fantastics, composed of Negroes and Portuguese and Brazilians and Indians, and their interminable intermixture—some Religious, some otherwise—often “making night hideous” with their yells and songs. Judging from my experience and observation here, these people, like those of hot countries generally, love jollity and fun, and look for it—regardless. If, as Dr. Cabral says, their allotted span of Life is not long, they are resolved to make the most of it, and put a large quantity of volatile enjoyment into the little space. It, however, seems to be confined to exhibitions of it in this way; for I do not think as individuals they seem to bear the air of abundant and overflowing happiness—rather the reverse. Just opposite my window on the street there are a number living, principally Negroes. I don’t think I would call them, by any means, a jolly or seemingly happy lot.

While I think of it, I ought to mention, if I have not done so before, how the town is supplied with Milk. The Milkman, with his one or more fresh Cows, each hung with a Bell to notify customers of their coming, walks through the streets. The young Calf accompanies each Cow, to guarantee its freshness, but muzzled. When milk is to be distributed, the Cow is stopped in front of the door and then milked; thus no fraud of water or chalk can be practiced—and at the time the customer is supplied, the little calf is unmuzzled and gets its proportion, and from the tenderness with which they seem to be treated, its due proportion, too. When this is done, they are again muzzled and the procession moves on, all seeming to fully understand the *rôle* each has to play in the rustic Drama.

Not growing better, I determined this Morning to send for Dr. Carvallis, the Physician whom the Consul recommended; not that I think I absolutely need one, for I do not: my trouble is the same which Taylor knows well, and has provided me against, and under his prescription I am getting along. But I thought I ought to know the premonitory symptoms of the diseases apt to affect strangers here, that I may guard against them; and since I have mentioned the matter, you would all feel better satisfied that I had not been careless, and his Report would ease your minds.

I called my factotum, German Richard, and told him to send for Dr. Carvallis. He telephoned, and soon the Doctor came: a handsome man of thirty-five or forty, who could speak English only tolerably. He examined me as Doctors are wont to do, looked at my

tongue, and my condition generally, and then said he would like to diagnose my Liver. I laid me on the Bed and he thumped and punched around those regions, which I had done before he came with entirely satisfactory results. He pronounced the conclusions of the Clinic good, and said he could find nothing the matter—that I was sound as a dollar—only a slight derangement of the Digestive Function. But he had to do something—ask Drs. Mason and Taylor if Doctors don't have to do something?—and he gave me a prescription of such light things as would have about the same effect upon me that paper pellets would upon a monument. I showed him Taylor's prescription, which he said was excellent. He said I had no symptoms of any Disease common to this country, which I need fear, and thereupon I paid him his fee, five millrais—two dollars and fifty cents—and we shook hands and parted, like friends do and ought, who pass mutual considerations. The Doctor and I agreed that my Liver is out of order, and that my medicine is good. But I am glad I sent for him, it will be much more satisfactory to you, and if he is impecunious, what more eminently worthy object of Charity than a Doctor upon whom to bestow it?

In the Evening, Rothschild, Brown, Mr. Rome and his Nephew, Mr. Wiggins, and another young man whose name I did not distinctly hear, called to see me, and we had a long and interesting talk about Brazil and things relating to its people and country. These last named young men are engaged in the Rubber Business, collecting it for United States Firms, and much interesting information was given me with regard to it. Many thousands of trees are destroyed uselessly by improper or excessive modes of drawing the sap. Of late there has been improvement in this respect, and Government Agents are employed to protect the trees from this wanton waste; but Brazilian Officials are a poorly tribe, and the universal charge is, are “of no account” in any Department of any Public Service. The trees are bled by upward chips with an axe or hatchet and the flow caught in vessels. Mr. Rome says that he has planted an orchard of them, and that they are doing well. They produce in seven or eight years, and with careful chipping will last for many, growing sometimes to be very old. He urged the same objection to the Rubber Business, which I have heard everywhere up the River as affecting the best interest of the Future of Brazil. It is the easiest mode of making money, for Nature does all the work, and there is abundant demand

ever for the product. The Laborer is unwilling to work at agricultural pursuits, when he can go into the Forests and chip the trees, and lie down and sleep, whilst they are bleeding money for him. The Business has the same disastrous result upon the prosperity and progress of the country that the precious metals have had upon the Spanish Colonies from their origin, and that Guano has had upon Peru in these latter years.

PARÁ, BRAZIL, SAME HOTEL,
Monday and Tuesday, July 2 and 3, 1888.

Time has tided these two days in comparative idleness—my Friends coming and going, and talking when I could direct the conversation about Brazil and its affairs, in which I get valuable information. This Letter is composed mainly of such, and I fear you have been greatly bored. If it affords you no amusement, suffer it, for the information you may, like myself, derive. With my attention fixed upon the Country and People I visit, in these rapid transmissions of my experiences, I have time only to put down those views which appertain to the things around me. If they don't interest you, pass them by.

As to incident, Pará has none. A ride on the train to Nazareth is the only excursion one can take—a suburb, out probably two or three miles—where those who are able have residences. Many of them are quite handsome, but at considerable distances apart, and with intervening roughnesses, which sometimes leave the impression of rather too much dirt and stagnant water to arouse satisfactory ideas with regard to health in this hot Climate. Pará, itself, once had a very bad reputation for cleanliness; but it claims of late years to have turned over a new leaf in this respect, and I must admit that in my walks—in the early Morning and Evening, the coolest portions of the day—I have been much surprised to find much improvement in the way of new buildings and general cleanliness. My windows stand open night and day, and no foul odors reach me.

The Residences in and out of town are usually of one story, sometimes, though not often, two; the inner showing large and airy rooms, the outer walls set with richly colored tiling, which gives a finished and handsome appearance to the structures.

On Monday afternoon, I ran out on the train to Nazareth and back, merely for the ride. The Consul joined and rode some distance

with me, and passing his residence, wanted me to get out and Dine with him—which I declined.

On Tuesday morning, I took a walk before Breakfast, and after Breakfast, called to see the Consul at his Office, and we had a pleasant talk about Brazilian affairs, in connection with our own. We spoke of the comparatively small Export Trade we enjoyed with the Empire and the South American Republics. European nations, especially England and Germany, are far ahead of us in these Markets in manufactured commodities, and increasing in disparity from year to year. The United States growing with such uncommon strides is producing more than her population can consume, and the accumulating product is demanding a Foreign Market to avoid the trouble of our surplus. He said the Credit System, which is absolutely universal, deterred the United States Manufacturer, which is not so serious to Foreign Tradesmen, where there is greater accumulated Capital, and where an absolute necessity for its use, and the employment of their crowded labor at home, induces a willingness to undergo greater risks. Nor can we, with our high-priced Labor, compete with their low. These things readily account for our comparatively small Trade with the countries of this Southern Continent.

Government can do nothing directly : the interchange of Commerce depends upon the individuals of the respective Countries. Greater facilities of Mail and other communication could be more encouraged by our Government. We have a single Line of Steamers, which, you know, sail at rare intervals. England and Germany have many, and persons often go from New York to Europe to get here, describing two sides of a triangle ; and instead of New York being a Centre of Finance and Exchange, strange to say, the business is done through Liverpool, London or Hamburg.

The average American Statesman, thinking only of our huge proportions and resources, contemns the World and its alliances, commercial or otherwise. This is manifestly wrong. By virtue of Steam and Electricity, that world is now a Whispering Gallery, and no nation can afford to wall itself in from all other voices. The facilities of locomotion render easy the exchange of products in which there is not only wealth to each, but the avoidance of evils incalculable in a Government like ours, from an undisposed of surplus. Political alliances, our traditions and good judgment compel us to avoid. Easy facilities for Commercial intercourse, every dictate of sound judgment should prompt us to foster.

When travelling in the Orient, I was struck with the niggardly and parsimonious manner in which our Foreign Department is sustained ; disreputable in a Republic now in the forefront of Nations. It is no better here. It is pitiable, the appearance our Representatives have to make—in their homes, in their offices, in their ability to appear respectable with the Representatives of other Nations—upon their meager pay. If we have Representation abroad, it ought to be worthy of us, or not at all. Whatever our views upon other subjects discussed above, of this there can be no doubt, which has been and is constantly confirmed by my travels, that the status of our Foreign Department abroad needs thorough reformation in its means of support, and its present scant subsistence has an unhappy effect upon our prestige—especially when other Nations are basing so much upon appearance, which we feel assured has great influence and weight with all kinds of people and phases of human nature.

PARÁ, BRAZIL, SAME HOTEL,
Wednesday and Thursday, July 4 and 5, 1888.

I don't think I have spoken of the Climate of Pará since I have been here : the Sun is always hot. There is generally a breeze, cool at night and in the morning, lulling in the afternoon, and leaving the atmosphere oppressive. The heat has not prevented sleep a single night, and often, almost daily, about Sundown, a refreshing shower has come and brought relief. The Mosquitoes would treat you very inhospitably but for the netting to the Beds.

But such is my observation and experience on the Amazon, that whilst I regard it as one of the greatest of Nature's Phenomena, I would not advise any one to take the trip I did, at least upon a Brazilian Coasting Steamer. The food, the climate, the service are such that disordered digestive functions, if not organs, must almost certainly supervene. Shortly after I returned to Pará, I hesitated, such was my fix, whether I would not rather at once go home than continue my Tour, through and around the Continent. When the Consul asked me how I liked my trip, I replied I would not take thousands for what I saw upon and along the mighty River, but I would not for thousands try it again. I am sure I shall get, by going on, into cooler and more healthy, vigorous climate, and I hope my system recover

its tone. I will, therefore, continue my Tour, trusting I may grow better whilst I travel.

These days have gone like those I have described. I have been to the Consul's Office and he has been often to my Room, and my numerous other Friends have called and many talks have been enjoyed, but I do not recall anything relating to Brazil worth putting down. My good friend, Mr. Rome, came to bid me Good-Bye! with kindest wishes for me and a happy, prosperous Tour through South America. He often expressed regrets that I could not have visited him, and the Colony at Santarém.

The Steamer Alliance comes to-morrow on her way from New York to Rio. I have engaged my passage in her. The Consul came to tender his services in securing me a good State-Room, &c., and will advise me of her arrival and when necessary to go aboard, and aid me in any other matters that may be of use on the eve of her departure.

You have had a long interval between the reception of Letters. I expect that Letter No. 6, giving an account of the Amazon, will go in the same Mail with this; I know of no Steamer since that was left with the Banker. Unhappily, the next will be still longer. It is a run of eleven days to Rio from this place, you will see from the Time-Table I gave you before I left; then twenty-one or two back to New York, supposing there is no Steamer waitage, which there will certainly be. These distances are vast and the connections rare, and you must not grow weary like you did at the delay in hearing from Java. You know the conditions, and you must possess your soul in patience.

I hope the Alliance will bring me a good batch. Should its mail not be distributed before I go aboard, I will ask the Banker to send my Letters to me on the Ship by special messenger before she leaves her anchorage.

PARÁ, BRAZIL, SAME HOTEL,

Friday, July 6, 1888.

The Consul came last night, after I had gone to Bed, to fulfil his promise. The Steamer Alliance has arrived. He saw the Captain, who will give me cordial welcome aboard. The Purser is glad; he says he knows me—we travelled together in Florida—and has assigned me a first-rate Room. The Steamer sails at five o'clock this afternoon.

I will, therefore, close this and mail it with my Bankers—that whilst I am continuing to travel from, it may hasten with tidings to you.

I hope our neighbors are well ; give them my love, and all inquiring friends. How is our friend Dr. Fuller, and how Bill Huck and Lou Byrd ?

With tenderest love,

F.

[No. 8.]

ON STEAMSHIP ALLIANCE,

FROM PARÁ TO RIO DE JANEIRO,

Friday, July 6, 1888.

My Dear Taylor,—

This morning, I finished Letter No. 7, in Pará, to Margaret, and mailed it to your address. It will lie with my Bankers, together with No. 6, that was left with them several days ago, both waiting a Steamer for the United States, which will not come along till the Finance arrives from Rio, on the ninth, *en route* Homeward, when I trust they may hurry safely and relieve your mind of any anxiety the long delay has given. I trust, too, the story of my wanderings on the Amazon may for you serve to while away an hour or two.

I trust, moreover, these Letters and the delays which have attended them and the reasons therefor, will relieve you of apprehensions for the exceeding slow travel of this. I will write a few lines from day to day, but will not close the Letter till I arrive in Rio, July 17th. There, it will be delayed till the return of the Steamer July 28th, not reaching New York till August 19th—six weeks from to-day. This delay, however, will not be so bad, as the long journey of the Java Letter, of which I have spoken.

Consul Clayton had been very kind ; had watched for the Steamer's arrival, and going aboard had seen the Captain and the Purser, and secured me a Room, and last night had notified me of the hour of Departure—this afternoon at five o'clock. This gave me an abundance of time and I rested quietly. But unhappily, early to-day the Proprietor of the Hotel received a Telephone from the Consul to the effect that the freight being less than anticipated, the Steamer

would be ready to leave at eleven this morning. This was disagreeable, for it made a hurry. But my friends Brown and Clayton were on hand to help me. Mr. Sears and Mr. Parbs, the Agents of the Line, requested me to have my Baggage at their Warehouse and I should have no trouble in getting it aboard; he would have it done by his Steam Launch.

Soon my traps were ready, and the Proprietor getting me a Carriage, drove with me and my Baggage to Mr. Sears. On arriving there, we learned that the hour of departure had been again changed to five o'clock, and our hurry and worry were for naught—a serious matter in these hot Latitudes. My friends Clayton and Brown met me there and told me to rest quietly; they would see to my getting to the Steamer in time with my Baggage, as did Mr. Parbs.

I, in the meantime, walked to my Bankers to get some money and my mail, should there be any, and most happily there was, brought by the Alliance herself. Soon matters with regard to money and Ticket were arranged, and bidding my Friend Brown, who had been so assiduous in his attentions, Good-Bye! giving him a cordial invitation to come to see me, with the Consul, took the Steam Launch, and was soon aboard and snugly quartered in my State-Room.

Captain Beers met me cordially, and extended to me the comforts and courtesies of his Ship. The Purser greeted me as an old acquaintance, reminding me that he was Purser on the Carondelet, which carried me, you remember on my First Tour, from Fernandina to Matanzas. And seating myself on the Deck in my Sea Chair, under the awning, I looked with comfort and satisfaction from my position in mid-River, at Pará sweltering in the Sun, the Equatorial Currents coming up and fanning me with delicious breezes, whilst I sat and enjoyed your Letters: Three from you, June 7, 12 and 18 respectively; two from Margaret, June 9 and 17; one from Charles, June 14, and one you enclose from Margaret Hunter, written from Cedar Grove, telling me of her Mother's death—which, alas! means also her Father's; for his tender, affectionate heart will not long survive the blow. I will write to the Doctor and to Margaret.

To Charles: Your Letter gives me much comfort. The Child's life has been spared, and the House is bright once more. When we consider the average span of our years, do they bear more of sorrow or of joy? Often with the joys themselves, sorrows are inseparably blended, till we speak of melancholy pleasures. When you see Cas-

sus Lee tell him I appreciate his kind messages, and reciprocate the feelings which prompt them.

To Margaret: I am truly sorry you are still troubled with Boils. I hoped before I left home you were having the last of them. May the next Letter bring the good news that they have taken their final flight! I am glad to learn that the Doctor is well, and enjoying the Garden and Flowers in the interims of his Professional work. Give love to Mary and the little girls. What will Anna Bell do now she has graduated and stepped into the arena of womanhood? Tell little Mag her Letter will be very welcome when it comes.

To Taylor: I am glad you find Carter useful; I would keep him. He does not need Rustication—has had his share of Life's good things. It will not hurt to drive him with Shawnee till my return. I am not surprised to hear of Nelson's death. You, certainly, for many reasons, have no cause to regret his sale.

Thus my afternoon sped, whilst sitting on the Steamer's Deck, in middle Amazon, waiting for the hour of departure. At the appointed time she sounded her whistle to call ladders aboard, fired the Six Pounder, lifted her anchor and turning her prow Oceanward, began to steam down the River on her long voyage to Rio—two thousand two hundred and ninety-three miles.

I have told you how the Amazon looked when we entered it from the Sea and continued to Pará. I will not repeat. Soon after we began the descent, night came and I went to bed, quite satisfied to let the Ship take her course and make all the speed she could.

I forgot to mention about the Farm. Rogers, perhaps, will not stay; I don't think he will. Life's work has told upon him, and I am sure the Farm is too much—would be too much for him were he younger—and I have no doubt the going away of Rufus will break up the hitherto unbroken family. I am gratified to learn of the good promise of Crops.

ON SAME STEAMER, *Saturday, July 7, 1888.*

During my stay in Pará, I was under the weather. I told you when I reached there on my return from Manaos, I was in health; but no sooner had I settled down in the Hotel for a lingering stay of ten days or more, than I found I had a Liver. I mentioned the calling in of the Doctor and his diagnosis. I trusted more to your Medicine, which has never failed to do its specific work; but

fast as it removed obstructions, the unhealthy Climate piled up fresh ones—and it did not give me a speedy and effective victory, like those it had rendered hitherto in different parts of the world.

On the contrary, I did not get well. I was very careful; I kept my Room and avoided the hot sun, and was equally particular in my diet—indeed I had no appetite for food, and my digestive organs failed me. At times in my long waiting I thought I would take the Steamer Finance on her way back from Rio, and return Home! but I could not see that I was dangerously or seriously sick, and I would have been greatly disappointed to have had my Journey broken: doubtless you would, too. In addition, I thought when leaving Pará, which impressed me as a pestilential spot, far from any relief, and prosecuting my tour Southward, I would be each day getting into cooler Latitudes and healthier climes. The Alliance, also, was due some days in advance of the Finance and would sooner relieve me of Pará, and when I arrive in Rio, I can move out of the city and get into elevations better adapted to my Northern blood.

Things thus viewed, I determined to move on: trusting to my constitution and that good fortune which has never failed me in my long and distant travels. Should I get sick, it would be immeasurably better for me to have gone home and been in your midst: should no such evil betide, we would both regret that apprehension had made void the enterprise, on which much labor and money had already been expended. We will therefore move on.

Mr. and Mrs. Ely and Ogden, with whom I travelled from New York to Pará, are aboard, and I have made many acquaintances and will doubtless know them all before we part at our destination. These Steamers have afforded me interest in the character and objects of the passengers. On the Finance, you remember, I met a number of young men going to the Argentine to seek their fortunes upon that new and expanding field of labor: on this, too, each seems to have purposes which illustrate the relations now existing and growing between the Continents. Mr. Kidder introduced himself to me—a North Carolinian from Wilmington, who is engaged in the Lumber business, and has several Vessels on the way to Buenos Ayres: and hopes to build up a large Trade in that ambitious Republic. Bishop Granberry, of the M. E. Church, South, made himself known to me. He is going to Rio on Missionary Work, where he expects to hold a Conference of the foreign and native workers. He has with him two

young Preachers whom he will induct whilst there: one, Tilley, a single man; the other, Dickey, and his Wife—young Irish people. He also has with him his Daughter—a nice young Lady, probably twenty years of age, who has enlisted for five years in the Woman's Missions on this Field.

The Bishop and I had a good deal of talk. He says he met me at Randolph-Macon College where I delivered a Commencement Address, whilst I was Governor. He is a quiet, unobtrusive, gentlemanly man. He lost his right eye in the War—though it only shows a speck not observable at casual view.

Kidder tells me he knows well my old Confederate friends, Gen'l and Mrs. Davis—the former, Attorney-General of the Confederacy, the latter, Miss Minnie Fairfax that was.

We steamed along without anything of interest in the surroundings worth recording. No Birds or Fish beguile our way: only the delicious Breezes which breast us, and temper the blaze of the Fiery Sun.

ON THE SAME STEAMER,
Sunday and Monday, July 8 and 9, 1888.

To-day the Sea was quite rough and many of the passengers could not move around; those that could—some of them attended Services held by the Bishop in the Social Hall. His sermon was what I expected from my knowledge of the man and was quite worthy the theme and the occasion.

The hours passed in regular routine—the passengers becoming one by one known to me. I take the trouble to mention their names from time to time, not because they can interest you, but to make me put down the objects of their journey, that you may learn the character of the intercourse with South America and hence the inter-relations of the two Countries.

There is a young Brazilian and his Bride aboard. She is a Boston Lady and he met her there when at school in that City. He recently returned to Boston—they were married and he is taking her to his Brazilian Home. They are evidently respectable people. But the comments of those who know are by no means favorable to their happiness—especially hers. What, say they, does the poor creature know of a Brazilian Home? Has she the slightest idea what manner of place it is? The loose morals and often disgusting habits of

the people, will make her sigh for Boston beatitudes. Those who have lived in Brazil say these alliances are invariably most unhappy—the contrasts of custom are great and insuperable. There is a poor widow aboard—she had three children with her when she left New York, they buried her infant at Sea before the Ship reached Barbadoes. She busies herself all day looking after the two survivors—bright little boys. The knowing ones say her husband had property in Brazil, near San Paulo, and she is going to look for and try to live upon it with her children : a fruitless effort, they suggest it would have been far better for her to have removed it to her own country if possible.

At five o'clock p. m. we reached Maranham, or Maranhão—follow me on the Map—distant from Pará 364 miles. The town looked not unlike Manaus on its bluff in the hot Sun.

On the anchored Ship it was hot during the night. I opened my door, which I could do—no Ladies rooming near—and the ports of my Room and got along pretty well—the greatest botheration being the Mosquitoes, which came out in considerable throngs to give us welcome at the Anchorage.

We remained Monday till five o'clock in the Roadstead—not because we had business there, but because there was not enough Water to take us out till the tide came and furnished it. There is nothing in the City of sufficient interest to induce a visit and brave the heat. The town looks well enough from the Sea. Its full name is San Luiz de Maranhão; it is the Capital of the Province of Maranham or Maranhão, and contains about thirty thousand people. It is a hot and unhealthy place, lying at the mouth of the Itapienne and Maranhão Rivers, and while it has an Episcopal Palace and a Cathedral and ten other Churches and Chapels, and some Benevolent and Educational Institutions, and considerable foreign trade, especially with England, it has nothing to detain the general traveller, and I was not sorry to get away and have the Mosquitoes brushed out by the motion of the Ship and the winds. We bade them a final adieu when we started.

ON SAME STEAMER,

Tuesday and Wednesday, July 10 and 11, 1888.

These two days passed without incident worthy of note. We made our way steadily along the Northern Shores of Brazil. They showed

themselves, but not conspicuously, and in the distance, with unattractive outlines, bleak and bare and burnt; but the breezes still threw themselves in our face and contended with the Sun for our comfort.

Between us and the Coast some Whales appeared, roughening the water with their unwieldly bulk, and not throwing fountains, which I have seen them beautifully do, you remember, in Arctic Regions, but seemingly covering themselves with mist instead. No Birds, however, nor Flying Fish, have gladdened air or water—only the big blue Ocean rolling interminably Eastward.

I have met on Board several young men going to the Argentine to seek their fortunes, and some going there on their way visiting Brazilian Cities, as Commercial Travellers from our States. Also, a Captain Impey, of the United States Navy, recently ordered out to take command of the Ship Tallapoosa, at Montevideo, for a three years' cruise. His wife and family, he tells me, are in Paris. He hails from Ohio, and was an appointee of S. S. Cox, when a Member of Congress from that State, and of whom he speaks in kind, admiring terms. Several Ladies with their families are aboard, going to join their Husbands, who live in Rio or Buenos Ayres. I have met with no general traveller like myself, simply going to enjoy and learn.

The Bishop and I spend several hours together each day, talking as gentlemen used to do before the days of steam and telegraph, and reviving, I tell his Daughter, the Lost Art of Conversation. We have many acquaintances and thoughts in common, and we can stay awhile upon subjects with which we are familiar, and find a pleasant resting place. Those days when cultured people met and talked on substantial Themes have almost gone; other days have come, when Time waits not, but hurries us by such elevated converse, allowing only space for paltry chat. We have not leisure for other.

ON SAME STEAMER, *Thursday, July 12, 1888.*

The Captain tells me, that this morning at four o'clock we rounded Cape St. Roque. We did not know we were making the famous point. In days of sailing vessels, Capes were more important individualities than now; the winds and waves played round them, and their Imperial presence was recognized by sailors with their struggling, storm-tossed Ships. Not thus now to anything like the same

extent. Steam has stripped the discomforts and terrors from many a Seylla and Charybdis of immemorial Story, and Cape Horn of Modern days exists only in the memory of those who rounded her with the Winds. Cape St. Roque didn't even notify us of its proximity.

We steamed in sight of the Coast line, but distant and obscure. Nothing was presented us worthy of remembrance—a low-lying Beach, no Mountains, only Bluffs, looking barren and seared. Nor do Ships hail or greet us anywhere—we rarely sight one. Singular, that whilst many thousands are afloat, they seldom meet. But, then, over the boundless Vast, the pathways are numerous as the Ships.

Towards Sundown we came in sight of Pernambuco, distant from Maranham eight hundred miles. Approaching, night fell, and the Light-Houses and the illumined City presented a fine and imposing sight from the water. It appeared to be divided by a mile or two, but we soon learned that one, the larger, was Pernambuco, the City of the Reef; the other, Olinda, where is a College and a Palace, on high grounds, apparently adorned with trees.

It was too late to enter the Harbor and we anchored out—happily far enough to be beyond the Mosquitoes' range, and we consequently had a comfortable night.

ON SAME STEAMER, *Friday, July 13, 1888.*

Early this morning the Pilot had hold of us and by six o'clock we were quartered safely in the Harbor; a small, but striking one it is. Along the shore there runs a Coral Reef, regular in its lines, clean-cut and strong, within which, thoroughly shielded from the waves, is the Harbor of Pernambuco. It extends the whole City's front, and beyond, seeming in its proportions to have been built by human hands, which, if it had been, however, would have been very feeble in comparison with this work of the little Architects, which has stood for ages and will for ages longer.

From it, Reeife or Reef, the ancient name of the City was derived, and it is thus marked still on many maps, and not Pernambuco. And no name could be more appropriate, for without this Natural Barrier to the Waves the base of the City would be swept by the wide Ocean's waves and unapproachable by Commerce. Now it is one of the finest sights I have seen in my Travels—the furious billows dashing against and over this natural Breakwater, the Ships

behind it resting quietly as upon a Lake. A fine Light-House commands its entrance, through which there is depth of water for the largest Ships to pass.

After Breakfast, Kidder and I went ashore, and engaging a man we picked up, who spoke English very well, and who got us a nice two-horse Carriage and drove with us about the City. Learning there was a handsome new Hotel two miles out, we determined to go thither, in doing which we would see the City and its suburbs. We crossed the River, which flows through it and is spanned and adorned with numerous Bridges, and presents a striking appearance, with handsome structures on either side. We passed some beautiful Country Homes, too, with large Gardens and Yards, filled with Tropic Fruits and Flowers, and when we reached the Hotel itself, we found it more like a Villa, adorned in similar manner.

Driving through the Iron Gateway, we descended in front of the Portico and walking in, found the interior resembling a refined home more than a Hotel. The Drawing Room was large and filled with Books and ornaments and flowers; the windows and doors were open, through which came the fragrance of Tropic Vegetation, abounding in beauty and luxuriance around. Some American Engravings adorned the walls, among them the full length figure of the Immortal George, standing by his big arm-chair, with extended hand as he has been doing these many generations, in scores of other Households across the Equator!

The Vessel is rolling in such restless manner, that you see I can hardly write.

In a few moments a handsome old Lady stepped in, and we introduced ourselves: she responded by introducing herself as Mrs. Davis. She had large coal black eyes and snow white hair, and made a most pleasing impression by her bearing and deportment.

Another younger Lady, also, came in, whom the old Lady introduced as her Daughter, a widow with several children, who was equally pleasing with her Mother. Kidder being very fond of flowers, he and the younger Lady went off to inspect them, whilst the old Lady and I talked. She told me she was from Salem, Massachusetts, and had been living here for forty years and more. Her Daughter was born in Pernambuco. She spoke highly of the Climate, its salubrity and healthfulness, and was satisfied with it for a Home. Now they have a good many English speaking acquaintances in the City, who give them

plenty of society. Nor, she remarked, do we have any of the convulsions we have in our own country—Cyclones, Tornadoes, Blizzards and Earthquakes. But I have not time, nor will the rolling Ship allow me to put down much more interesting talk we had.

Wine and cake were brought in, and we were invited to partake. When going, I was at a loss to know what to do. I determined, however, to remove any impression that we were bummers or interlopers gratifying simply curiosity, and I told the younger Lady we knew it was a Hotel and I would like to have our Bill. She replied, Yes! but they were delighted we made the call, and their gratification and pleasure from it was full compensation, and they conducted us to the door with many expressions of good will and kindness—altogether a pleasant visit. Kidder brought away a big bunch of flowers and foliage-plants, the donation of the Ladies.

We thence drove to the Cathedral, which the Ladies advised us to visit, being regarded as the finest in Brazil, and, for the country, it is large, handsome and costly; and thence we walked to the Market Place near by, an imposing Iron Structure, well-kept and ordered, and with an abundant display of meats and vegetables—products of both Sea and Land. Here, too, I observed the variety of Races which abound in Brazil, and again am impressed that the Negroes are the most healthy, robust and pleasant-looking, reminding me of our own, in dress, in expression, and in manner. Slavery during the last few months has been abolished absolutely in Brazil; the event is within such recent days that no one can predict its effect, nor has it over such large areas been able to feel itself and present any particularly marked phases. Here, too, the Free Negro has aspired to and claimed equality, and in most instances been accorded it by the White Races. Whilst he wore the badge of serfdom this equality could not be allowed; when free, his status has always been entirely different, and now that all are free and equal, events will transpire which not only the Statesman and Economist will regard with interest, but which will help to solve one of the most vexed and vexing questions to the Scientist.

Mrs. Davis, from the North, and with prejudice to take the most favorable view of Emancipation, said it was too soon to tell the effect in Brazil. She thought it had demoralized Labor, and would continue to have that effect to a greater and greater extent from month to month and year to year. But in the vicinity and Province of

Pernambuco and the adjoining Provinces where Sugar and Cotton were raised, the impression prevails that the result will not be so serious as farther South, where Coffee is the chief product. This requires more particularly periodic, active and vigorous Labor, which, if not applied in the proper time and season, the crop will materially suffer or be lost. The opposition to the abolition of Slavery came especially from these Provinces. Too short a time has elapsed to test the question even there.

To-day, in my ride and walks in Pernambuco, I have been struck with the change of temperature. Indeed, after rounding Cape St. Roque, much cooler air prevailed at Sea and we could readily feel that we were getting into more temperate Latitudes. It is true, we are in the Winter time of these Regions, yet we are in the Tropics and near their Equatorial bounds. Riding and walking when in the shade we were not at all oppressed; an umbrella was safer in the Sun.

Driving through many of the streets, which are paved with Belgian blocks or small boulders and kept clean, we observed how excellent many of the Business Houses and Stores are—some of the latter quite imposing in size and display. I stopped at one and bought a spoon for the Set. When we reached the Landing, where was quite a large area adorned with trees and tables and benches, about which, it being mid-day, numerous throngs were gathered, chatting, smoking and drinking like the Romanic Races love everywhere to do. I walked among them and enjoyed myself, and wondered how Nature was, with brush, displaying every shade of sable Color. I hardly wanted to come aboard, for in full view the waves were dashing high in spray over the Reef, sprinkling the Light-House Lamps and sending into the City breezes which made us forget that beyond them was a blistering Sun.

But the Boatman waited, and we came aboard and ended our wanderings in Pernambuco, the Tropic City of the Reef.

ON SAME STEAMER, *Saturday, July 14, 1888.*

Pernambuco is said to contain one hundred and fifty thousand people, the third City of the Empire, and from its appearance I should think the estimate not extravagant.

I was up early this morning; I wanted to see the Ship move out of her quiet resting place into the many-tongued Sea. My Port win-

dow opened towards the Reef. I had seen the tide go out and leave bare its massive walls, which the little Architects had out of their little bodies constructed in cycles gone—building, like great men sometimes do, better than they knew.

But at daylight the Sea had come back upon the Morning tide, and was roaring and battering and spluttering with its usual fury to break down the barrier which kept it from the Ships and the City walls. I got up and dressed, and went out upon Deck and saw how we steamed out of our cosy quarters, and was soon feeling upon our big bulk the Ocean's throbs.

We had the Pilot's Boat in tow, with six oarsmen. It was an interesting sight to see the puny craft dragged by the Steamer's side, flying from crest to crest of waves, striking them with sledge hammer blows and seemingly every moment threatening to capsize or be dashed to pieces. The Boatmen crowded along the centre of the Boat, two oarsmen, one on either side, keeping her plumb, the waves dashing water upon them as from huge buckets, and of course wetting them to the skin; they meantime enjoying the sport, not appearing to feel the danger apparent to our land-lubber eyes. If results estimate danger, they were right; and we, lookers on, were wrong.

The Pilot sent away, we steamed on to Bahia, distant from Pernambuco three hundred and eighty-nine miles, only seeing the distant Coast line of Brazil, where nothing appeared to write of. A few Whales, some distance off, were tumbling in the Sea and flopping around ungracefully, and making spray, where they ought to have given us Fountains to see and talk about.

The weather grows cooler, and the Bath Tub indicates it in its contents.

SAME STEAMER, *Sunday, July 15, 1888.*

This morning we had Services by Bishop Granberry, and a sermon. The sermon was excellent—admirably put and good sense—how Religion can be experienced and appreciated in the ordinary affairs of our daily life, and more effectively manifested than in the constant preaching of it as a theme. He is a quiet, unobtrusive man, and I believe a good one. We have frequent conversations, indeed every day, and I am not loath to indulge in them when among so many who haven't anything specially to say.

After mid-day we came in sight of Bahia, or San Salvador, the second in size of the cities of Brazil—only the outlying houses upon the spit of land which forms the Eastern border of its Bay, rounding which, with its conspicuous Light, we see before us the City, on high Bluffs, adorning the Harbor's rim with Churches and handsome structures like a crown. The site is most imposing, and for this, is the finest I have seen in the Empire. A good many Ships of different nationalities were resting at anchor in the Bay, and about four o'clock we steamed in and cast our own among them.

We had plenty of time to go ashore and a party of us went—a Mr. Asmus, of Boston, Impey, Kidder, Ogden, Burroughs an English Drummer from Manchester, a young Swiss, whose name I did not catch, Nathan, a young Jew from Hamburg. Asmus is a Bank Officer in Boston, an old man, who, afflicted with Bright's disease, is travelling for his health, which, though he is hopeful, I fear he will never gain. He lived here for ten years and left thirty-four years ago, and has not been back since. His Father was a Cabinet-maker and is buried here, his Mother returned to Boston. When we landed, which we had some trouble and risk in doing on the stairway, by reason of the inrushing tide, he went off to visit the spots he had known and left so many years ago. Under the guidance of Mr. Burroughs the rest of us wandered about the City. It lies mainly high above the Landing, probably five hundred feet, which our old friend told us was in his days reached in chairs, borne up the steep incline upon the backs of Negroes, but in these latter days by means of Elevators propelled by steam.

Taking one of them, we were soon upon the City's heights, whence we had a view which richly rewarded us for our trouble. The Bay and the lower City lay spread before us like a map, the former quite thickly set with Ships—beyond, in the far distance, some going out, some coming in.

We visited the chief Public Edifices and wandered about the streets which we found well paved, like Pernambuco, and up and down, following the contour of the ground. The Houses, many of them indicate population and wealth, and the Churches are in number Legion, large and ornamented structures. The City's size now justifies them for it is, as I have said, the Second in the Empire, containing more than two hundred thousand inhabitants.

I was more interested in the People—the stores and shops were closed, it being Sunday, and many were abroad—a mixed population as usual, but mostly Negroes; it is said they number four-fifths of it. But for this reason I was none the less absorbed, rather more. Again they reminded me of their colored brethren, whom I have known these many years—the same clothing, with its various styles and colors, the same decorations and ornaments, which, though of tinsel, shine with a lustre valuable to them, the same amiable faces, the same expression, which, if not joyous like in our young days, bears a certain satisfied contentment that things are well enough, and altogether, it seems to me, the best looking of the parti-colored people I see around. What will the amalgam be?

We walked some distance through the streets along the Bluff, towards the Light-House we had sighted on our approach to the City, visiting the Public Garden on the way, of little import, and stopping at a Hotel, ordered Dinner. Whilst here we had a heavy shower; a heavy shower that came from an almost cloudless sky met us on the Landing, from which we saved ourselves under awnings and in doorways; and another poured upon us whilst in the street car on our return, and we feared another would drench us in the Boat on our row back to the Steamer; but we escaped by dodging, and came aboard quite dry.

We had a good Dinner, and lingered in the cool, open saloon of the Hotel till half-past eight o'clock, then took the tram to the Elevator, descending which we got into our Boat and came safely to the Steamer, a mile away.

Our old friend Asmus met us at the Landing, and introduced us to the son of one of his young-day acquaintances, whom he had picked up in his search. The generations that he knew have gone—far as he could learn, not one surviving. He saw the house where he lived and the shop where his Father worked, and the notches he made upon the doorway with his schoolboy knife, and the place where his Father died, and his Mother went out a widow to her far off childhood home again; and when the old man told us, the tears trickled down his face.

Bahia within is not so fine a City as Pernambuco—it has not the River with its spans of Bridges, nor has it the magnificent Reef. But then Pernambuco has no such crowning Bluff, nor beautiful Bay like that which gives Bahia its name, for San Salvador is that by

which it was christened, when founded by the Portuguese Correa, in 1510, and is now thus generally known upon the maps. It has an unfortunate reputation for healthfulness, the Yellow Fever having several times decimated its people. Yet it is an important Commercial City and the Capital of the rich Province of Bahia, whose fine Bay was discovered by Americus Vespucius in 1503.

SAME STEAMER,
Monday and Tuesday, July 16 and 17, 1888.

On Monday morning at daylight we steamed out of Bahia, bound for Rio de Janeiro, distant seven hundred and forty miles. We struck away from the Coast and soon it disappeared, and for most of these two days we have been moving upon the Ocean with the Horizon only for our bounds.

The water is of deepest blue and could not be more beautiful, but it is a vast desert. No Fish come to gladden its surface, and not a Bird has followed us from land, nor one come out anywhere or whence to welcome us in the air: only the boundless deep.

But travelling onward, we are getting still evidently into cooler atmospheres; the Tropic heats seem to have gone, and by night and by day we hardly know we are not in Temperate Zones.

SAME STEAMER, IN THE HARBOR OF RIO DE JANEIRO,
Wednesday, July 18, 1888.

The morning opened beautifully—Sky and water vying with each other in their shades of blue. On our left, miles away, a handsome Steamer of the Pacific Navigation Company appeared yesterday with the same destination, and kept aline with us during the night, the Vessels drawing nearer as we move. On our right, between us and the Coast, two striking looking Steamships meet and pass us, bound Northward to Bahia or Pernambuco, and thence to Europe. And the day advancing, a magnificent Vessel hove in sight, from New Zealand *via* Cape Horn, having made the circuit of the world thus far by the way of Good Hope and Australia. I don't remember ever to have seen before, at the same time in sight, upon the Ocean such a number of splendid Ships.

There is a Mr. Eells on board, an old gentleman from Vermont, with his wife and grown daughter, bound for the Argentine. He has on the Ship some elegant stock, forty-five Sheep, ewes and bucks, of pure Merino, and fifteen Horses of fine trotting breeds. He showed them to me to-day. I wish you could have seen them. The Horses are certainly uncommon animals and in excellent condition, notwithstanding the long voyage from New York of nearly a month. He says they are broken, and some are equal to 2.30-2.40.

The Sheep are the finest creatures I have ever seen ; indeed I never saw any Merinos that resembled them in the quantity and quality of the wool. He values the Bucks at \$2500-\$3000 apiece. They are in perfect condition, save one Ewe, which has been sick for several days. This is not Mr. Eells' first venture, but the third. I take it for granted his former have been successful. He thinks the Argentine Republic rivals the United States in development and progress.

At eleven o'clock we passed Cape Frio, sixty miles from Rio, whence from an Observatory on its high summit our coming is signalled to the Metropolis. It projects boldly and pointedly into the Ocean and is a striking object with its Light. We neared the Coast more and more and the Mountains became distinct and well-defined with varied and irregular outline. Thicker and thicker they cluster whilst we approach the entrance of the famous Harbor, and we glide quietly into its narrow Gateway, whose Southern column is the well known and well named Sugar Loaf.

It was five o'clock, and the Evening everything it ought to be to welcome us to the scene. The Sun shone brightly towards his setting, and the Sky was adorned with floating clouds. In a little while the magnificent Bay rounded out before us, environed by peaks and sierras on whose base and sides and among whose gorges the City lay. Passing Sugar Loaf, on the same side not far off, stands Corcovado or Hunchback, a sharp pointed Mountain from one of whose faces a landslide seems to have happened, giving it the peculiar shape whence its name is borrowed. Farther still in the same direction is another, of much the same original contour, but higher, called Tijuca. In front and closing the West are the Organ Mountains, thus named from the Peaks which the namer of them thought resembled the Pipes of that Cathedral Instrument, a derivation I think somewhat far-fetched, for the Range itself, though of extreme variety in height and shape and pose, is rather bulky and those Peaks

are rather few to make along the entire line much or varied Music could they be converted into pipes. The other Ranges and Peaks are not so strikingly conspicuous as to have other than local names, but they add none the less to the setting of the wonderful and famous Rio Harbor.

Steaming on, around us on every hand are Ships from near and far—the Bay widening beyond them, with such capacity, that I feel quite sure the navies of all nations could gather and rest within its circuit.

I asked the Purser to see the Custom's Officer and ask that, should I desire, I might take my Traps and be put ashore at once. Mr. Asmus and I had agreed to go and continue together during our stay in Rio. He is an intelligent man, about my own age, and speaks Portuguese fluently and can of course be of great service to me. The Purser fulfilled his promise and introduced me to the Officer, who most courteously and cheerfully said my wishes should be gratified, and my Baggage should be taken ashore without examination. I introduced Mr. Asmus, and he willingly granted to him the same permission.

Upon reflection, the Evening was so beautiful, I determined to remain on Board all night, that I might see the Harbor from the Ship when the Sun went down and the Moon came out, and the Gas was lighted on the shore. And well was I repaid. Her Majesty was quite far advanced and very luminous in the cloudless Sky, and hung above us; near by, the Southern Cross, here almost in the Zenith, it and the other Constellations however paled by the brightness of the Moon; whilst the City and outlying villas, villages and houses, on Islands and on Main, with well-nigh unbroken line, embraced the Harbor like a belt of brilliants. The Mountains formed the background of this gorgeous picture.

In the Morning I was up betimes and saw the Sun come out with accompaniments of sufficient clouds to help him, calling us to witness how he could paint a Scene. The Moon and Stars had done their best to glorify last night, and he did enough at least to leave the matter in dispute to which belonged the greater power and skill.

My determination to remain on Board was by no means ill-advised.

TIJUCA, WHYTE'S HOTEL, *Thursday, July 19, 1888.*

After we had taken a cup of Tea, my friend and I determined at once to go ashore, and making our way to the Hotel get our Breakfast there. We had selected Carson's, being to the best of our information the most eligible for us. Coming to take our trunks, the Brazilian guard, who always remains on Board of foreign Vessels during their stay in Port, declined to allow, saying, not having been taken last night he had no authority to permit it, his orders being general and without exception. We, therefore, simply took our satchels and getting into a Boat were soon ashore; and mounting a Tram were speedily at the Hotel, probably a mile distant from the Landing.

We got good Rooms, opening on a Garden adorned with some elegant specimens of Assay Palms and other Tropical Vegetation. There is no heat in the atmosphere; a delightful coolness which might be called the perfection of temperature, and we sat in our doorway awhile that we might enjoy it. We took Breakfast, and then went to the Custom-House, whither the Officer told us our trunks would be sent. They had arrived at its wharf, but there were several Lighters from other Steamers ahead of that from ours, and some hours would intervene before ours could be landed.

We therefore concluded to try to find Governor Jarvis, our Minister, or General Armstrong, our Consul-General; the former, you know, my old friend, who was Governor of North Carolina whilst I was of Virginia. The latter is from Alabama, and you will recall that I came with his wife from New York to Pará. I learned that Governor Jarvis has no Office down town, and after some inquiry we found the Office of the Consul-General, which took us awhile, it having been moved from place to place several times recently. We traced it to No. 130 Rue do Ouvidor, the chief Retail street of the City, and the most interesting in the variety of its commodities on exhibition and for sale, and its display in the customs and the costumes of the people of the Empire's Metropolis. We recognized the Spread-Eagle on the shield in front, and the Star-Spangled Banner hanging limp for want of wind to spread it.

[I will here mention that before entering upon this Tour I wrote to Governor Jarvis of my intention, and making inquiry about the

proper season of the year to visit South America. He kindly responded, and I will give you the Letter for the valuable information it contains.

“PETROPOLIS, BRAZIL, *March 26, 1888.*

“My Dear Governor :

“Your Letter was received at the Legation on Friday last, and I reply by the returning Steamer which sails on the 30th. I fear my Letter will arrive too late to be of service to you in forming your plan of travel, although I write by the first Mail. If, however, you follow the plan outlined in your Letter you cannot do better, even if this arrives in time, for it will only approve your plans.

“The United States and Brazil Mail Steamships are the most comfortable that come to Brazil from the United States. One of that Line leaves New York and then Newport News every twenty-five days or thereabouts. There is, also, a German Line that starts from Baltimore as the final point of Departure, about the twenty-fifth of each month ; but by this Line, Ships do not stop at any intermediate points. Then there is a Line called the Red Cross, that runs direct to Pará, but does not come here. The German and the Red Cross Lines do not, I think, have very good Passenger Accommodations, and therefore take it that you will come by the American Line, and if you do not come by the Steamer leaving in April, you certainly ought to leave on the May Steamer.

“I fear you will find your trip up the Amazon rather fatiguing, but I think you will find it very interesting. The American Steamer stops a day at Pernambuco and Bahia, which you will find long enough to see those Cities, as there is a great sameness in Brazilian towns and scenery. Rio de Janeiro is the City of chief interest in the Empire, and from this you can see about as much of the country as you care for.

“There are no Railroads running parallel with the Coast, connecting one City with another, as in our Country ; so you will be obliged to go from one Seaport to another by water. You have selected the very best Season of the year to visit South America. The Climate in Rio in July, August, and September is delightful. Your Line of Travel as outlined in your Letter is as good as can be made, as it will be necessary for you to leave South America as early as Novem-

ber; after that time you would be more or less in danger of the Yellow Fever or the Cholera.

"At Pará you will meet a Mr. Sears, an American, who will take pleasure in giving you information about the Amazon, and the best method of travel. When you arrive here, I shall be glad to place myself at your disposal, and I can assure you I shall look forward to your coming with very great pleasure.

"It will be better for you to get a new Passport from the State Department before leaving, as you will need one in Brazil.

"I go down to Rio some time in May, and will be there when you come. Send me a Message in advance, notifying me on what Steamer you will arrive, and I will be on the lookout for you.

"I am very truly yours,

"THOS. J. JARVIS."]

The Office of the Consul-General is on the second floor. I walked in and introducing myself was received most cordially by General Armstrong. I introduced my friend Asmus, and soon we were quite at home. In a little while a gentleman came in, who was introduced to me as Dr. Cleary, from Prince William County, Virginia, and whilst I was engaged in conversation, my old friend Jarvis came and we had an enthusiastic meeting. His first salutation was, "Why didn't you let me know on what Vessel you would be, as I requested in my Letter, that I might have been on Board to meet and greet you, and help you through with your Baggage and secure you Lodging?" I replied that I was always averse to giving my friends trouble, and I thought I would do those things myself, as usual, before I waited on them. He expressed great gratification at welcoming me to Brazil, and inquired where I was stopping. On telling him, at Carson's, he said, whilst it had been a short time ago the most popular place for Americans, recently it had been under a cloud, several deaths having occurred there from Yellow Fever. I replied, that in our short stay there I had observed to my friend that it was an admirably kept House, but the quiet which prevailed and the few persons we saw about, seemed significant. The Governor said he would advise us to run up to Tijuca, a delightful place of Resort, eight or ten miles in the Mountains; that he and the Consul would see to having our trunks got through the Customs and forwarded to us to-morrow.

In the meantime, the Governor said he would find a good place for us to stop on our return; probably he could get us Rooms where he boarded, and if so, it would be very pleasant to be together. Of this he would inform me by Letter. Mrs. Jarvis is delicate, and he does not keep house.

I ought to remark that I am now here in Rio's Winter, and therefore healthy time. Being South of the Line, the Seasons, of course, are the reverse of ours. In its Summer, Disease is often rampant, and the narrow, filthy condition of the streets and bad sewage make it the hot-bed of the Yellow Fever, and sometime Cholera, and they decimate especially the Foreign population. The dirty habits of the people and their shameful neglect of hygienic measures convert the lovely Harbor into a cesspool. But when the Winter time comes the Climate is delicious, and calls a halt upon the march of the wasting Pestilence.

We, however, determined to pursue the course recommended by my friend, and went to Carson's, paid our Bills and with our satchels took tram for Tijuca. Two-thirds of the distance is by car, the residue by coach over a well-graded, solid road, through a gap in the Mountain. The Tram System of Rio is uncommonly good, the animals of draft being mules. The City now numbers, they claim, five hundred thousand, and is spread over a large area; yet, I am told, every part of it is served. The one we took, going through a solidly built portion, extends into the country, though the extent of its run passing through streets or roads, on either side of which are handsome residences and Villas, indicating wealth. Some of these spots are very beautiful, with their extensive grounds adorned with Tropic foliage, fruits and flowers. At the end of the Tram we took the Coach, so-called, which is an offset complete to any good thing I may have said about the Tram—a miserable old trap, with slatted seats for six persons—nine if for the benefit of the proprietor, however wretched it may make the passengers—happily there were only five of us—and curtains flapping in tatters, but with four plucky mules, which the driver maltreated in a manner not unworthy of his ragged Coach.

The Road, however, made amends for our Coach—not only good in itself, but through scenery far and near of wonderful interest and beauty. Some of the Tropic growths abounded in singular perfection, among them Palm trees and Bamboo, singly or in groups, which made these

most beautiful growths vie with each other for supremacy; whilst lovely homes on either side almost the entire distance to Whyte's, whither we were bound, utilized them to embellish and adorn.

It was a delightful ride. We ascended in reaching the top of the Pass twelve hundred feet, and then descended to Whyte's, which is nine hundred in elevation. The village of Tijuca is on the side towards the City, though the whole region bears that name, derived from the Tijuca Peak, which is thirty-two hundred feet in height—the loftiest about Rio, with beautiful views and vistas of the City and Bay.

It rained slightly during the ride, detracting somewhat from the pleasure, though not enough to despoil it of its charms. We passed several Hotels and near this there is another, but Whyte is an Englishman, and here the English speaking people mostly congregate. We found it quite large and comfortable, reminding me much of our old time Virginia Springs—a Central Building, about which are Cottages and Rows of Dormitories, wherever the contour of the ground invites their construction. These are well located here and the grounds highly improved, on every hand the growths indicating the Zone, though the temperature would not—to-night it is cool enough for a fire: a few days ago, I was told, the thermometer marked 48° Fahrenheit.

We found Ogden and his wife had arrived before us, but they seemed to be the only guests.

RIO, FREITA'S HOTEL, *Friday, July 20, 1888.*

It rained hard during the night in spells, and early in the morning indicated a rainy day. On looking out, and having seen what we wished of Tijuca, and thinking it unwise and unprofitable to spend there a rainy day, we determined to come back to the City again. Mr. Asmus said he would return on the first Coach and Tram—seven o'clock—and be in time to stop the forwarding of the Baggage, and I could come down two hours later. And thus it was agreed and done.

The early morning threat of bad weather was not fulfilled, and when the hour of my departure arrived the clouds were gone and the Sun was brightening up the scene. The only other passenger down beside myself was an Irishman, who, brought here by his parents,

has been a resident for more than fifty years. Like his Race, he was genial and communicative, and whilst we rode we talked. He gave me much information about Brazil, her people and institutions; and how he thought things were working. Much he said was favorable to the permanence and prosperity of the Empire, mingled with much that indicated future troubles and disturbance. The Emperor is personally popular, and many who favor the transition to a Republic, advise delay, till his course be run. Those who held slaves, which have recently been emancipated without compensation to the owners, like those who held Serfs in Russia, feel that the Government has been guilty of robbery through forms of Law, and desire to be avenged upon the Imperial Family, the chief agents in the movement. At bottom, too, there is great inefficiency in Governmental affairs, and a growing from bad to worse, which indicates that a day of Reform is needed, and it may come sooner than anticipated; in Peace, perhaps—perhaps in Revolution. My new Irish friend admired the country, its resources and its climate in this City and vicinity, and was not, like many of his blood, a Revolutionist; and besides, not having too high an opinion of the Brazilians, had rather bear the present ills than fly to others of a precarious and uncertain future.

Arriving in Rio, I went to the Office of the Consul and there met my friend Asmus, who had been very diligent. He had been to the Hotel which heads this Letter and engaged Rooms, an admirable site for convenience of locomotion, and being a recently built and just opened House, entirely free from the objections urged against Carson's. By this time mid-day was approaching, and after some pleasant chat with the Consul and other friends, and a valuable talk with a Mr. Booth, from the Mohawk Valley in New York State, with regard to travel through the Argentine, the Straits of Magellan, Chili and Peru, where he is thoroughly acquainted by constant intercourse for many years, we went to the Custom-House and had our Baggage examined and dispatched to the Hotel.

When we reached here, which we did on Tram, we found the Rooms upon the third floor, entirely new and fresh, opening on a Portico, whence there is an extended and brilliant outlook over the mouth and a considerable portion of the Harbor, and right in front Sugar Loaf Mountain, one of the columns of its Gateway. When I lift my eyes from the page where I am writing these lines, and catch

the beautiful vision, I am not unwilling that to it the larger part of the fare may be credited.

In the Evening, we wandered in a Public Park just in front of the Hotel across the street, and listened to some fine music from a Band giving a concert, and then to the Harbor and through some of the streets, observing the people, the scene made charming by the Moonlight, and then back and to bed.

I ought to mention that two of the first persons I met on entering the Hotel were my Spiritualistic friend of the Steamer Finance, Dr. Slade, and his niece, Miss Slade. The poor fellow looked badly and said he had been sick, and I reckon heart-sick, too, fortune not having tided favorably in Rio. They did not say they were going, but the Manager told me afterwards that they had gone—he did not know whither.

RIO, SAME HOTEL, *Saturday, July 21, 1888.*

This Morning, Asmus and I strolled about the streets and looked into the shop windows and at the people, and went to a Restaurant and took Lunch, which was a handsomely fixed up affair, and the meal well served.

I then came to my Room, the weather not permitting any excursion. It rained or threatened all day. My venerable umbrella needing help, I left it a day or two ago with the Consul, who promised to have it righted up and a new ferrule put on it. So much in small ways has been done for it in different Cities of the world that it is hard to say to what country it belongs. I got it to-day again, good as new, and ready for further experiences.

My friend Governor Jarvis called to-day and sat several hours with me, and we had a good old-fashioned talk, not only pleasant by reason of our kindly relations, but profitable by the information he gave me with regard to the Country to which he has been commissioned and which I am now visiting. He is solid and sensible, and reminds me of the men who used to be in Public Life, by the simplicity of his manners and the integrity of his character. I shall not stop now to put down his views: I hope we will have other conversations in which I can gather more knowledge.

He was importunate to be allowed to do something for me, saying that nothing would give him more pleasure than to devote his time to my service and go about with me during my stay in Rio. I told

him what my uniform custom is in travelling, which I had adopted in the beginning, and on each Tour was the more thoroughly convinced of its correctness; that Mr. Asmus and I were together now, whom I found a pleasant, intelligent companion, a stranger to the City like myself, and full of zeal and interest in sight-seeing; and speaking the language fluently, left nothing to be desired as a profitable and pleasant associate. But he might rest satisfied that should I want anything or need assistance, there was no one in the world upon whom I would sooner call, with every confidence and assurance. He said they were not keeping house, Mrs. Jarvis' health was bad; but I, with my friend, must certainly dine with them. This I agreed to, provided he would allow me to dictate its informality. This he readily assented to; our conversation then could be easy and informal, like the meal.

In the Evening, General Armstrong's son called to see me, bringing kind messages from his Father and Mother; but I was at Dinner and could not talk with him. He is a grown young man and in his Father's Office.

We went into a Cathedral after dusk, just opposite to the Hotel; it was gorgeously decorated and ablaze with candles, in honor of some one of the numberless Saints, whom the Church has put into the Calendar for our guidance and guardianship. The throng was great and the Music was worthy of it, and of the Saint. In another direction, and like the Cathedral in full view of my window, an exhibition of a totally different character was going on—with sweet but loud-mouthed Music, too; singing and dancing men and women, with nothing Saint-like in or about them, a Vanity Fair, which the Romanic Races know how to excel in, and to set-off against splendid and imposing Religious Festivals, holding with one and running with the other alternately, providing for safety in their pleasure—the Bane and the Antidote.

RIO, SAME HOTEL, *Sunday, July 22, 1888.*

This morning we went to Corcovado Height, a delightful excursion—with a day worthy of it.

Corcovado, you know, is one of the striking Peaks which environ Rio. Sugar Loaf I have told you of. Corcovado, or Hunchback, as it is called from its peculiar formation, stands farther off from the

Harbor's mouth and is a conspicuous and striking elevation. Enterprising men have constructed a Railroad to its summit, like those I told you of in my Second Tour, to Rigi Kulm and Uitleburg. We determined to go and see it.

The morning did not promise everything that it should for such an excursion. Watery, drifting clouds and mists scudded hither and thither over the Mountain tops, and forecast a rather unpropitious time. But the weather here at this season is somewhat freaky, and no one can predict with certainty even the coming hours of a single day, any more than among the Alps; and trusting to the good fortune that usually accompanies me on such expeditions, I resolved to go, and my friend readily agreed.

The Journey is by street Car or Bond—thus so called here—or Tram, and then by Steam. The former, one-half the distance probably, is through the City to a suburb called Laringeiras—pronounced Laringeiras; there a Car is taken which is propelled up the Mountain by a little Locomotive of powerful make, stayed by a cogged wheel fitted into a cogged track in the middle between the rails.

When we arrived in Laringeiras, having time to spare, we called on Governor and Mrs. Jarvis, who have a nice and comfortable home in a pleasant looking Villa, which we recognized by the Spread-Eagle Shield and a big Star-Spangled Banner suspended to a pole which stood near the gateway. Unfortunately, both Governor and Mrs. Jarvis had walked out.

The ride to Laringeiras was not unlike a portion of that to Tijuca—through the streets of the City, along which were many handsome residences and villas. These are substantial and often exceedingly ornate, usually of one story, though sometimes of two, with large windows and doors, and Grounds frequently about them adorned with the lavish luxuriance of Tropic growths.

The train, composed of Locomotive and one open Observation Car, starts from a Station just upon the street. I examined the Locomotive, a chunky, massive affair, though not large; the centre wheel with heavy cogs running in an equally heavy track, and provided with at least three brakes, whose force can be independently applied. The grade of the road is thirty feet in a hundred, steeper than Rigi by five feet and less than Mount Washington by three, with a curve radius of three hundred and ninety feet. It looked safe enough. There were eight or ten passengers besides ourselves.

The ride was very interesting—the views changing with our progress and elevation, passing gorges crowded with vegetable Life and obtaining vistas of the City and Harbor, whose outlines the eye could scarce define, before they were succeeded by others of equal beauty and variety of charm.

When we reached the terminus of the track we had to walk probably a hundred yards up flights of steps and a winding pathway to an iron Summer House or Observatory, built upon a shoulder of the Mountain a few feet below its summit—a safely walled-in path led from the House to the summit, which was of living Rock smoothed from the Mountain's crown. Whilst the ascent was thus comparatively easy by gradual but steep ascent, the front is from the summit a precipitous descent of several hundred feet, as though it had been torn off in some great convulsion, giving the Mountain in the distance its peculiar and striking look and name of Corcovado. This summit is twenty-four hundred feet above the Sea.

We arrived at one o'clock. At first, looking to the front, the Bay was uncovered and gleaming in the Sun; but on the right and behind, towards the open Sea, the mists rested thick like clouds. The Bay is said to be thirty miles long, by twenty broad; it hardly seemed so large from the elevation where we stood. But whilst diminished in apparent size it was not in attractiveness and beauty. It is of irregular outline, in its contour singularly like Brazil, and has more Islands than I supposed. Governor's Island and Cobras or Serpent Island, called, I doubt not, like every object of Nature here seems to be from some similitude, are the largest; but many smaller ones gem the surface of the Bay. Somewhat familiar now with the chief points of interest in and around the City, I could place them. The Organ Mountains had their pipes amid white Cumuli Clouds, and I found my Hotel and the window whence I look out upon the Harbor's mouth and its splendid Gateway, with Sugar Loaf to guard it.

The City lay below us mainly on the flat South and South-West shores of the Bay, and running up the gorges and valleys; now and then some ambitious citizen building his house upon a Hill or Mountain top, like the Roman and the Baron did in the days of yore.

Whilst enjoying this the scene was changing: the mists behind us began to move through the Mountain gorges and speed as if blown from a trumpet over the scene around us, and before long had taken possession of all below, rolling like a Sea of clouds.

When the hour for our return came—two o'clock—we resolved to postpone till the next train—four—that we might witness the transformations making ready. And well were we repaid. The conflict between Lights and Shadows I have never seen surpassed, if rivalled, even in my journeys among the Alps. Neptune and Phœbus did their best to-day : the former sent up from his Domain banks of fog and drove them through the Mountain Passes, to hide the glory of the picture Phœbus was making of the Bay. Rapidly in turn the Sun would scatter them, till after awhile the Ocean seemed to be exhausted, and the whole scene to the Horizon on every hand was a vision of uncovered and transcendent beauty. It equalled Uitleburg ; if it did not rival Rigi, it was because Rigi has about it more wonderful accessories. My friend and I were fully satisfied with our day's experience.

Whilst looking upon the Bay, entirely in view, we were struck with the remarkably small portion of its rim the City occupies with its population of five hundred thousand. A score of such Cities could find lodgment on its shores for its houses, and in the magnificent Harbor for its Ships, and then by no means be crowded.

It was dark when we reached our Hotel.

PETROPOLIS, BERESFORD HOTEL,

RIO, FREITA'S HOTEL,

Monday and Tuesday, July 23 and 24, 1888.

These two days were devoted to visiting the Imperial Library in Rio, and Petropolis, the Imperial Summer Home.

Mr. Asmus last night made the acquaintance of one of the Librarians, and he invited us to come to-day and he would show us through. It is only a few steps from the Hotel, on the same street, and after Breakfast we went. He received us most cordially and fulfilled his promise, which consumed several hours.

It contains more than two hundred thousand Volumes, and many Manuscripts of great value, and all in admirable preservation and cared for in a manner I never saw surpassed in any Institution of the kind anywhere. The Building is large, of Granite, and additions are making to it, inside and out, for the enlargement and better preservation, exhibition and use of the contents. We were introduced to the Chief Librarian, who took great interest and pleasure in

showing us, not only the choice and ancient Books, but the precious Manuscripts and Engravings, which the Library owns and cherishes—among the latter some most interesting of Albert Durer's proofs, much worn now both by fingers and by Time. I was quite surprised to find such a number of these old and curious treasures owned and preserved in a Brazilian Library; indeed, to find the Library itself so large, well selected and valuable. I noticed many of our best American Books—I use the word American, for such is the term applied when speaking of the United States, not only over the world generally, but even in Mexico and Brazil, Americans themselves, and you will remember, Americus Vesputius, who gave to both Continents his name, discovered America on Brazilian soil.

I have not time to tell you of many interesting things and incidents of this visit to the Library, but several hours were spent before we came away.

In the afternoon, at four o'clock, we went on the Ubiquitous Tram to the upper part of the City, where we took a small Steamer across the Bay, and then Rail to Petropolis. It is very hard to get the distances accurately here, but I should infer the distance from Rio is twenty miles, say half by land and half by water. My customary good fortune was with me and the afternoon was delicious, both in brightness and temperature. I stood on Deck and drank in both atmosphere and scene, with that delight which ever saves the traveler from weariness and *ennui*. The Islands, large and small, were now clearly visible, and confirmed the number shown from Corcovado Height. On our left was Governor's Island, the largest in the Bay; before us towered the Organ Mountains, out now, clean cut against the Sky. We steamed directly toward, for among them Petropolis is hid away. Some of the Islands are large—for instance Cobras and others—on which mansions have been erected; some only covered with vegetation, without sign of culture or habitation; some piles of naked Rock, seemingly heaped in rude masses together; some simple boulders, looking stark and dangerous to Ships. But all of every size playing each its respective part in making up the loveliness of Rio Harbor.

Landing, we took Train, with ordinary Locomotive and open or Observation Car, and sped across the plain, probably five or six miles, to the foot of the Mountain. This was uninteresting, with little or no cultivated land, a wilderness of scrubby growths, passing which

we had our Locomotive uncoupled and a climbing one, like that at Corcovado, hitched on, and with cogged wheel and track ascended the steep incline. The accompanying scene along the road was not equal to that at Corcovado—the latter being nearer the City had more cultivated land and cozy homes. Before us and around only rugged Mountains rose.

It was nearly dark when we reached Petropolis, twenty-five hundred feet above the Sea, and with satchel in hand we sought the Beresford Hotel, kept by an Englishman, and recommended by Governor Jarvis, probably quarter of a mile from the Station and on Rue Imperador, the chief street of the City. We had good Rooms assigned us, and soon after Supper or Dinner, whichever you please to call it, I went to Bed. I brought my overcoat from Rio with me, and wore it; the air was quite keen enough for the covering.

In the morning we had our coffee and bread and butter served in our Rooms at seven o'clock, and Breakfast not coming off till nine and a half or ten, we walked out and prospected the long street on which our Hotel is situated. Through it runs a quite capacious, heavily walled Canal or channel, lined with trees and spanned by Bridges, which in the rainy season is doubtless quite a roaring River; now only a gentle, clear Mountain stream ripples through it. The street contains a good many stores and shops, but the place is quiet now and looks sleepy like any other Watering Place in its Winter time. Our Winter, I have already said, is the Summer here.

The Hotel is probably about the centre of this street, and just across is the Imperial Palace, surrounded by extensive Gardens, which, after having walked the street, we visited. None of the Imperial Family are here now. The Emperor, you know, has been in Europe for many months, lingering at the point of death with what was supposed to be a mortal malady; but he is reported now as convalescent and on his journey home. The Princess and Family are at present in Rio.

The Palace is a plain, stuccoed building, much stained with mould. The Gardens are large and full of flowers, which those with us who cherish in their conservatories would love to see flourishing in the open air. The Gardener plucked for us Bouquets of Azaleas and Japonicas, which in their perfection of beauty our climate forbids us to enjoy.

The day like yesterday, indeed like all the days we have had about Rio, was everything we could wish for movement—cool and bright—at this elevation the air more crisp than in the lowlands. The City being scattered, we determined to take a Carriage and drive about it and the surrounding country. We got a nice one, two seats and the driver's, drawn by a lively, active pair of mules, with span-gled harness and liveried Coachman, and lolling on our cushioned seat told him to Go! which he did in lively style, for a couple of hours or thereabouts, over fine roads and among many costly homes and showy Villas of the Brazilian Nobles, and men of means.

Petropolis may well be called a Mountain Town, for it is right among them, resting in the valleys and hollows formed by the Peaks, which are the peculiarity, as I have hitherto remarked, of the Mountains here. Thus located, it is in pockets, not all visible at once, but only to be seen passing from one to another opening. Much money has been expended in the Buildings and their sites—the Empire resting here in Summer time, the butterflies must gather, too, which bask in its Sunshine, and imitate, if they can, its gloss and glare in the color of their wings.

At half-past two o'clock we started on our return. The ride down on the cogged Tram was more interesting than up; instead of looking upon the barren faces of the Mountains, on the reverse, we caught through the gorges glimpses of the Harbor and the City, and the day again being clear and cloudless I enjoyed every moment of the journey. I stood all the while upon the Deck of the little Steamer. The Organ Mountains were entirely uncovered behind us; before, the City lay, with the numerous Islands which we passed far and near on either hand, backed by now what we may call Old Friends—Sugar Loaf, Corcovado and Tijuca, and another Mountain in the best view I have seen it, Gavia, looking like a man's face in profile, next to Tijuca in height, but of flatter top, consequently not equally conspicuous and striking.

Ever since my arrival in Rio I have been looking for the Birds. I hoped to have seen again the Frigate Bird, which captivated me with its size and grace and beauty in the Gulf of Mexico on my First Tour, for I have read that it frequents also this Harbor; but I have looked in vain. It has never appeared on its swift, keen, wide-spread wing. Only Gulls—plenty of them—nothing more.

By the time we reached our Hotel, night, too, had come.

RIO DE JANEIRO, FREITA'S HOTEL,

Wednesday, July 25, 1888.

This morning after Breakfast I went down street alone, and wandered about Ouvidor Street awhile, looking at the shops and crowds, and then to the Consul's Office, hoping to meet my friend Governor Jarvis there, but he had not come by the time Mr. Asmus joined me, somewhat after mid-day, and we determined to ride out to San Christovao—pronounced San Christavō—and visit the City Palace of the Emperor, distant two or three miles upon the North of Rio.

Taking Tram, which seems to run everywhere and serve every way, even to the most remote parts of the City, we were soon in the vicinity and in full view of the Palace, located on high ground and surrounded by extensive Gardens and Parks. We walked through and found them handsomely landscaped and improved. The Palace is not large, but looks clean and nice, apparently recently repaired—stuccoed and colored yellow, the regulation tint of all Palaces it seems, standing for Golden.

Reaching there, my friend, who had never seen the inside of a Palace, with the laudable curiosity of a traveller, desired to inspect this. I had no such craving, having seen not a few, and being quite sure there was nothing of much import here to invite me. But, directed from one Guard to another till he reached that of the Household, he was told, with great consideration and politeness, that permission could not now be granted—it was at present occupied by the Princess and her Family, and that she was sick. This was much disappointment to my friend: save for this disappointment to him, gratifying to me.

Returning, I stopped again at the Consul's and learned that during my absence Governor Jarvis had been in looking for me, and had gone to my Hotel. I mounted Tram and came here, but not finding him, determined to run out to his residence on Rue Das Lorangeiras, it yet being time enough before Dinner. I wanted to consult him with regard to my future movements. It is distant probably from the Hotel a couple of miles.

When I reached there I found a Lady sitting on the Portico, who at once arose, and calling me by name, gave me a hearty welcome. I supposed her to be Mrs. Jarvis, which was the fact. She said the Governor had gone to see me and had not yet returned, and inviting

me in we had a pleasant talk, during which a young British Bride and Groom came—she a pretty Scotch Lassie, blooming as they grow among the heather. Mrs. Jarvis, when they went, told me he was a Civil Engineer, and not being able to go home, her parents brought his intended out and they were recently married here.

The Governor soon arrived and we had a good old-fashioned talk. He and Mrs. Jarvis proposed that my friend Mr. Asmus and I should take informal Dinner with them to-morrow at six o'clock. I accepted for both of us, and told them I was sure Mr. Asmus would be delighted to come. To-morrow I agreed to meet the Governor at the Consul's Office to visit some curiosities I have not seen in the City, and there and at Dinner we will discuss my future movements in the Empire and beyond.

The Governor said he had called at the Hotel and left his card and a note for me, inviting us to Dinner, which I would find on my return.

In the course of our conversation we referred to Petropolis. They both agreed, that though the Summer Resort of the Emperor and the people of Rio, it was at that season—our Winter—the worst climate they had ever experienced. It rained nearly every day. Out of rather more than a hundred, Mrs. Jarvis counted, it rained upwards of ninety, and the dampness was such that everything was covered with mould—the ladies being compelled to keep their kid gloves in closely stoppered bottles to prevent their spoiling. This peculiar climate is caused by the warm and vapor-laden winds coming in from the Ocean, and impinging upon the colder Mountains, the moisture they bear being converted into rain. And yet at that season, Petropolis is better than the fever-plagued and pestered Rio.

RIO, SAME HOTEL, *Thursday, July 26, 1888.*

Meeting Governor Jarvis and Mr. Santos at the Consul's Office, we visited the Museum. Mr. Santos, if I have not already told you, is a Brazilian gentleman who was educated at Yale College, and spent afterward many years in business in New York. He married a Baltimore Lady, and is a pleasant, polished gentleman, who has during my stay here tendered me many courtesies.

On reaching the Museum we found it closed, but my friends sent for Mr. Derby, who has a high scientific position in it, and he came

forthwith and conducted us through most agreeably. Mr. Derby is a young gentleman from the State of New York, and it was gratifying to meet one from the States in such honorable position.

The Museum, like the Library, surprised me; not that in its sphere it equalled that Institution, but for Brazil it is most creditable. We spent several hours, and with Mr. Derby's assistance inspected more thoroughly the contents than the general traveller usually does—and I was especially interested in the objects pertaining to the Country—the Animals preserved, and the Minerals and Precious Stones, and the domestic, warlike and other implements of Historic and Prehistoric character belonging to its people.

I was anxious to know whether Coal had been discovered to any extent in the Empire, because upon it her future progress and greatness will largely depend. He said, not so far—and what has been found is of an inferior quality. But the territory is so vast, and so much of it yet unexplored, that no answer can now be definitely given. Year by year appropriations are made, and quite liberally, for Topographical and Geological Surveys, and much light is breaking upon the actual resources of the country. He says, however, Science has not yet made much advancement here, and he has few associates in sympathy with him, which is, in the prosecution of his studies and labors, a source of great regret, and equally an impediment to his progress and that of his work.

But I have not time to speak further of the Museum or of my talk with Mr. Derby—much of which I would like to preserve. We went thence to the Navy Yard, where is treasured a Meteoric Stone, which was found in the interior—the largest known, I believe—weighing more than five tons. Mr. Derby has had a projection of it sawed off and is cutting it into small pieces to present to different Institutions of Learning in the World. It is certainly a great curiosity.

By this time we were all weary—standing, walking, and talking on Science and the like—and we parted. Mr. Asmus and I returned to our Hotel, and at half-past five o'clock went to dine with Governor Jarvis. Mr. Santos met and dined with us. We sat together at Governor Jarvis' Table in the Dining Saloon of his Hotel or Boarding House—and the meal and many subjects, especially of home interest, were pleasantly discussed. After Dinner, Mr. Derby and a young gentleman whose name I cannot recall, from Michigan,

came in. The latter edits an English Paper here, the only one published in the City.

At half-past nine we all returned to the City together. My friend, Mr. Asmus, was delighted with his evening, which, equally with my own enjoyment, also delighted me.

He leaves me, I am sorry to say, to-morrow in the Alliance, now returning to New York. He goes to Bahia to spend a month in his ancient haunts: with the enthusiastic zest with which the old return to the scenes of their childhood, or the graves of their Sires. His health has certainly wonderfully improved; but has he not, poor man, a mortal disease and the betterment only the brightness of a hope? His longing to visit Bahia looks like the forecasting of a fate common to those drawing nigh and nigher to the grave. He has been very useful as well as agreeable, and I shall miss him, both for that and his amiable companionship. But Governor Jarvis will be with me the few days longer I shall stay in Brazil and will provide for the utilization of my time.

I will probably be able to get a Feather Flower Ornament to send you. I cannot carry it with me around, nor can I safely send it through the Custom House in New York—it will be ruined in the handling. Mr. Asmus says he will take it with him to Boston and thence Express it to you. I ask him, also, to send you the amount of the Duty, and other charges, if any. Upon its receipt, you get a draft for amount on New York or Boston, and remit to him, thanking him for his attention and also telling him how much assistance and pleasure his company as a fellow traveller gave me. I know it will gratify him greatly. You had better get Vilwig to frame the Ornament, as he did the Embroidery from China and Japan, and hang it where you please.

[I must speak of Mr. Asmus further, and record with these Letters what betided after we parted. I have, in the great number I have met on travel, made the acquaintance of no one who won me more. His intelligence, his amiable, kindly nature, his hopefulness under the threats of an immedicable complaint, his unselfishness and desire to be pleasant, bound me to him in a manner very rare upon transient acquaintanceship.

He fulfilled his promise, and faithfully and carefully carried my Feather Flowers to Boston and sent them thence to Taylor by Express, with the following Letter :

“ BOSTON, MASS., *November 3, 1888.*

“ DR. S. TAYLOR HOLLIDAY,
Winechester, Virginia.

“ *My Dear Sir :*

“ I forward this day by Adams' Express Company a Box containing Feather Flowers, belonging to your Brother. He entrusted me with the same at Rio de Janeiro, where I left him on the 28th of July last in good spirits to pursue his Journey further South. I stopped over in Bahia for awhile and visited Old Friends of my youth—thirty-five years ago, when I was there. Please tell him I have returned to the United States well and strong.

“ I had to pay Four Dollars Duties on them in New York ; this is all the expense connected with them.

“ Please give my regards to the Governor, and when you reply to this, that the Box and contents have arrived in good order, I hope, please tell me how the Governor is and how soon you expect him Home.

“ Respectfully yours,

“ J. H. M. ASMUS,

“ *National Exchange Bank,*

“ *Boston, Mass.*”

On my return in December I wrote to my friend, thanking him for his kind attention and giving him a running account of my experiences, after we parted in Rio. He replied in the following Letter :

“ BOSTON, MASS., *January 12, 1889.*

“ HON. FRED. W. M. HOLLIDAY,

My Dear Governor :

“ Your very kind Letter came to hand in due time, and I can hardly express my joy to hear of your safe return to your Home. I am truly glad you are in good health and that you feel your Tour has been one of great profit as well as pleasure. Surely you have seen much, and your experience must be, judging from my standpoint, worth every Dollar it has cost you.

“You will pardon me in delaying to answer your Letter : but it came at a time when I was full of work, for it was the close of the year, which is always a trying season with me. When I had got over my hurry, I took a bad cold, still working every day and fighting it by night. But now I am better and shall feel as well as before in a day or two. Otherwise, I can assure you, that I returned from Brazil a *new man*, my old complaint having entirely left me. My Doctor said to me a few days ago, that he could discern no trace of it whatever. My system is entirely renovated, and I am astonished myself in the change that has taken place since last June. No one here, or at least nine out of ten of them, had the least hope of ever seeing me alive again when I left to go to Brazil. Yet a kind Providence protected me and allowed me a Lease of Life for some years to come.

“Did you know that when we reached Pará we found Mr. Kennedy, the Engineer of the Alliance, very sick? Poor man, he was anxious to get back to his home in New York. Captain Baker took him on Board and had as good care taken of him as was possible at Sea : but the day before we reached St. Thomas he died, and he was buried in the Ocean. It was a sad hour for us all.

“When I left you at Rio, I came to Bahia and was there nearly six months, renewing old acquaintances. I found several whom I had known when a Boy, and our meetings were pleasant. Most of them thought me dead, and to pounce upon them unexpectedly was indeed a surprise to all. I had numerous requests to remain there : but I said then as I do now, the United States is good enough for me. May God’s Blessing rest upon it, for my love to my home here is greater than ever, compared with what I saw in Bahia after an absence of thirty-five years.

“If you are willing and can spare the time to pen a few lines once in a while, I should be most pleased to hear from you—for much have I thought of the pleasant times I spent with you on the Steamer as well as in Rio ; and I love to speak of them to my friends, which I often do.

“Kindly remember me to your Brother. Should you publish your Travels I will subscribe for a copy at once.

“Very Truly, Respectfully Yours,

“J. H. M. ASMUS.”

This is the last I heard from my friend till I received a Copy of the *Morning Mail* of Thursday, August 8th, 1889, published in Lowell, Mass., giving an account of his Death, doubtless sent me by some one of his friends who had heard him speak kindly of me.

I herewith print it as a Memorial of our meeting and travel together, and kind remembrance of them by both.

“NORTH CHELMSFORD.

“The friends of John H. M. Asmus in this vicinity, with whom his early manhood was associated, will learn with deep regret of his death of Bright’s disease, which occurred at his home in South Boston, August 6th. He was born in Hamburg, Germany, in June, 1833, where he lived until nine years of age, when his parents removed with him to Bahia in Brazil. Having a deep-seated desire for an education that the meagre facilities of South America could not supply, he came to the United States with the purpose of education in view. Although meeting with difficulties consequent upon the death of his father, he was not discouraged, and while by day he wrought with his hands in the machine shop of Silver & Gay, his evenings were spent at odd times in giving lessons in Spanish and German and in taking private instruction, and by the constant use of dictionary and grammar he rapidly acquired the use of English, which he spoke with the accuracy of a native.

“About thirty years ago he married Miss Almira Dunn of this village, who died seven years ago. She was a lady of rare culture and attainments, whose aid he always gratefully acknowledged. Soon after his marriage he removed to Boston, where for a time he was an instructor in a commercial school and later was appointed bookkeeper in the National Exchange Bank, which position he held at the time of his death. His health began to fail soon after the decease of his wife, and a year ago he sought relief by a voyage to his early home in South America. Upon his return he felt himself restored to health, but it proved only a slumbering of the disease, which a short time ago assumed its fatal stages. His taste for literature was never lost, and the shelves of his extensive library were filled with the works of the best English, German and French authors, and with these and his music, in otherwise lonely hours, he had companionship. He leaves no relative of whom he knew, but by his friends in the land of

his adoption his life and friendship will ever be a cherished memory The burial will be from the church in North Chelmsford, Thursday, at 1.30 P. M.”]

I will close this now, that I may mail it to-day and make certain of its going in the Alliance. I will get the Consul to send it with his Official batch. I trust my last from Pará reached you and made you easy—giving you reasons for the long delay of this.

I go hence to the Buenos Ayres, and thence, nothing preventing, through the Straits to Valparaiso, and thence to Lima. The long distances and rare connections must prepare you for the delays. I therefore think on receipt of this, you had better write to care “London Bank of Mexico and South America,” Lima, Peru, South America. Notify Charles and Margaret. I am the more induced to do this because no Letters have reached me here, and I fear none will.

I must close now. Doubtless you are weary enough long before you have reached these lines.

With tenderest love to all,

F.

[No. 9.]

RIO DE JANEIRO, FREITA’S HOTEL,

Friday, July 27, 1888.

My Dear Mary,—

I finished Letter No. 8, to your Uncle Taylor, and left it in two Envelopes with the Consul to mail on the Steamer Alliance, which sails to-morrow for New York. May it have a safe and speedy transit!

By appointment, Mr. Santos met us at the Consul’s Office and accompanied us to the Art Gallery, where we spent some time in looking at works new and old. The Gallery is an easy walk from Ouvidor Street, where the Consul’s Office is, you remember. It is a comparatively new Building and is a fairly good one: though even now too small for the growing Collection. Some of the Ancient Masters are represented by specimens brought by the early Rulers when Brazil was a Colony of Portugal: and she has had of late some aspiring spirits of her own, who have put their works here to be

admired and perpetuated. Admired they seem to be now, and some are not without merit: but should Art grow in Brazil in proportion to her size, scarce any of them will do more than mark the steps of her progress.

Near by the Gallery is the Conservatory of Music—a fine Building, with Halls and Rooms for Instruction and Instruments. Shewing a desire in Brazil to take on this Art, too, in her aspirations for excellence. These aspirations have quite surprised me and will you also, doubtless, in their manifestations, of which I have given you some account in this and the preceding Letter. Our visits this morning consumed much more time than I have taken thus briefly to describe them, and excited in me more interest than this hasty and sluggish account at all indicates. But I don't just now feel much like writing and you will have to fill out with your Fancy.

On returning, I went and bought the Birds and Feather Flowers, which I ordered to be sent on Board the Alliance to Mr. Asmus, who will kindly take them to Boston and forward them thence to Taylor by Express. And then returning to the Consul's Office, Governor Jarvis accompanied me to the Manager of the Line of Steamers hence to Buenos Ayres, and I obtained the needed information with regard to my further travel in that direction. Governor Jarvis will go aboard the Alliance in the morning to bid the Chilian Minister farewell, who is changed from this country to the United States. I want to visit the Chief Market of the City in close proximity to the Landing in the early part of the day and may go with him.

My friend Asmus left the Hotel this evening to go aboard. I was sorry to part with him. Our travel together and intercourse have, you have seen, been both agreeable and profitable to me.

RIO DE JANEIRO, SAME HOTEL,
Saturday, July 28, 1888.

I got up early this morning, and after taking a cup of coffee and some bread and butter, I mounted a Street Car and was soon at the Market. This was before eight o'clock, and the proceedings there were in full blast. It is large, filling a number of Sheds and Buildings right along the Harbor, allowing free access to the Barges and Boats with their cargoes.

It was interesting to me to wander through and look at the people and their commodities, which were of abundance and variety. I was surprised to find so few Negroes. Some Negro women, looking just like they look with us, and with the same manner; but scarcely a single Negro man—nearly all the males were Whites, of different nationalities and crosses. This I subsequently mentioned to the Manager of the Steamer Line, and he said my observation was correct. I told him I had noticed exceedingly few in my wanderings about the City. He said this, likewise, was true. A few years ago their number in Rio was great, but their inability to take care of themselves, since their freedom, has decimated them—especially by epidemics when they prevailed—and they are dying out rapidly. Besides, Portuguese and other foreign labor is coming in—more vigorous and intelligent, and driving them from the field. Nothing seems to be left for the poor Negro in Rio, but, like the North American Indian, to pass away.

But those women whom I saw in the Market were hale, hearty-looking specimens—weighing, most of them, two hundred pounds or more—having taken on fat, as the women of all races in this country appear to do towards middle age, and with that amiable, jolly look which the fat colored lady knows how to wear.

The variety in the Market was surprisingly great—fish, meats, fowls, vegetables, and of Monkeys and Birds—many species I never saw before. The Brazilians are fond of Monkeys and Parrots for pets, and wherever you go, you see them serving in that capacity. They have all of our varieties of fowl—and good specimens. Fruits and vegetables, those with which we are acquainted and many kinds whose names even I do not know. I spent more than an hour thus pleasantly, when the time arrived for our meeting at the Manager's Office to go thence to the Steamer. Mrs. Jarvis came with the Governor, and the Manager furnishing us a Steam Launch, we were soon aboard.

I must mention, that on our way, looking up, I saw a Frigate Bird floating with wide extended and clean cut wing over the Market Place and Harbor—the first I have seen since he entranced me at Vera Cruz five or six years ago with his splendid movements. In a little while three or four others joined him, and, giving us only a taste of pleasure, they winged away.

We spent an hour or two aboard, I renewing my acquaintance with the Officers, and meeting several with whom I had come out on the *Finance*, now on their return to the United States, among them Miss Slade—her Uncle, the Spiritualist Doctor, intending, she said, to remain. Mr. Asmus told me he had the Box of Feather Flowers, and would take good care of them and forward according to promise. I wrote another short Letter to Taylor, which the Purser said he would mail in New York, telling him there was a paper of Powder in the Box, with which to sprinkle them to destroy or prevent the moths, and, also, in having the frame made for the Ornament, to have it full large—to show it off the better.

When we returned, I invited Governor and Mrs. Jarvis to go with me to a Restaurant and take Breakfast, which they accepted, and we had a good one, which we all enjoyed—taking our time and resting meanwhile. During it, a gentleman came up to our table and the Governor introduced him as Mr. Miller, of Alabama. He exiled himself with other Southern Soldiers after the War, and has made a success of it—being now at the head of the Tram Company to the Botanical Garden, receiving a salary of Eight Thousand Dollars a year. I told him I rejoiced in such success by a Southern man. He said he had married a Brazilian Lady, had three or four children, none of whom could speak English—and was happy. I told him it was bad for the children not to speak their father's tongue. He said he admitted it, and now had a Teacher of English for them. Coming out we met Ogden and his wife, who told me they would return to the United States by way of Paris.

Governor and Mrs. Jarvis and I then mounted Tram and rode out to the Zoölogical Gardens, three or four miles, in the direction of Tijuca, rather off to the right. It is of recent organization and construction—less than a year—yet Nature is so prodigal and unceasing in her labors in this climate, that such improvements and growth in Vegetation would cost us four or five years of time and work. It is well located and, even now, handsome and attractive. Most of the Animals, Birds and Reptiles are Brazilian—a few from Africa and Asia. They are good specimens and well cared for. It was quite hot in the Sun to-day—the warmest I have experienced in Rio—though cool in the shade. We, therefore, did not hurry; but stopped not unfrequently to rest, and at the same time inspect some creature with whose likeness we were not familiar, or watch the freaky doings

of a happy family of probably fifteen or twenty varieties of Monkeys in one apartment. I have not time to speak of the other Animals, even if you wanted to hear. The Garden is certainly a success.

The afternoon was thus spent pleasantly and profitably, and when we reached the City on our return, it was nearly dark. On parting, it was understood that I would take Dinner again with my friends, in company this time with General and Mrs. Armstrong.

RIO, SAME HOTEL, *Sunday, July 29, 1888.*

The morning and midday I spent in the Botanical Gardens—out three or four miles, maybe more. The road and ride are the finest in or about the City—the same my friend, Mr. Miller, superintends at Eight Thousand Dollars a year. It goes through the suburb, Botofogo, and runs along the Bay and Inlets of the Sea, passing many handsome residences and villas; lately, the Governor tells me, much injured by the reports of being unhealthy. In this route we go behind Corcovado: it stands between the Gardens and the City, looking down upon both on either hand—which I think I told you of in my visit to its Height the other day. Tijuca and Gavia appear well, and the Sugar Loaf conspicuous during almost the entire run.

The Gardens are large and highly improved—famous especially for their two Avenues of Palms, the one meeting the other at right angles—which the Rios say have no parallel in the world. Nor do I know that they have. Yet, imposing as they are, I do not think they equal in size and majesty the Royal Palms which I saw in Cuba on my first Tour, stretching across the country like splendid Corinthian Columns. Those are much larger than these—and fully worthy of their Regal name. But allowance, of course, must be made for the enthusiasm of my then untravelled eye. Certainly, however, these are worth coming to see, and I strolled their entire length, enjoying them and the pleasant atmosphere—not so warm as yesterday, the Sky being overcast.

I lingered a long time, sitting and strolling and looking at the Vegetation—and still more, being alone, calling you all around me, or throwing myself into your midst in our dear Old Home. In these moments, the objects I have come the vast journey to see and enjoy, pass out of view and diminish in interest, and I feel that maybe I am on my last Tour and will never take another. And yet, when I

sit down to write these hasty Letters, I have you by my side, and my pen is telling in fewest and simplest words what I am seeing and how events are tiding with me—hoping the while I may transmit to you a portion of my own enjoyment. But I thought to-day, sitting in the Botanical Garden, that this would be the last series I shall ever write: settling down quietly at Home when it is done, and wandering no more.

I ought to tell you that a kind of coarse grass grows well here—and when kept closely trimmed makes a good sward, as I observed to-day. The varieties of Palm are very numerous; the flower and foliage plants, singly and in clumps, try into how many shades they can mix the colors of the Rainbow; and the Bamboo shows off its beauties gorgeously. Nor are the people of the City wanting in appreciation of these beauties, for throngs of men, women and children were abroad to-day enjoying the air and scene.

At six o'clock I dined cosily and pleasantly with Governor and Mrs. Jarvis, in company with General and Mrs. Armstrong, and reached my Room before ten. We forgot we were thousands of miles from Home, and gathering up the Memories of our Southland, we talked about them in our wonted style, like present realities—oblivious, for the nonce, that they had receded into History and the Coming Race could only know them in its pages or in some future Poet's lines.

NOVA FRIBURGO, LAUENROTH HOTEL,

Monday, July 30, 1888.

Look upon the Map of Brazil, and just across the Bay or Harbor of Rio, you will see the Town of Nichteroy—pronounced Neeteroy. This is the Capital of the Province of Rio, as Rio City is the Capital of the Empire. From it a Rail Road runs Northeastward to Cantagallo and beyond. On this Road is Nova Friburgo, eighty miles from Nichteroy, a place of considerable Resort for the people of Rio, on account of its cool, healthful climate. It is, like Petropolis, among the Organ Mountains, a portion of the Serra do Mar, the most Easterly of the three great ranges which run North and South in this division of Brazil—Serra do Mar, Serra Mantiquera and Serra Vertentes are their respective names.

Last evening Governor and Mrs. Jarvis and myself agreed upon this little jaunt—not only that we might see the Road, which is re-

markable, and the country—but also, if possible, visit a Fazenda or Coffee Plantation—this portion of the Empire entering largely into its culture. There are two trains: one at six in the morning, and one at eleven. Inasmuch as we live far from its Station, which would necessitate our getting up long before daylight, we resolved to use the latter, though a mixed or slow one.

We met at my Hotel and there took Tram for the Landing: reaching which, we boarded a Ferry Boat for Nichteroy, probably four miles across the Bay. Governor Jarvis' proprietor came along with him and was of great service to us, in carrying our satchels and getting us tickets and seats. When we reached Nichteroy, we learned that the Station was some distance out, and fearing we might lose time by the Tram we took a Carriage and made haste, having little time to spare. We were successful, however, and were soon on our way to this place, about eighty miles.

We at first travelled for many miles across a level country, and then rolling. The foot hills of the Mountains, seemingly a waste, with scant or no cultivation, grown up in brush, undergrowth and weeds. Few houses or settlements met our eye—and few tracts, large or small, in cultivation. We passed a Town, whose name I have forgotten, that the conductor told us was once—before the Road was built—a place of importance and a Centre of Trade, which appeared from the large Houses now in ruin. It always was unhealthy, which one would infer from the standing water and marshy condition of the surrounding Lands; and the making of the Road converted it into a mere Station and sent the business to other centers or larger termini, and it suffered like many another Town of which we know.

Reaching the Mountains, the scene and interest changed—when we began to ascend the steep incline, with Middle Cog Rail and many turns, opening up vistas of novelty and beauty. Unhappily, it was threatening weather when we left Rio; after awhile the threat was fulfilled in mist and fog and falling rain, which shut out the distant views behind us of Rio and the Harbor. But the near ones were not uninteresting. The Banana, the Orange, and the Coffee appeared to be flourishing wild on every hand, among the common growths—seemingly in their native Habitat—and Groves of each became more frequent every mile: the sides of the Mountains had been cleared,

and in numerous places healthy looking Coffee Groves had supplanted the Forest trees. We were evidently getting into a Coffee Region.

It was after dark when we arrived here. We went by direction across the street to the nearest Hotel : but soon found we had made a mistake—it was a plain affair. But not to wound the Proprietor unnecessarily, who was extremely polite, we took Dinner, and afterwards the Governor and I sallied out to look for a better. Remembering having seen the name of this one in the Rio papers, we came here, not far off, and found an admirable House, and engaging Rooms, we returned and brought Mrs. Jarvis and our satchels, and settled for the night.

We wanted to make inquiry of our Proprietor with regard to our ability to visit a Fazenda : but he is sick in Bed and we have to postpone conclusions till the morning.

Strange, whilst it rained upon us coming up, and the air was full of fog ; on arrival here, we found we had risen above the clouds : there had been no rain, the atmosphere was clear and cool, and the Southern Cross shone brighter than I have hitherto seen it on this Tour. We are three thousand feet above the Sea—and I should infer it from the temperature, calling for closed windows and blankets.

PALACE OF COUNT DE NOVA FRIBURGO,
NEAR CANTAGALLO, BRAZIL,
Tuesday, July 31, 1888.

You see we are in the Palace of a Count of the Empire. I must tell you how we got here.

Last night was delightful for sleeping. This morning my Thermometer at sunrise in the open air indicated 52° Fahrenheit : pretty cool for this Latitude.

Getting up early in Nova Friburgo, Governor Jarvis and I walked several miles before Breakfast, enjoying the Mountain Scene and its Vegetation and the pure air. We strolled through the Town and into the Country, where we saw some handsome villas and many specimens of Bamboo growing in rare perfection ; some finer still are in the Grounds of the Hotel, in an avenue and in groups. I wish you could see this magnificent creature—when thus luxuriating in the pride of its health and beauty.

We talked of our proceedings for the day. The Proprietor was yet too ill to be seen. The Governor thought we had better halt here ; I thought not—rather go on to Cantagallo, thirty miles or more further, right in the heart of one of the finest Coffee growing regions of Brazil, and take our chances with regard to visiting a Fazenda. On our return to the Hotel, Mrs. Jarvis agreed with me, thinking she could stand any kind of a Hotel for one night in search of such experience and information. We breakfasted, and at eleven o'clock took Train and moved on.

The main Road runs twenty-five miles to Cordira ; here there is a Branch Road to Cantagallo of five or six miles—and thence for a couple of miles a continuation—the private track and property of Count de Nova Friburgo to his Palace and Plantation. Both Governor and Mrs. Jarvis speak Portuguese—he tolerably, she with the facility and fluency of a native. She is very bright, well informed, and pleasant. Whilst moving, she had talk with the Conductor, who, like all of that position I have seen in this country, was agreeable and polite, and told him our object. He said there were Fazendas in near proximity to Cantagallo and he would telegraph to the agent there to have a Carriage ready for us to drive into the Country at once and visit one.

Proceeding, we observed we were getting more and more into Coffee producing regions. Cantagallo is several hundred feet below Nova Friburgo, and the Road is upon a descending Plateau through and among Peaks of Mountains, many of which had been stripped of Forests, and are now covered with luxuriant Coffee Groves. These seemed to increase in size and number from mile to mile.

The Train stopping at a Station, we observed not far off an elegant Mansion with columns, and handsome grounds, upon a small Mountain which had been levelled for the purpose—and a close Carriage and pair near by : and on inquiring what place it was, were informed by the Conductor that it was the de Friburgo Palace, and that the Count waited for us on the Platform. We were, of course, greatly annoyed, being quite sure our Conductor had exceeded his authority in telegraphing—for Governor Jarvis did not personally know the Count. We went out and recognized the time for inquiry and explanation. The Count received us most cordially and said the telegram stated that the Brazilian Minister of Foreign Affairs was coming, and requesting him to meet him at the Station. We speedily

explained how it was a Comedy of Errors: that the Conductor was to telegraph to the agent at Cantagallo to get us a Carriage that we might ride into the Country, and, on our return, stay at the Hotel in Cantagallo and go back to Nova Friburgo in the morning: and the idea of invading him was furthest from our thoughts. The Count speaks very good English, and I reinforced the Governor, for I was extremely anxious that he, the Representative of our Government, should not appear in such a cheap attitude. The Count is evidently a perfect gentleman. He at once took in the situation and gave us most hospitable greeting, saying he rejoiced in the mistake, and urged us to remain some days, when he could give us a thorough insight into the Coffee culture. This we declined, I upon the ground that I was compelled to take the Steamer in further prosecution of my Tour. He then said we must stay with him all night, and going to the Palace and taking Lunch, we would spend the afternoon in riding over his Plantation. This we accepted, and entering the Carriage, were soon at the Palace Doors.

He told us his wife was absent in Paris. His mother and sister-in-law, both widows, received us, and the ease and cordiality with which it was done, speedily made us at home. The Palace is yet unfinished: an immensely costly and spacious affair—of stone and brick, rectangular in form, enclosing a court of one story, each front ornamented with Doric Columns. It is furnished plainly. Most of the main front is taken up with an immense Reception and Ball Room. One end has the Entrance Hall, fifty or sixty feet square, on whose outer side are the chambers opening into it, each of two apartments. Back of these is the Dining Room—equal in size to the Hall. The Count owns one of, if not the finest Palace in Rio—which is said to be furnished superbly, with lavish expenditure of Ornament and Art. And there he told me he usually spent his winters—his wife being absent, he did not this.

After Lunch, we started, Governor and Mrs. Jarvis and myself, in a light open two horse buck-board Carriage—and the Count on horseback—to make a tour of the Plantation. He took us first to the fields, covering the sides of the Mountains for miles—the Coffee trees planted in rows and allowed to grow naturally, not cut back, as I told you in my last Tour were those of India and Ceylon. It is now the time of gathering the berries, and we visited the fields where the Negroes, big and little, male and female, were at work with their

hamper-baskets. I was interested in watching them. They are a good-looking set—with such likeness to our Virginia Negroes in appearance, manner, and port, that were they transported, I could not distinguish them—far superior to those I saw in Cuba on my first Tour. Polite and courteous, too, with the same graceful touch or take-off of the hat, and ease of manner which marked them with us in by-gone days.

They are all free now and the Count employs them, paying them by the basket—and at the same time feeding and housing them and their families. He works about two hundred hands. I asked him how many acres? He said they estimated quantity by the number of plants, and on this Plantation he had from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand. The Groves were in admirable condition, clear of weeds and undergrowth. I asked him about the insect, telling him how it had desolated the fields of Ceylon and utterly destroyed many of them. He said they were troubled and alarmed about twenty-five years ago; but the pests disappeared and have not annoyed them since.

We then, leaving the fields, visited his Mill, where the Coffee is cleaned and prepared for market; and here, too, we found affairs in admirable condition—everything carried on with improved machinery. He conducted us through the whole process. How the Coffee is thrown together into a tank of water and the berry in hull separated by specific gravity; how it is exposed in large cemented areas in the open air to dry; how it is hulled by several kinds of machines, but chiefly by the use of one which he preferred on account of its simplicity—two large wheels revolving in a circular trough and thus mechanically eliminating the berry; how then it is passed through cylinders where the grains are separated by size; how in a revolving cylinder of wood the grains are lubricated and receive their gloss or lustre; how they are further picked and cleaned of defective grains and foreign substances by the manipulation of Negro women; and then bagged and ready for the Market. The machinery is propelled by water and is in fine order.

The Count then asked us if we wanted to see what he called his Pig-pen? Of course, we did, especially a crack Farmer like myself. He has some hundreds which he raises; fattens and cures for his Negroes, and he has improved them by crosses. I observed especially China and Berkshire, until now, he has an admirable lot, equal

to the best in our Country. He cultivates for them Roots and Indian Corn. For stock of any sort there is no part of the Coffee plant of any account.

His Superintendent or Overseer joined us before we went to the Mill and aided the Count in his explanations to us ; then took us to his house near by ; introduced us to his family and gave us a glass of Wine. Then, dark approaching, we returned to the Palace.

The Roads about the Plantation are fine for a Mountain country. These are for the purpose of reaching his fields and hauling in the Coffee to the Mill, which is done by carts with six Oxen, and good ones, too ; the bodies of the carts being large wicker Hampers. He has a tram Road from the Mill to the Railroad Station, on which he uses mules to carry the prepared Coffee, and which for the convenience of his own movements, passes by the Palace.

We had a handsome Dinner of Courses, attended by two spry, well-dressed Negro young men, in their skill and deportment like those of Virginia in ye Olden Times. How my mind did run back to those years from this distant country, and how I could read the future of this Home from the lessons of our experience ! To my mind it was legibly written on the walls of the Palace.

Things went through the meal in the quiet, easy style, with which we are familiar, and had the table been spread in the Old Virginia manner, instead of served in Courses, I could have readily mixed up the times and imagined those happy days had been transferred and perpetuated on this foreign soil.

After Dinner the Governor and Count and I talked for several hours of those matters which mutually interested us profoundly. He said he owned a thousand Negroes and emancipated them voluntarily sometime before the General Law was passed. The Negroes were filled with apparent gratitude and in expressions of it, and declared they would work twelve months without compensation in consideration of his liberality. This he declined, telling them he would pay them as free men and women. Their gratitude was not of long duration ; for when he came to pay them, and in the highest wages, they grumbled and complained that it was not enough.

He seems to understand the Negro character thoroughly, and also seems to know that trouble for him on his vast Plantations is ahead. Not many in proportion have left him yet—about one-tenth—but he knows not when they may, and is considering how he can manage to

carry on his operations when the day of disintegration and trouble comes. He is evidently a man of sense and calm judgment. Yet I do not think he feels what must inevitably happen in the near future to his Palace and Plantation, as to all of our Virginia Homes of similar character. He asked me what I thought, and I forecast his future with the light I have gathered from the past. He talks of getting Portuguese and dividing up in tenant farms, with share of crops; or importing Cooleys from India, which you know has been done in Demarara and Trinidad, or Chinese Laborers, simply floundering around to find some solution of the Chaos which he feels impends.

I wish I had time to write down more of this interesting and instructive talk. When we retired for the night he thanked us for having fallen so unexpectedly and so happily upon his home, and given him an Evening he was not looking for; and the Ladies, whilst we were talking, told Mrs. Jarvis how glad they were the opportunity had happened to them and him to entertain us.

[The views I expressed to the Count have been singularly verified, as appears from the following extract, published in one of the Daily Papers in 1891, which I herewith print.

“THE SERVANT QUESTION IN BRAZIL.

“Washington, July 19.—A letter to the bureau of American republics says: ‘Since the emancipation of the Slaves in Brazil the domestic service as well as the agricultural labor of the Republic has been greatly demoralized and many families find themselves entirely without servants, the colored people—the former slaves—refusing to work for love or for money. The city council of Rio de Janeiro attempted to regulate the domestic service by an ordinance which prohibited a servant from leaving a household without thirty days’ notice, and had several other equally rigorous provisions, but the measure has been disapproved by the Minister of the Interior, whose sanction is necessary to carry into effect any municipal regulation.’”]

I have forgotten to say several things about the Coffee, profitable to know. The Berries on the trees present three stages of growth: Green, Red like a cherry, and Black. The first, if plucked, does not yield good grain, it is withered and worthless. The second

is the best, the fruit being then in its prime ; and which, if not plucked, turns into the Black in the course of about a week, the time depending on the weather, which, though good Coffee is not equal to the Red, having lost some of its virtues in its excessive maturity. I have told you how these varieties are separated by their respective specific gravities in the beginning of the process of preparation for market—the Red being the heavier. Consequently, if labor could be commanded in such manner as to gather the Berry when it assumes the Red, the proceeds of the crop would be immensely increased. In addition to this advantage, by the time the Red is turned to Black, the young blossoms of the coming crop begin to appear, and in stripping the boughs there are many of them destroyed. This we witnessed—the trees now bearing the fruit in every stage, Blossom, and Berries—Green, Red and Black.

Another fact you ought to know ; the Coffee crop of Brazil is of more money value than all other crops combined ; and of this enormous product, the United States takes three-fourths, for which it pays principally in money ; our Exchanges in comparison being small. And another fact is of interest ; we formerly had a duty of three *per cent.* on Coffee—this was repealed and Coffee made free. No sooner was this action taken, than Brazil passed a Law, imposing a three *per cent.* Export Duty. Thus in effect, about ten millions of Dollars was transferred annually from our Treasury to that of the Empire, our people getting none of the benefit of our freedom. This is certainly worthy the attention of our Government.

NOVA FRIBURGO, LEUENROTH HOTEL,

Wednesday, August 1, 1888.

It was understood last night, when we retired at the Palace of Count de Nova Friburgo, that we would have our Coffee and snack at seven o'clock, the train leaving at eight. The Count urged us to prolong our stay ; but this was impossible.

The family met us at table, with the exception of the Old Lady, who sent her regrets ;—she is very infirm from Rheumatism and age. Before leaving I asked the Count for his Card and address, that I might write to him on my return home, and giving him mine, invited him to come to see me, which he might do by easy run from Washington, should he visit that City : I could not show him a great

Plantation, but I could a little Virginia Farm, situated in a beautiful country, which invitation he gladly accepted. In our talk I intimated our mistake again, resolved he should have his mind clear on that subject. He said the mistake was "Providential" to him ; it had afforded him such pleasure.

The morning again was lovely. The Mountains about the Palace put on their best apparel in the Sun Light, and the atmosphere was cool and bracing. The whole family—save the Old Lady—children and all walked with us to the Station—half a mile off, but in full view at the foot of the Mountain. On our way his Herd of Cows were driven in from the fields, of fine quality and in admirable order, numbering from eighty to a hundred, and we stopped at the Stables and saw his thoroughbred Bulls—an Alderney, a Durham, and a magnificent Italian, large as the Durham—white and black—he said, celebrated for draft qualities. Having time we visited, in the vicinity of the Station, a House where he had Machinery for the manufacture of Farina and Arrow-Root, and for preparing Beets, Sweet Potatoes and Corn for his stock : like everything else about him, in excellent order.

We were informed by the Superintendent, at the Station, that an accident had occurred on the Branch Road and the train was delayed. This Superintendent the Count introduced as a citizen of the United States, and the Superintendent gave us an account of himself. He was brought out from Memphis, Tennessee, by his parents at fifteen, and has been living in Brazil many years, and worked his way to his present position—an intelligent, pleasant fellow.

The Count had ordered his Carriage to the Station, and said we could ride to Cantagallo—two miles—if we preferred, which we did. We bade them all good-bye—both parties well pleased with the fortuitous meeting. We certainly were profited. We had visited and thoroughly inspected, probably, the finest and best-ordered Fazenda in Brazil, and been hospitably and gladly entertained by one of the gentlemen of the Empire. I trust, in my rapid account, I have given you some idea, not only of the Social Life, but of the conduct of the most important industry in this vast Country.

Our ride back to Nova Friburgo was pleasant ; and over the same Road, I will not bother you with any description of what I briefly told you on the journey out. The servant of the Hotel met us at the Station, and soon we had our Breakfast and were resting. Mrs.

Jarvis, I think I have remarked, is delicate. But these jaunts have benefited her greatly. She kindly says my visit has been a God-send to both Governor Jarvis and herself; she is in better health, and he says the most delightful days he has spent in Brazil have been those which have passed in my company. He and she, they say, will miss me terribly when I leave. This is very complimentary.

In the afternoon we strolled through Nova Friburgo and into the adjoining country for several hours, enjoying the Mountain scenery and delightful air. Doubtless you are equally surprised with myself, from my constant references to the weather, to find such a climate prevailing in and about Rio. But I must say, that if inquired of with regard to the Winter climate of this City and Vicinity, I would be compelled, from my more than two weeks' experience to say, that it is well-nigh perfect. The Sun is warm—in the shade you become oblivious of his presence as to heat, though ever reminded of it in the brightness he diffuses, and with an umbrella walking is ever pleasant. How different from the frightful hot bath of Pará and the Amazon!

Our walk and talks to-day we will remember. Of home and native Country, people, and things in confidence and amity—Jarvis and I having many thoughts and views in common. He is old-timey, sensible and honest. We would stroll awhile, then sit under the shade of a tree, all continuously conversing, oblivious that thousands of miles intervened between us and the individuals and scenes of whom, and of which we talked.

I will close this Letter now and mail it with the Consul in Rio. Day after to-morrow—Saturday—I will sail in a British Steamer to Buenos Ayres. I am in vigorous health—have gotten over my “out of sorts” at Pará entirely. This you would infer from my constant movement.

With tenderest love for all,

F.

I hope your Uncle Charles is in Winchester—he and Taylor having a good time.

[No. 10.]

RIO DE JANEIRO, FREITA'S HOTEL,

*Thursday, August 2, 1888.**My Dear Margaret,—*

I finished No. 9 in Nova Friburgo to Mary, bringing my story to the close of Wednesday, August 1, and mailed it to Taylor with the Consul in Rio.

Governor, Mrs. Jarvis and myself were up early in Nova Friburgo, and strolled about the yard of the Hotel for some time before Breakfast, enjoying the trees which were growing there, especially the Palms and Bamboos; of the latter there were some splendid specimens.

Breakfast at ten o'clock, and some delay brought us to eleven, the hour for the departure of the train. We walked to the Station, our attentive Majordomo carrying our Baggage, the Proprietor still being invisible.

The ride down to Rio was much finer than in ascending, when you remember, fog and rain prevailed. The morning opened unpromisingly; but the hours advancing, things improved till the atmosphere and sky could not have been better—clear, bright and cool. The Road upon the Plateau, I have sufficiently described, amid mountains covered with vegetation. When we reach the crest, whence the descent is made, the track and engine are changed. The Locomotive is compact and strong—the track has a middle Rail, but not cogged. It is massive, but smooth and square, and the power of controlling the motion of the train is by the pressure of brakes on the smooth surface of its side faces. It seems to be entirely effective, and though the rubbing surfaces make a screeching, unpleasant sound, it is not more unpleasant as the jolty movements of the cogs.

The descent is made with exceeding heavy grade and many curves; sometimes four of them being in view contemporaneously. Now and then vistas of Rio and the Bay open of wonderful beauty; and the mountains and gorges on either hand afford constant entertainment in the variety of their Flora. The Ferns are, I think, the finest I have seen since Hawaii, especially the Tree Ferns, which are, with their fronds, marvels of delicate and lace-like loveliness. It is a much superior Route every way to the Petropolis—richer in its

scenery and vegetation—indeed, much the most attractive mountain ride I have had in Brazil.

Arriving at Nichteroy, a Steamer for Rio awaited us, this being the regular Express train; not necessitating a ride to another part of the City to the Ferry Boat, which was the case when we went up, you will recall, on the mixed train, and another lovely steam across the Bay, marking points of interest now familiar. Whilst I think of it, I must correct a mistake I was led into with regard to the Islands, and by the misinformation of one who knew no better than myself. The largest Island is Gobernador—Governor's Island—not Cobras, as I said. The latter is near the Wharf, very much smaller and covered with Government structures. But I must not bother you with any more talk about the Harbor of Rio, though it is worth much better than I have given you.

We walked, on landing, to the Consul's Office, and rested awhile and made an engagement to dine with him to-morrow evening. Having an hour or two after dinner to-day, I called at the Hotel Etrangers to see Miss Curran, who was with her Brother, a passenger on the Alliance. I have seen her several times on the street and promised to call. I met Captain Impey there, also; we will be fellow-passengers to Buenos Ayres.

RIO, SAME HOTEL, *Friday, August 3, 1888.*

This day was agreed upon to visit the Houses of the General Assembly or Parliament.—First thing, I bought some Feather Flowers for you and Mary, which I am sure you will admire.

Governor Jarvis met me at the Consul's Office at eleven o'clock, and went with me to the Bank to arrange my finances for further travel. Contrary to my expectation, and to my great delight, I received your Letter of the 24th June. It arrived only an hour or two before, in the John Elder, a British Steamer I expect to take to-morrow. The pleasure attending its receipt was accompanied with the regret that no others came with it. But it answered the double purpose of giving me information both of yourself and Taylor, and advising me that things were going on well in both Households. If Mrs. N. is with you, give her my love and tell her I shall look for her Letter till it comes, and to make it newsy as she can. Congratulate Anna Bell on her school success—it gives me much pleasure. I am sorry

to hear that Charles will probably not visit Taylor this Summer. I hoped he would certainly be there to supply my absence. Tell Mary I hope I will get her Letter in Buenos Ayres. She and you will have to run up and see Taylor whenever you can. If he reads my Letters he will have some of his time consumed ; for though few, by reason of the seldom communication between the countries, they make up for their want of number by their volume. I write to afford you pleasure ;—yet I am apprehensive, the task of reading is a bore.—I must mention that I received, also, five or six packages of Papers.

When my finances were arranged at the Bank, the Governor went with me to the Manager of the Line to get ticket and secure passage to Buenos Ayres. The Governor knew him, and he invited me to send my Baggage in the morning and come myself, and he would take me to the Steamer in his Launch, which was very considerate and courteous, and will save me bother with the Boatmen.

I must mention about my Passport, which is interesting to know as a relic of Barbarism in a Country struggling towards the Light of Liberalism. It has never been demanded of me. But the Manager said it would be of him, when he reported the list of passengers to Police Headquarters, as the Law requires him to do. Though I knew this, I had forgotten it. The Consul also has to visé it, and when I returned to his Office, it was understood that I should take it with me to General Armstrong's, when I go there to dine this evening, and he will visé and deliver it to-morrow morning in time to the Manager, who will return it to me on the Steamer. This I did.

Mrs. Jarvis and Mr. Santos met us on our return to the Consul's Office, and we went together to visit the two Halls of Legislation. Mr. Santos, to use a common expression, "knowing thoroughly the ropes," saved us much inconvenience. The Chambers are in different parts of the City, and are a considerable distance apart. We went in the never-failing street car, or "Bond," as they call them here, and I ought now to tell you that they bear that universal designation, because the first started were built upon the issue of Bonds, which were put upon the market and sold, to raise money for their construction.

We first went to the Senate Chamber, and were escorted to the Diplomatic Gallery, whence we had a full view of the Body and its proceedings. The Members are elected by the Provinces—the num-

ber proportioned to the population. The Electors choose three individuals, from whom one is selected by the Emperor, as Senator, who holds the position for life. Evidently the Provinces have not been careless in their choice. The Senate is a fine looking collection of men—respectable in their bearing and intellectual in appearance. Nothing of importance was doing.—It numbers about sixty members.

We went thence to the Chamber of Deputies, corresponding to our House of Representatives. They number about one hundred and thirty, and are greatly inferior in *personnel* to the Senate; showing that the Brazilians have not the material, or have not been so careful in their selection. The qualifications for voting are quite considerable—Universal Suffrage by no means prevailing. A few of the Members are Priests, and wear their costume; some are intellectual looking; some are the reverse, bearing those lines and marks in their visage, which seem to justify the allegation, that Brazil is a Priest-ridden country for the lower classes; and their domination not good for the enlightenment and elevation of the people. The House was electing sundry of its officers by Ballot, and consequently the proceedings were by no means interesting.

Young Mr. Armstrong called at my Hotel to escort me to his Father's to dine. A Mr. Gunter was with him, an Alabamian, who came to South America with his father after the surrender of the Confederate Armies, and has been living in the Province of Espéritu Santu, just north of that of Rio de Janeiro. Governor and Mrs. Jarvis and Mr. Santos, also, met us at General Armstrong's, and the evening glided pleasantly and rapidly away; which might have been expected among such sympathetic people—all Southern, except Mr. Santos, who may be included in the category, having married a Baltimore Lady.

I had a good deal of talk with Mr. Gunter—a sensible fellow—with regard to the Slaves and their recent emancipation; he living in a Province where Slavery prevailed, and an owner of many. He thinks much trouble will follow; it is almost too soon to see the full effects. I asked him how the laboring White population liked the emancipation, the change putting the Negro at once upon an individual, social and political equality with themselves, because such is the result in Brazil? He said they were delighted; whatever effect it might have upon themselves, it was a blow struck at the superior orders in society whom they, with the natural instincts of a mean,

low people, as that class is here, hated for that very superiority, and were willing to abase at any cost to themselves;—not that they loved the Negro, but that they hated the owner. He thinks he will sell out, and return to Alabama to live. We walked together to the Hotel, where we parted.

ON STEAMSHIP JOHN ELDER,
PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION Co.,
Saturday, August 4, 1888.

This morning I was up early, fixed my things, took Breakfast, paid my Hotel Bill and started my Baggage to the Office of the Manager of this Line, according to his request. I took Bond and went by the Office of the Consul, to bid him Good-Bye. His son told me the Passport business had been attended to according to Law—I would have no trouble. It was afterwards returned to me by the Officer, on the Steamer, the silly form having been complied with.

Governor and Mrs. Jarvis and Mr. Santos met me at the Steamer-Office, and all, together with the Manager, came on the Launch, aboard with me, to see me safely and snugly fixed, and to bid me farewell. Certainly, as a traveller, I am fortunate—friends rise up everywhere and help me, and I am constantly surprised at the volunteer aid I get, seeming to afford pleasure to those who tender it, equal to the efficient assistance I receive. Governor and Mrs. Jarvis said it was very, very hard to give me up—again declaring, the happiest days they had spent in Brazil, were those in my company. Mrs. Jarvis is delicate, and she said I had drawn her out of herself during my stay, and going about with me had helped restore her health. The Governor gave me half dozen or more Letters to the Ministers and Consuls in Uruguay, the Argentine, Chili and Peru, introducing me to them in most kind and flattering terms. The Manager made me acquainted with the Commander of the Steamer—Captain Rawcliffe—who kindly promised to give me information with regard to my further travels around the Coast of South America—with which he is familiar: I thanked Mr. Santos for his many acts of kindness, in which he had greatly facilitated my sight-seeing in Rio; and when I came to say Good-Bye, it was with no ordinary emotion, I do assure you. I promised Governor and Mrs. Jarvis I would drop them a

line, from time to time, to advise them of my progress—and, certainly, write them when I reached home. They will return to the United States in November, and so will General and Mrs. Armstrong—probably in October.

At half-past twelve o'clock, the Steamer's whistle sounded, and the huge ship began her voyage. Handkerchiefs waved from Steamship and Launch as they moved farther from each other, and the delightful associations of more than two weeks in Rio were sundered.

The afternoon was like those, such a number of which I have experienced, and the Harbor appeared in her best apparel; the Peaks were all out in the sunlight—Corcovado, Tijuca, Sugar Loaf, the Organ Mountains, every one uncovered—and the finest sight of Gavia I have had, it being nearer the Sea than the others, and its rectangular form and flat-top looking significant of its derivation—a Square Sail—which its name implies. The exit from the Harbor inspired me like its entrance. The throng of peaked summits, which gather about and guard it, are probably even grander, viewed from the Southward than from the North; for most of the famous elevations are in that direction; and steaming out into the Ocean, and leaving them, I doubt not, forever, the same sensations, in kind, if not in degree, which accompanied the parting from my friends, came to me whilst the now familiar objects were sinking behind the Sea.

My sojourn in Brazil has been more absorbing than I anticipated; or is it thus with every country I visit? It matters not with what feelings I enter upon my travels and investigations anywhere, I become absorbed in the Country, People and Institutions, however little they may have at first engaged me. Though Brazil, if not so captivating as some other Countries I have visited, it is yet replete with interest to the thoughtful traveller—at least in its Present and Future. It is equal in area to the United States and Territories, excluding Alaska, though not of the same healthful Climatic Agencies for the Races which bear the Ark of our Civilization. It is almost entirely within the Torrid Belt.

I have told you enough of the Amazon and the Country along the Coast in this, their Winter Season. Farther Southward are the Provinces of San Paulo, San Catharina, Paraná and Rio Grande du Sul, which are in Climates better adapted to the White man, both by reason of their Latitude, and sometimes their elevation, and to which Emigration is now rapidly and largely tending. The great interior

Province of Matto Grosso, is almost a *terra incognita*, indeed no portion of the whole Empire can be said to be thoroughly developed; and it has been alleged, that of its Continental area, not more than one-hundredth part can ever be profitably reduced to culture. This may be an extravagantly small estimate.

The Cities, however, I have visited, from Manaos to Rio, have all evidently improved in late years, and still seem to be slowly but substantially growing.

But Brazil has had difficulties to contend with, in addition to her Climate, which did not hamper the Settlements, out of which our great Country has grown. The Latin Races have never shown themselves fitted to found enduring and progressive Colonies—their objects being different and far inferior to those which animated ours. But, besides this, the people who inhabited the Countries when the Colonists came—the Aborigines—were entirely different on the two Continents. In the North, they were Savages who had assumed few, if any, of the Civilized Arts; in the South, they were quite advanced in some, and their Monuments remain to-day among the wonders of the world. Scientists in their travels and investigations in recent years have been amazed at their knowledge, and the extent of their nomenclature marking the characteristics of Animate and Inanimate Nature.

Consequently, on the Northern Continent, there was no amalgamation—the Savage simply moved on, or wasted away, leaving his place to be occupied by a Superior Race. In the Southern, the Whites and the Aborigines having development and knowledge somewhat in common intermarried; and hence, here sprang up a Hybrid Race of inferior quality and promise. Then Negro Slavery was introduced, and from time to time Emancipation took place, and the Superior Race, already debased by mixture, were not unwilling to further mix, and vast numbers of the population are a mongrel horde—Ethnologists tell us, inheriting more of the vices than the virtues of the original stocks. These are not the elements of which a substantial Nation can be made.

The constant influx of Foreigners of pure blood, and the abhorrence of many to the mixture, let us hope, have and will continue to preserve enough of stalwart men to rule the Country; which will, with its growth and development, draw thither more and more of the pure blood, at least to those sections, which will allow their health

and survival; whilst the hybrids will, by another beneficent Law of Nature, vanish out of Life.

These are questions affecting the people without regard to their Form of Government. But that now has here become a serious subject of discussion. Brazil is the only Empire on the Continent; all the other countries are Republics, whose forms have been borrowed in great measure from that of our own, and some of which are of late growing materially and in population with astonishing rapidity. The Emperor is a kind and good man, who has manifested during his whole life devotion to the best interests of his Country and People; and consequently there seems to be no desire to interfere with the Form of Government, which is an exceedingly liberal one, during his lifetime. But he is now in very bad health, and is in Europe for it—many think he will not be able to return and resume his Rule. A spirit of unrest pervades the Country; and there are not a few who think the Sceptre will hardly pass to his Daughter, who, during his absence, has been Regent, and, it seems, an unpopular one, not only personally but on account of the odiousness of her husband, an Orleanist, a Grandson of Louis Philippe, with many avaricious and distasteful propensities.

The recent Emancipation of the Slaves, without compensation to the owners, has added to the complexity. In addition to the Economical question of the sudden disorganization of Labor, the recent owners are inflamed against the Imperial Family, who were ardent advocates of Emancipation, for, as they say, the bold robbery of their property, sacredly guaranteed by the Constitution and Laws of the Empire. I have talked with many; some of the conversations I have related; and a general uncertainty prevails. A Revolution might not be difficult in Brazil, on account of its enormous extent of Country, and slowness, almost impossibility, of communication, Rio playing the part and standing somewhat in relation to the Empire, like Paris to France. These things, however, after awhile, might facilitate the disintegration of the Provinces and the formation of Independent Republics, should the Revolution in the Capital be successful. Nobody now is sagacious or hardy enough to prognosticate what even the near future may bring. I rather think the Empire may last during the lifetime of Dom Pedro, on account of the affection in which both he and the Empress are held for their

many kind and gentle qualities ; but should he die, the Dynasty will not be perpetuated in his Daughter, now Regent during her Father's absence, but the Empire will speedily pass through Revolution into a Republic, so-called. But I have never known greater uncertainty as to how the various elements may conflict or combine.

[These forecasts were in the main verified a short time after my visit. Dom Pedro returned from Europe, whither he had gone for his health, afflicted with a hopeless malady, it was thought—and with seemingly a new lease of life. The Revolutionists could wait no longer in their impatience to join the ranks of Republicanism, and gently unseated the kind old Emperor, and sent him and his good wife into Exile, where both have since died.—With such a population, has the Republic any more stability than the Empire?]

ON SAME STEAMSHIP, *Sunday, August 5, 1888.*

Yesterday, in the Harbor of Rio, ten or a dozen Frigate Birds came out to greet us, and adorn the sky with their splendid forms and flight ; to-day, some Boobies, for many hours, arched the Vessel's wake ; I have now seen the finest of Sea Birds in their respective habitats, save the Albatross—in a few weeks I hope to meet him, the grandest of them all, in his own home.

The day passed without incident worth putting down. I had a long talk with the Captain, who gave me much information with regard to my further travel. I leave this Ship at Montevideo—pronounced Montividaëo ; it goes on through the straits to Valparaíso, and he gave me an account of what will be my Journey there, quite pleasant to contemplate.

This is a large Ship, of forty-five hundred tons, an old Vessel lengthened and righted up, and pleasant, without being in any way elegant—the number of passengers is not large for such a Steamer. I have made the acquaintance of some of them, English and Scotch, living in Chili, now on their return from a visit to the Old Country. I gather from them what information I can of their adopted home.

The weather has been fine all day—the wind behind us—throwing the racing waves upon our stern and by us—the big Ship, regardless, well-balanced and steady, pursuing the smooth and even tenor of her way.

It is customary, you know from my former notes of travel, for Services to be held every Sunday on Board of British Vessels by a Clergyman, should one be numbered among the passengers—if not, by the Captain, from the Prayer Book of the Established Church. None were held on this Ship to-day—why, I have not been informed.

It has been delightful, walking and sitting upon Deck to-day—the Tropic heat left behind us, and the atmosphere not requiring an Equatorial Trade Wind to make life tolerable.

ON SAME STEAMSHIP,
Monday and Tuesday, August 6 and 7, 1888.

These two days have glided quietly and pleasantly away. From hour to hour we seem to be getting into cooler and cooler airs—not cold as yet, but my light overcoat is comfortable.

Flocks of Boobies are following the Ship, reminding me of their number and speed and grace on my Pacific Voyages; and among them, for the first time, I saw several of the Cape Pidgeons, not equal in size nor of the same plumage—of spotted white and black—yet, also of easy and rapid wing, for their size widespread—heralds seemingly from the Regions whither I am bound. These various Birds interest me much more, apparently, than they do my fellow-passengers; some do not even see them; some look at them for a moment, maybe;—I can watch their wonderful, long continued and powerful evolutions for hours, and never weary any more than they.

I have met several gentlemen, residents of Chili, now on their return, among them a Scotchman—Mr. Thompson—who tells me he has dyspepsia, is troubled with insomnia, and has been to Scotia for the benefit of his health. He does not look dyspeptic; rosy and stout, like Scotia's children usually are. He tells me he is dieting himself. I sit near him at table, and if this be dieting, what must his normal powers of consumption be! One such meal would cure me of insomnia, or put me in the realm of a sleep that knows no waking. I tell him, I am quite sure he is not badly hurt, and that his vigorous constitution will pull him through, which affords him great comfort in his trouble. But in spite of the dyspepsia, he is a good fellow—has given me much information about Chili, and introduced me to others who have been equally kind in their tenders of assistance.

After leaving the Harbor of Rio, we struck out Eastward for the open Sea, and have not been within sight of land since. One large Steamer going Northward has shown herself between us and shore; otherwise the Birds have been our only company. The Sky, too, has not been bright; but the greater part of the time has been overcast, and the Ocean has sympathized in its murky hue. To-day—Tuesday—a storm came up from the Southwest of great violence in wind, with torrents of rain, and startling thunder and lightning. Doubtless, this was a Pampero—one of those winds which sweep the Pampas of the Argentine—passing beyond its land-bounds and mingling its current with the moisture of the Sea.

I made the acquaintance of the Chilian Minister to England, returning to his own Country. We had several hours of pleasant talk about his Country and mine. He is a well-informed, sensible man, and told me about Chili and her condition. He says he has been appointed Attorney-General of the Republic, a lifetime Office, and is glad to cease from wandering, and return to his native land and rest. This was in the afternoon, and whilst I was writing these lines in the evening, after Dinner in the Saloon, he joined me again, and we talked till after ten o'clock. I have not time to write it.

Whilst thus engaged, the Vessel stopped, and on going out the lights of Montevideo were in distant view—pronounced *Montevideo*. I went to my Room and to Bed.

ON STEAMBOAT "SATURNO," AT MONTEVIDEO,
AND IN THE LA PLATA RIVER,
Wednesday, August 8, 1888.

It rained all night. But early in the morning I went on Deck. Two fine Steamers came out on the long voyage to Europe, and the Roadstead was thronged with Vessels of every shape and size. The City appearing, on low ground, indistinctly beyond them.

Whilst walking the Deck, another storm of more portentous bearing than that of the previous day came up; black and lowering. The Molly-Hawk or Mollemoke, another fine Bird, appeared, larger rather than the Booby, with white body and dark wings, united by a dark band across the back—a fleet and graceful creature—and it was beautiful to behold, how they all—Molly Hawk, Booby, Cape Pidgeon and Gull filled the air, and flying with apparently excited

gladness before the black cloud, welcomed its advent. The Captain says he saw an Albatross this morning. I did not see him—he is tolerably far from his usual home.

When the storm reached us I never saw a more furious downpour of rain. It beat through the canvass, that covered the Deck, like a sifter; and before I could reach the Saloon my light overcoat was wet through. It certainly knows how to rain in these Latitudes, and without apparent effort. It rained thus till near midday. The Customs and Medical Officers came out and performed their duties. The Captain had told me there would be a Tug to convey the passengers and their Baggage to this Steamboat, bound for Buenos Ayres, without the trouble of landing in Montevideo. About one o'clock it did come, fulfilling the Captain's promise.

My friend, Captain Impey, here left us, anticipating further orders in Montevideo. His ship, to which he has been ordered, being up the River Paraná. I was sorry to part with him; a pleasant fellow. Only Curran and his Sister and I are now left of our party. We came to this Steamboat together and took passage to Buenos Ayres, the rain still pouring in a manner to prevent our going into the City for the few hours we had before dark. I pass Montevideo, now, because I expect to return to it again on my way to Chili and Peru, preferring to visit the Argentine Republic first; being compelled to come back to take Steamer for the Western Coast of South America.

Before leaving the John Elder, I bade the Captain Good-Bye and thanked him for his politeness and courtesy—and, also, my new friend, the Chilian Minister to London, who gave me his Card, as Ambrosio Montt, with pressing invitation to visit him at his City residence in Santiago, or at his Villa, Vina del Mar, near Valparaiso. We found ourselves quite congenial, and he expressed great pleasure at our meeting and intercourse. I told him I would hardly be able to accept his kind invitation.

The Steamboat, on which we are, reminds one of our Fall River Boats, in style and appointment; though a small affair—crowded with passengers, with much display. The Dinner Table is quite gorgeous, decorated with vases of Flowers—a Bouquet at each plate—and any quantity of flourish and number of courses, after our best fashion. Civilization has come and established itself thus near the Antarctic circle.

The Ship got under steam whilst we were at Dinner—and whilst I write under Electric Lights in the handsome Saloon, we are steaming towards Buenos Ayres.

In the interim I will go to sleep.

The night looks unpromising. I have hope the Sun will return to us in the morning.

BUENOS AYRES, GRAND HOTEL,

Thursday, August 9, 1888.

Last evening, Curran, in view of the large crowd on the Steam-boat, some time in advance of the Dinner hour, went to the Steward and got him to assign and mark three seats at the table for himself, his Sister and me. When we went, at the proper time, to occupy them, we found a tall, broad-speaking Englishman about to take possession of them for himself and party. I asked Curran if they were the seats assigned him. He said he thought so. I told him to call the Steward, and if he said they were, we should have them at all hazards. This was said in such a tone, as to imply I meant it. The Britisher at once gave up the claim and took seats on the opposite side of the table.

This occurring before other of the passengers, he saw his mistake and considered the mode of making amends. Miss Curran had been put in a Room with two women, not at all attractive, as mates, and had promise of an uncomfortable night. He asked her across the table if she was agreeably fixed, and if not, he would gladly surrender his Room to her, which he had alone, and he would seek other quarters. This courtesy was tendered and urged in such manner that Miss Curran could hardly decline—especially considering the certainty of her passing a sleepless night, if she remained where she was.

Our Britisher, not satisfied with the polite and kind proceeding of last evening, this morning came to us and tendered his services in procuring a Boat, and seeing us and our Baggage safely ashore, and through the Custom House. This was indeed both a great accommodation and a favor; for the crowd was pressing. The Boatmen in their clamor seemed all to speak a foreign tongue. The rain, which had continued all night, was still pouring down, and our dis-

tance from shore was probably a mile. Living in the City, and knowing the Spanish Language and the people, he soon engaged a large Sail Boat, gathered his hands and had our Trunks transferred to it, and put us safely on the Landing; protecting ourselves with our umbrellas from the rain.

Not done yet, he had them carried to the Custom House and passed speedily—mine was not touched, he telling the Officer who I was. Then he had men who brought it to the Hotel—he walking with us, and making us known to the Proprietor. At first we were told the Hotel was crowded, and we could not get Rooms. But after a while we were accommodated. This is regarded as the best Hotel in the City, and is said to be always full.

I told my British friend he had quite conquered me by his kind and valuable attentions. He gave me his card—Arthur King—and said he would present me to the Club. During the day he called and left his card in my absence; and in the evening called again to escort me to the Club, whose hospitalities, he said, were open to me during my stay in the Republic. After the toils of the day I declined to accompany him. Indeed I shall not go to the Club, but will call upon him. Who can say that I am not a lucky traveller, when even my quarrels result so happily?

When we had taken our Rooms and Breakfast, we walked out, and strolled about the streets—the rain having ceased—and amused ourselves by looking in the windows. But I must not omit saying, that first of all, I went to my Bank—London and River Plate—and inquired for Letters. I am sorry to say not one has yet reached here. Indeed, I am apprehensive that none will overtake me whilst I am in the Argentine. The communicating Steamers are of such rare occurrence. But I trust mine are reaching you in regular series. I endeavor to hasten them with every opportunity.

Later in the day, Curran and his Sister and I took a Street Car and went its entire beat through the heart of the City and the suburbs. The town looks new—good and indifferent houses intermingled everywhere. The streets, many of them, though generally paved with stone, are often in a deplorable condition, and the tram rails no better. We ran off the track three times in our ride, once the Car had to be lifted back bodily by a considerable force of laborers. To properly pave Buenos Ayres will, from the nature

of the soil, require immense sums of money, especially when I am told that official thievery prevails in all governmental affairs, rivaling the Tweed Regime.

After our return we met our Steamer friend Kidder, of North Carolina, who, you remember, came on two weeks ago. He proposed that we—he, Curran and myself—should go around and visit the Stock Yards, to which we readily agreed. We looked into three or four in different parts of the City, and saw some of the prize specimens of the world gathered for sale—Horses, Cattle and Sheep. I have not yet seen Mr. Eells, whom I came on to Rio with; but the competition which meets him here, I should think, would excite his apprehension. Kidder came to the Hotel and dined with us, and we passed a pleasant evening together—he telling us what he has gathered of the City and Country during his stay. We agreed, upon separating, that we would go to-morrow and see the United States Minister, Judge Bayless W. Hanna, whom he knows, and to whom I have a Letter from Governor Jarvis.

I will close this now and mail it with the Minister, that it may, if possible, reach you by the next Steamer. I told you in No. 8 where to write to me.

With tenderest love to all,

F.

[No. 11.]

BUENOS AYRES, ARGENTINE REPUBLIC,
GRAND HOTEL, *Friday, August 10, 1888.*

My Dear Taylor,—

I mailed to-day No. 10, addressed to Margaret, with the Minister, who promised to forward it by first opportunity.

He and I fixed upon an Excursion for ourselves, and meeting at the Hotel, walked to the Station, about ten or eleven o'clock. He does not keep house, which he did when Mrs. Hanna was here. The climate did not agree with her, and she returned to the United States; since which time, he and his son Read, who is just grown, and is his Private Secretary, live together in Rooms, and have their meals out.

We took Train and ran a short distance to the City's Northern Suburbs, and visited La Recoleta, the chief City Cemetery, together with the adjacent and surrounding country and grounds, which are highly improved. Here we spent some hours in taking Breakfast at a Restaurant and in wandering about. From the Station, which is near the River, we had a view of the immense flow, reaching with its thither bank beyond the Horizon, and with hundreds of Ships of all kinds, near and far, upon its surface.

This immense River, while it makes Buenos Ayres a City now world-famous, is yet an impediment to its growth. It is the second in size of the Rivers of the world—in its flow, discharging more than any save the Amazon. But for a great distance it is very shallow, and vessels cannot approach, but have to discharge their cargoes and passengers in boats and lighters. Indeed, when the tide is out, even these become useless, and that work has to be done by means of carts—and a curious sight it presented this morning—scores of these vehicles going and coming, to and from the shore, carrying goods and people—the horses often with the water washing their flanks. It looked like a small business for a City claiming half a million of people, and growing with wonderful rapidity.

Of course, this mode of proceeding cannot continue. Already concessions have been made by the Government, and enterprise is steadily and vigorously engaged in filling up, and soon, where the water now flows, will be solid and valuable ground. Thus, too, with the expenditure for adornment. Buenos Ayres has already begun; and in the suburb of Recoleta has laid out a Park and landscaped the flat alluvium of the La Plata banks into undulations, adorned with trees and grass, and Grottoes, with strikingly accurate imitations of natural cascades and stone, rivalling the beautiful new Garden or Square of which I spoke in Rio.

Here the Judge and I walked and talked. Proceeding to the Cemetery adjoining, we strolled there, too, looking at the Vaults and Monuments with which it is now crowded; some of them costly; but none I saw, of artistic merit, worth my trouble to describe or yours to read. It reminded me of the European Cemeteries—only Burial Places—with no adornments of Nature, like those of our own Country, which in the perfection and profusion of their beauty, make us forget the sombreness of Death. Whilst there, the funeral

of some man of Military Rank arrived, accompanied by display of Carriages and soldiers—the latter, Cavalry, with a mounted Band of Music, which gave us several dirges, whilst those with guns, discharged them in honor of the dead. I observed no women in the carriages and remarked upon it; the Judge said it was not customary or considered “the thing” here for women to attend funerals.

Strolling on we passed a new House of palatial size and elegance, with spacious grounds—the drippings of the fast gathered and gathering wealth of this Southern Chicago, and near by, the plain, one story, wide-spreading home of an Octogenarian, from Boston, who has grown rich with the City’s growth. The grounds of this number probably fifteen or twenty acres, much out of order, and the Government has offered the owner a million of dollars for it, as a site for Public Buildings, which the old man declined. In front of these runs a wide, graded and macadamized Street or Road, where the people come on horseback and in Carriages to flaunt the trappings of their own or somebody else’s wealth—often the latter I am informed. This is the Rotten Row of Buenos Ayres, and this evening numbers were out, with often uncommonly fine exhibition of coaches and horses. The City is putting on the airs of an old Metropolis.

We then took a Street Car and returned to the heart of the City, and not far from my Hotel, dark coming, went to a Restaurant to get Dinner. It was in the basement—and a large and well finished Saloon. Soon as we took our seats, the Proprietors recognizing Judge Hanna came up, and he introduced me to them—one a Californian, the other a New Yorker. They told me they had been here seven months. I remarked that they seemed to be doing well; for the Saloon was well filled with guests. He said they were, but their expenses were enormous—the Saloon and Gas alone costing them twelve hundred dollars a month. We had a good Dinner, and whilst we were at the table, from time to time, gentlemen joined us and engaged in conversation until eight or ten were gathered, and we were kept till ten o’clock—one English, one Irish; the rest from the United States—Michigan, Maryland and Illinois, and we talked promiscuously with much pleasantness and pleasantry.

The Judge escorted me to the Hotel, with an engagement to go to La Plata to-morrow, a new City on the River below Buenos Ayres, and growing, it is said, with equal rapidity.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL, *Saturday, August 11, 1888.*

The day opened and continued and closed in rain. The Judge sent me word early by his son that I must not expect him—the day was sufficient apology—which it was for the Excursion we proposed. I regretted it much. I do not wish to lose a single day. But, surely, after my experience on this Tour—almost, without the exception of a day, continuous good weather, I ought not to complain.

My friend, Mr. Curran, wanted to go to see Judge Hanna on business and desired me to go with him, which I readily and cheerfully agreed to do. He represents the Norfolk and Western Road, and his mission is to introduce and inaugurate a trade in the Flat Top or Pocahontas Coal of our State with the Cities, Countries and people of South America—an object in which I cordially sympathize as a citizen of the United States and of Virginia, and in which, in my talks with the Judge, I find he heartily agrees. We are in perfect accord in the views we entertain of our Country establishing more intimate Commercial relations with this coming Continent.

It still raining very hard, Curran got a Carriage and we went together to the Minister's. The talk was what I anticipated from our former conversations, and he promised to help Curran in his scheme, and get him into communication with men of business and persons in authority.

Whilst there, Read Hanna, the Judge's son, who is a bright, active and pleasing young gentleman, proposed, inasmuch as the trip to La Plata was barred, to go to the Museum where were gathered specimens of the Wools, Grain and other products of the Argentine—this was for me a good idea and we fixed one o'clock for our meeting here. At the hour, his Father, Mr. Kidder and himself joined us, and we took a Street Car for our destination, towards a suburb of the City. Unhappily, when we reached there, the Manager was absent, and he having the key we could not gain admittance. This was a disappointment, but Judge Hanna said he knew the Manager and would make an engagement for some future leisure time. We returned and visited a selection of native Wools—sixteen specimens, handsomely constructed in a case—intended as a present to the President of the United States. After which the Judge and I strolled through some of the stores containing works of Art and the like,

and I then brought him here to dine with us, and we sat after dinner and talked till twelve o'clock.

On this Tram-ride, I again saw much of the City, and the struggle it is making through the mud and other impediments to what a Modern City is expected to be in our material age. The wretched streets, filled with holes; the loose and bobbing Rails, over which the cars run, an uncommonly complete system in its service, rivaling Rio in that respect, but by no means in lay and quality; the Houses good, bad and indifferent intermingled, located immediately on the street—business and dwelling—the latter almost if not invariably of the same old Roman-Spanish style—the centre Atrium, adorned with plants and fountains, with Rooms around and opening into it, in view through the front doorway, which generally stands open during the day, looking cheery enough in hot, and chilly enough in cold weather; the big windows always barred, with often most elaborate wrought-iron screens. These Houses, in such weather as we are having now, must be very damp. I am told they are—yet they rarely have any fire-places or flues, and their occupants spend their days in a shiver. Lately, however, I am informed, they are beginning to see the value and virtue of a little fire, and are constructing their houses with such conveniences. Some of these homes are elegantly finished and furnished—and their outside one story, and of comparatively plain, though solid appearance, often badly located, give no idea of their costly adornment and appointment within.

The Streets, most unfortunately, are too narrow, and the sidewalks over most of the City are not more than broad enough for two abreast; and, walking with a comrade, you cannot carry on a continued conversation, from the perpetual interruption caused by the passers. This is a dreadful blunder in the laying out of a City, now so great and promising to be greater, and is applicable in the older part with few exceptions, to both its new and its old thoroughfares—a blunder beyond the power of correction—save by throwing more of the wagon-way into the pavement, which cannot be done, for that itself is already too narrow for the demands of Trade.

The cars and stock are not equal to those in Rio. There mules are invariably used; here, horses. There the mules are well kept and treated; here, horse flesh is so cheap, by reason of the vast numbers raised, that no care is taken of them—they are abused, beaten and maltreated till it is pitiable to behold. Buenos Ayres is not, surely,

a Heaven for horses. Last evening young W. Puryear Massie and his friend young Wyands called to see me and sat several hours. You remember he called to see me with his Cousin, Miss Minor, a short time before I left Winchester, and told me he was coming here. He has been to see me several times at this Hotel, but I was always out. Tell Dr. Minor or the young Ladies that he is well and bright and hopeful.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Sunday, August 12, 1888.

The clouds drifted off last night, and this morning it was clear and cold. I put my thermometer outside my window and it indicated 42°—the coolest weather I have experienced on high or low ground in South America.

By agreement, Judge Hanna and his Son and Mr. Kidder joined Mr. and Miss Curran and myself here this morning at twelve o'clock, for a trip to a place called Tigre—the Tiger, literally—distant from the City about twenty miles. We went by Train along the River Bank, North of the City, passing Recoleta, Palermo and Belgrano.

The Country, though in such close proximity to the City was, most of it, in a shapeless condition—the residences generally of an ordinary character; though now and then an ambitious one appeared, showing what its future will be when Buenos Ayres fulfils its promise, and represents the Genius and developed wealth of the Republic. The Lands were, much of them, uncultivated and unenclosed, seemingly common, where broken-down horses were preparing to die—level and, after the rains we have had, dotted with pools of stagnant water. Eastward a quarter of a mile or thereabout stretched the broad Yellow waters of the River to the horizon.

On reaching Tigre—pronounced Tegræ—a small outlying Village and Resort on the narrow, though deep little River of that name, we tried to get a Steam Launch, usually there for hire, but others were before us and had gone on an Excursion with it, and we were compelled to take a Row-Boat. We proceeded down this stream to the Lujan—pronounced Luhan—into which the Tigre flows, and which a short distance to the East becomes an affluent of the La Plata. Turning up the Lujan, Westward, we continued to its junction with the Caritachuy—pronounced Carapachny—continued up the latter to an Italian's—named Calzetta—who keeps a kind of Restaurant and

place of Recreation for the people of the City, seeking rest or pleasure like ourselves.

All these streams are small, but very deep, and on the Lujan is one of the Navy Yards of the Republic, which we passed, observing several Vessels on the stocks and several Iron-clads, Torpedo Boats and Rams resting in the River. The row in the pleasant afternoon air was delightful. This is the beginning of the Spring Season here, and the banks lined with groves of willows, and Orchards of Oranges, Lemons and Peaches especially, were radiant with their fresh young leaves, and blossoms and fruit. The Peach trees were in full bloom; the Orange and Lemon, red and golden with their abundant yield. Others, pleasure seekers, were out, like ourselves, upon the water, and met or passed us. The distance from Tigre is about five miles.

This Italian, Calzetta, married an Irish woman. Judge Hanna knows them very well, being in the habit of visiting the place for recreation; and we received a cordial welcome from the old Lady, whose nationality, from her appearance and brogue, there was no possibility of mistaking. She said her husband was away from home. The House was frame and weather-boarded and plain, though quite capacious—built on brick pillars to protect it from dampness, for the whole Country here is low and watery, suggesting Mosquitoes and Malaria; though neither, they tell us, prevail. Around it are extensive Orchards promiscuously planted, of Lemons and Oranges and Peaches. They are little cared for, and yet the last is thick with bloom, and the first two many of them loaded with fruit, and quantities fallen and wasting on the ground. Walking through we ate our fill of oranges—which, not very large, were sweet and delicious. This certainly seems to be a wonderful Country for the kinds of fruit I have named. The Judge says it is, and better Peaches he never saw anywhere.

Near by is a Canning Factory for Peaches especially—operated by a young Englishman, a Scotchman and an American. The American is of the Lawrence Family of Boston: he and the English Partner, whose name I cannot recall, are absent; the Scotchman—named Hunter, from Dumfries—was at home and welcomed us heartily. He is twenty-five or thirty—a pleasant, intelligent fellow, and gave us plates of his peaches, which were excellent and well preserved—and which we enjoyed after our row and walk. We had pleasant talk about his enterprise, which he regarded as successful,

and which the Judge said was thus regarded by others. I told him of our trouble in Virginia with worms at the Root, and Frost. He said they had both to contend with—worms not at the Root, but on the leaf—and now and then heavy frosts. This latter surprised me. But he said he had known ice there quarter of an inch thick. I brought away with me, as curiosities, some of the Cocoons, which were very numerous on the trees, and especially upon the Lombardy Poplars, of which many young ones have been planted.

He was unusually polite and agreeable, and we spent an hour with him pleasantly. He had two English friends with him.

We returned to Calzetta's, took our Boat and were rowed back by our oarsman to Tigre in time for the Train, and reached the City after dark. We brought the Judge and his Son and Kidder to the Hotel, and they dined with us.

A pleasant and profitable day in the Argentine.

I ought to have mentioned that our Peach-Packing friends' habitation was of the most primitive character—frame and roughly weather-boarded—propped like Calzetta's on brick columns—without plaster and covered with thatch. The furniture equally plain, and a dozen dogs of various species spending their idle life out doors or in kennels, as Britishers generally love to have them round about.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Monday, August 13, 1888.

This day was spent in a visit to the City of La Plata. It is on the La Plata River, thirty miles below Buenos Ayres, a new place begun seven or eight years ago, and now containing, it is claimed, thirty thousand people. It is the Capital of the Province of Buenos Ayres, and it is said was founded in opposition to this City, which was once the Metropolis, both of the Province and of the Empire, its ambitious projectors hoping not only to gather some of the business from the abundance of Buenos Ayres, but also, after awhile, have transferred there the seat of Government of the Argentine Republic. Having these aspiring aims they have laid it out accordingly.

I left at ten o'clock this morning on Train, and reached La Plata in rather more than an hour. The Country on either hand was much like that I described in going to Tigre—flat, and now filled with pools, and watery looking. The land was almost entirely in grass, over which

many Horses, Cattle and Sheep roamed—some few patches in wheat, now three or four inches high, and luxuriant enough; and Peach orchards in full bloom, but not equal to those I saw yesterday. I was attracted, also, by a drove or herd, whatever it is called, of Ostriches, wandering over the plain quite leisurely.

The weather was unpromising. It had rained during the night, and the clouds and dampness foretold more. Doubtless, this kind of weather of which we have had a good deal since, and much I am told, before my arrival, has given the Country a more sobby appearance than it would otherwise have. Though it is level and low, and cannot help holding the water.

On my arrival I walked over the City, and observed the immense quantity of work that had been done, and expense incurred. These are certainly a bold people, and remind me of our own in their hazardous ventures. I was landed in a large and elegant Station. Near by stands the costly and imposing Capitol, and a little farther off other elegant Departmental Buildings of the Provincial Government—some yet unfinished. The Streets cut each other at right angles, and are well graded and paved; and wagon-ways and side-walks broad, avoiding the wretched mistake of the plan of Buenos Ayres. The Houses are in the ancient style of the Country, and that from which it was borrowed—one story—and the City built upon a flat—the houses looking flat like their site; and, for that reason, not by any means imposing. They are mostly built of Brick and plastered, and when I look at their number, put up in so short a time, I wonder at the enterprise and courage which are seemingly making this Country a counterpart of our own. They have a Port, which the friends of La Plata say, is of such vast superiority to the commercial conveniences of Buenos Ayres that trade will be drawn from this City, and La Plata grow speedily into a serious and maybe superior rival. This is in the distant future, I should think: the momentum and attractive forces of such a City as Buenos Ayres are not speedily spent if well founded—if not thus founded, both will ultimately suffer from the same causes. They have, also, a Museum at La Plata, of which they are proud; and in the estimate of her people there cannot be too high an eminence assigned to her coming greatness.

Whilst strolling about and examining the ground of this claim, the rain began again, now accompanied by wind from the East, driv-

ing it furiously, and reminding me, in unpleasantness and chill, of those from the Northeast, with which we are familiar in the early Spring and Autumn. I had to stop my walking and spent a good deal of time in the Market Place, and in the Capitol and the Station, getting from one to the other in short cessations of storm.

I lunched in the Restaurant of the Station, and at half-past four took Train to return to the City. The blow and the rain continued, and when within the suburbs of Buenos Ayres, I observed that the wind had driven the waters into and submerged the streets, and we were literally rolling through the River; and on reaching the Hotel my friends, who did not accompany me to La Plata, told me that the waters of the great current had been stirred like the waves of the Sea, and many people had gone down to the banks to witness the scene.

The Judge and Mr. Kidder dined with us again. I reached the Hotel about six o'clock, and found them there waiting for my return before going to Dinner. When I went to bed the wind was still howling and beating the windows with the rain. You see the Argentine has some of the manners of our own Country in similar seasons.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Tuesday, August 14, 1888.

The storm of wind and rain continued during this entire day, which stopped my movements, a-sight-seeing, and confined me most of the time closely to the House. But during the afternoon, Read Hanna went out with me to make arrangements for a Tour into the interior—to Mendoza, Cordova, Rosario and other, and maybe more distant points. I bought a good Map of the Argentine and adjacent countries, and saw about engaging a Guide and Servant from the Agency here, which among other things, provides for travellers. There is an Italian who attends my Room, and speaks English and Spanish, who has acted as Courier in Europe, and is anxious to go with me; and I should have been pleased to take him. But I would do nothing without consulting the Proprietor, which would have been improper and would have lost the man a permanent situation. The Proprietor was unwilling to give him up, and I, therefore, had to look elsewhere. Judge Hanna suggested this Agency and went with me to see Mr. Goddard, its Chief, who said he would send me a man

during the afternoon; which he did. When he presented himself, I found he was a fine looking young German; but evidently of stronger body than brain. Not that he was at all deficient, for he spoke English fairly well and intelligently—his name Herman. I told him to make inquiry and get some information about the Route, and report to me in the morning, and we would conclude. Mr. Goddard came, also, to my room to see if Herman suited me, and to tell me that he was a worthy man, if I chose to take him.

In our walk Hanna and I visited the best Market of the City and spent a while in strolling through it, not without admiration for its contents, both in quality and quantity. The meats, of course, were good, coming from a Country now out-ranking even our own and Australia in its reputation for Stock. The variety of vegetables, too, and their excellence surprised me. Everything we grow, and of the best—Potatoes, Celery, Beets, Parsnips, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Peas and Beans—indeed, everything cultivated with us. The people of the Argentine have abundance of the food upon which Civilized men feed.

This consumed the afternoon, or the portion of it I could snatch from the storm.

In the evening Judge Hanna and Kidder came and sat with us.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Wednesday, August 15, 1888.

The German reported this morning, and I engaged him. The Train leaves for Mendoza at half-past four o'clock, and he was to make all arrangements for our departure at that hour. Mr. Goddard came again to see me, to tender me any further assistance I might want.

Needing money I went to my Bankers—"London and Rio de la Plata"—to get it, and found the Bank closed; it being one of the Feast days, of which there are a great number, I am told, in the Republic. Unwilling to risk being without the "needful" for a traveller in a strange Country, I stated my trouble to my friends, Judge Hanna and Mr. Curran, who responded most willingly and let me have all I required.

At three o'clock my Guide came with a cart, and loading it with my Trunk and Satchel started it for the Station. We took a Street Car and followed. My Guide said the proper Station for Mendoza

was the Once : I told him I thought it was the Central ; the former is two miles or more away, and in the opposite suburbs of the City. Last night I had told him to make all necessary inquiries, which he said he had done.

When we arrived at the Once, he was informed that he had made a mistake. The Central was the one from which the Train started—a most appalling blunder—for the Train is only every other day, and the mistake would break up my plans. Of course, I was in anger, almost beyond my control, but the poor fellow was literally overwhelmed, for his blunder not only affected my arrangements, but seriously affected his reputation as a Courier, and probably would deprive him of his position in the Agency. He turned pale and was dumbfounded. I could not find it in my heart to abuse him. He said the Train formerly started from that Station and he had been misinformed in his inquiries last night. We had twenty minutes to reach the Central Station before the hour for the departure of the Train—to drive there over the rough and crowded streets was almost a forlorn hope ; yet anxious not to be thwarted in my plans, I told him we would attempt it—and to get a Carriage. He did so, we transferred our Baggage to it, and mounting told the Driver to make all haste, which he unquestionably did. We drove full speed, attracting attention by our hurry, and hard upon the horses, of which our pair happened to be unusually good for Hacks in Buenos Ayres.

As we approached we heard the final whistle of the Locomotive ; and dashing up to the Station platform, tumbled off my Trunk and traps and tried to put them in the Baggage Car ; but it was closed and sealed. We then attempted to put them on the platform of the Passenger Car ; this, too, was futile—the Train moved out, regardless. The Conductor was in the Car and did not see me, or would doubtless have delayed, and I was sufficiently prudent, independent of my Baggage, not to attempt to mount a moving Train. I stood on the Station Platform and watched it, in the deplorable state of mind and feeling of one—left.

I made Guide Herman send my Baggage back to the Hotel, and I again engaged my Room, and reflected upon my future proceedings, telling my German I would not need his services any more—for the present. My friends were not in, nor did they return before our Dinner Hour, and I took mine alone. Soon after they arrived, and Judge Hanna and his Son and Kidder with them, and we spent

the evening together, they sympathizing much with me, though glad it resulted in giving them another evening of my company. Whilst out with young Hanna yesterday, I went to a Paraguayan Store and bought some curios belonging to that Country and made by its people. Paraguay is pronounced Paragwy. They use a species of Tea called Maté—pronounced Matæ—which they regard as the *ne-plus-ultra* of drinks; not only delicious, but of wonderful tonic virtues. They imbibe it from highly ornamented and embossed cups, made of a kind of gourd, trimmed with silver and through silver tubes called Bombillas—pronounced Bombilya. I bought one of each, and some pulverised Maté. This evening young Hanna made us a cup of it, putting the Maté and sugar in, and pouring hot water upon it. Then passing it around, each drank a little of it through the Bombilla, after the fashion of the Country, and sociable, like our fathers and mothers, drank Punch and Mint-julip from the big Cut-Glass Tumbler you have, in the good days of yore. The beverage is not disagreeable, but I should infer somewhat of an acquired taste, for the natives of Paraguay especially deem it fascinating. We had a pleasant evening over it, entertaining different views, with regard to its palatableness.

Disappointed in my trip across the Argentine, I resolved, that, inasmuch as there was no train for two days, and to lose no time, that I would change my plans, and a good Steamboat leaving to-morrow morning, I would go up the Paraná and Paraguay Rivers, about a thousand miles, to Asuncion, the Capital of the Republic of Paraguay. Follow me on the map.

Not needing the money for this Excursion, having enough on hand, and if not, there being Banks in Rosario, I returned to my friends what they had kindly advanced.

ON THE PARANÁ RIVER,

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, STEAMBOAT OLIMPO,

Thursday, August 16, 1888.

Yesterday morning was clear and cool, the thermometer standing at 38°—the lowest I have experienced in South America. To-day has been everything I could wish for a River Excursion.

I took my Roll and Coffee, and at nine o'clock went to the Office of the Company and bought my ticket for Asuncion, Paraguay,

determining neither to rely on, nor have with me a Guide. My friends were not out, and I did not see them before leaving. I hired a Carriage, and, taking with me my Baggage, drove at once to the Landing, two or three miles distant, in the Boca Suburbs. Again I had an opportunity of seeing the condition and lay of the City, and again was impressed with its sobby and unconstructed state. The streets were—some paved, some unpaved; the former full of pits and dangerous; the latter a continuous mud hole. Much time must pass and millions be spent before Buenos Ayres will have a foundation. Yet the more I see of it, the more struck I am with its tide of population and trade. Certainly in these respects too much has not been said or written; it is a young Hercules, brawny but untrained. What will be its outcome?

Numbers of the lyers around waiting for a job caught sight of the Carriage as it neared the Landing, and hastened to tender their services, running with it to the Boat. One of them seized my Trunk and hurried aboard with it and my Satchel. I inquired for some one of the Officers or employees who could speak English, and a good looking fellow stepped up and said he was the Second Steward and the only one who had that tongue save the Engineers, who like himself were Scotchmen. The Steward took charge of my things and soon had me comfortably fixed in my State-Room. He is from Edinburgh, and I had a talk with him about his beautiful City, which interested him greatly. I find my now extensive travels bring me into *entente cordiale* with most of the people I meet, for what more agreeable to a man than to talk to him in a distant Country about his Native Land?

The Boat is very large and accommodated to River Travel, with Cabins on Deck and promenades around and above, and admirable for observation. It is of the same build as the one on which we came up from Montevideo to Buenos Ayres, on our arrival in the Republic, and of which I told you. I understand the Line is owned and run by English Capitalists, and for this reason I am the more surprised at the fact that a greater number of its officers and subordinates are not English speaking.

The Steward told me we would have Breakfast immediately after the Boat got under way—half-past eleven or twelve o'clock. I asked him to assign me a seat at the table, which he cheerfully did, putting me, he said, among several English gentlemen, bound on

the same Excursion with myself. There were a good many passengers; but not a crowd like that which filled the Boat from Montevideo to Buenos Ayres. The style was the same—the table adorned with Vases of Flowers and a Button-hole Bouquet at each plate, and the service quite handsome and swell. I mention these small things to show you how rapidly Civilization travels, with its attendants, big and little, in these latter days on the wings of Steam. The Argentine is moving to the front with rapid and steady strides, carrying whatever conveniences and comforts modern Science and Art have manifested in the most advanced of the Countries of the world. Can a young and undeveloped Country bear the strain?

When the hour for Dinner came I met the Britishers at table—Colonel Guinness, a retired Officer of the British Army; Mr. Nugent, once, he tells me, of the British Navy, a big, burly, regular John Bull cut of a man from London, and his Son; and a young Englishman, by the name of Davis, who lately lived in Canada, now here seeking his fortune in these Regions; the others are travellers like myself. Our association and talk at Breakfast and subsequently at Dinner have been pleasant.

In the meantime we have steamed through the huge La Plata, making an extensive circuit, they tell me, to avoid shoals and sand-bars, and have entered the narrower Paraná, its chief affluent; and when night came, on either side, far beyond the vision were extended flats, with no beauty to see or write about. Ships without number were around and about us on every hand, coming or going or anchored.

Soon after dark I went to bed. I found I had a Room-mate who could not speak my tongue, nor I his; but a quiet, cleanly man in his appearance, of whose presence I was soon oblivious, and of whom I did not think or dream; my facility for sleep dispensing with such frivolities.

ON SAME RIVER AND STEAMBOAT,
AND AT ROSARIO, *Friday, August 17, 1888.*

Another cool and beautiful day.

We reached Rosario at about six o'clock this morning and were soon cabled at a Landing. My Room-mate, after I left the Cabin, got up, and on returning I found him with his private apparatus

brewing his eup of Maté. He had his tin Box—on one side sugar ; on the other pulverised Maté ; on the top a holder for his gourd-eup and silver Bombilla, and his kettle of hot water. He invited me to partake, which I did, sucking it through the Bombilla in regulation style, and concluding with regard to its merits, as I did when manufactured by friend Hanna in Buenos Ayres.

Before Breakfast I strolled with my British friends for awhile about the streets and, after Breakfast, walked with them pretty much over the City. We called at the American Consul's—Baker—a Son of the Consul in Buenos Ayres, whom I called to see the day before leaving that City. He is a Republican, and one of those retained by President Cleveland under the Civil Service Law, and the Minister says he does not think he is friendly to him, and insidious in his enmity. I told the Judge that under such circumstances I ought to call and see him ; otherwise he and his friends might infer that our friendship was the bar. He said he had done Baker no wrong, and instead of having any objection, sent his Son along to introduce me. We saw his Son this morning, who received us very politely ; but we could not sit down, he was engaged with several persons on business ; but said he would call and see me, if possible, on the Boat before her departure. Asking him about Rosario and what it had to be seen, he said nothing but itself—a merely Commercial City—which showed all of its interest along its streets.

My Britishers and I then walked for some time, and saw that what Baker had said was true. Rosario has nothing to engage the stranger, save streets regularly laid out—narrow wagon-way and pavements like Buenos Ayres, Houses mainly of one story, Dwelling and Business in close contiguity, but surpassing the great Capital in the condition of its thoroughfares—better paved—the site being on high ground and well drained towards the River. There are many new Houses, and the old ones look in good keep, and not unworthy of its claim as the second City of the Republic, numbering, it is insisted, fifty thousand people.

I learned from the Consul that my friend Captain Impey had arrived and taken command of the Tallapoosa, now lying in the River off Rosario. I invited my British friends to join me, and the Consul said if we would go to the Landing and wave a handkerchief, the Steam Launch would be sent ashore for us. We did so, but went to the wrong Landing and failed of recognition. The

Captain of our Steamboat told us how long we would have before her departure, and we had not time to go over in a' Boat to the War Ship and return. When we steamed out, however, in the afternoon, we passed within hailing distance of the Tallapoosa, and standing on the forward Deck and calling to the Officer on the look-out, and inquiring if Captain Impey was on board, and receiving an affirmative reply, told him to say to the Captain that Governor Holliday sent him his love. In a moment the intelligence was communicated and Impey appeared, and waved me welcome and said something—his voice too feeble to be intelligible. He had pressed me with invitations to visit him on Board the Tallapoosa should I come to Rosario, and he would make the time good for me. I called that I would try to reach him on my return.

We received a goodly addition to our number of passengers at Rosario; and steamed out a while before the setting of the Sun, which left behind him a broad Sky of blue, to be occupied by the Moon, half full-grown, which supplied sufficient light to make the River and the surrounding Country, and the City in the distance on the bluff, look beautiful enough for a picture.

ON SAME RIVER AND STEAMBOAT,

Saturday, August 18, 1888.

This morning early we were in Paraná, a City of eight or ten thousand inhabitants, situated, you observe from the map, on the East side of the River and the Capital of the Province of Entré Rios, literally between the Rivers, Paraná and Uruguay—pronounced Uruguay. It is located on a bluff, and moving from it, presented a fine appearance in the bright Sun. Whilst standing on Deck enjoying the scene, a gentleman speaking English with a foreign accent tendered me information with regard to it, pointing out the uses of the conspicuous Edifices—Government House, Cathedral, Museum and Library; and, continuing our talk, he told me he was a Frenchman by birth and had lived and travelled for sixteen years in these regions.

The Province of Entré Rios is fine land, but subject to droughts which unfit it for the production of Grain; is rather famous for its fruits, especially Grapes, which grow in great abundance and of fine quality. It promises to be the Vineyard and wine section of South

America. This and the Province of Corrientes on the North, also, lying between the same great Rivers, are called the Mesopotamia of the Argentine. The latter Province is better watered, and is especially the land of herds and flocks of Cattle and Sheep.

The Paraná River's Eastern bank, during this day's run, is formed of bluffs; the Western of flat, level Country, stretching to the Horizon—much like some sections of the Mississippi—neither clothed with any large vegetation within sight. On the West lies the Province of Santa Fé, and nearly opposite to Paraná is the City of Santa Fé, its Political Capital; though not in view from the River. Rosario is the Commercial and Financial Capital; Santa Fé a place of not much import or push. The Province, next to that of Buenos Ayres, is the wealthiest and most productive in the Republic; and especially is the first in the growth of wheat, which is annually increasing.

Not long before dark we stopped at La Paz—also in Entré Rios—where there was a small transfer of merchandise and passengers to and fro. This town, too, is on a bluff, but only a few of its houses visible, most of them standing back from the River. It is not a large place, and I observed was well supplied with Peach Orchards and Orange Groves, the former red with bloom. Now and then along the River a fine Mansion would appear, the seat of some wealthy Estanciero, who had around him, not acres but Leagues of Land—a League is rather more than six thousand five hundred acres. We, also, passed a large Manufactory of Liebig's Meat-Juice, owned by a German. I understand there are a good many of them in the Argentine; the immense number of Cattle making it a fine location.

The clear, beautiful day and delightful temperature rendered the travel on the River everything one could wish to see it in its perfection. Standing or sitting on Deck, it was a pleasure to observe the majestic flow of its yellow waters; which, though now at a low stage and broken by sand bars, and sometimes with denuded, shallow banks, still is vast and impressive. Yet we never see its entire flood; for whatever channel we may take, we have islands to the right or left of us. I told you when on the Amazon the generic signification of the Indian word Paraná—not only an independent River, but a link, as it were, in its own flood, or of it with others. This morning I found the reason for the application of this generic term to this

specific River. My large map will show you how it is made up of many streams or channels on either side of the main current, or system of Paranás ; and hence its name.

This escape of its waters, by such a number of courses, makes shallows, and its navigation at a low stage, such as now, subject to bars. We are heavily laden with Cargo and passengers, and I have been apprehensive of some such delay—this morning we dragged over one. Whilst we were at Dinner, there came another halt ; which was holding when I went to bed. I trust no more of them will occur, for I have much to do, and many things and places to see in the time I have allowed myself on this side of the Continent, and every hour counts.

But the beauty of the afternoon, and the night upon the River, made some amends for its refusal to float us smoothly on our journey.

ON SAME RIVER AND STEAMBOAT,

Sunday, August 19, 1888.

The halt yesterday evening was not temporary ; it continued during the night. The Boat did not begin to move till daylight. The Captain told me it was unsafe ; for though the Moon shone brightly, it was not sufficient to enable him to clearly see and avoid the shallows and bars ; and his big Boat, now heavily laden, when once aground under her immense momentum, would be very difficult to handle. An ounce of precaution is worth in such instance many pounds of cure. Even in my fear of delay, I was satisfied his carefulness might save me much of it.

The sky was overcast most of the day, and we had some rain. Proceeding up the River, still having the Province of Santa Fé on the West, we passed the bounds of Entré Rios on the East, and into those of the Province of Corrientes. The high banks and bluffs disappeared, and on both sides extensive plains and flats succeeded. Whilst hitherto in our entire journey on the River, no cultivated fields appeared upon its banks, to-day vegetation increased in size and quantity. Trees of some proportion came in view, growing from hour to hour, and some Palm trees added their graceful plumes to the clumps of Forest, notifying us that we were getting nearer and nearer once more to the domain of the Sun's Sovereignty.

The sand flats which stretch along the Banks, and sometimes reach out from shore towards mid-River, remind me strongly of the Volga when I made its descent, and requires the same care in the management of the Vessel. This, however, is a larger and more impressive stream, and the volume of its flow seemingly much greater.

We only stopped once to-day, at the town of Esquina, which is some distance from the channel of the River, on a smaller Paraná, though in full view, upon a commanding site, from which we were reached by a Steam Launch, for freight and passengers.

Every now and then some one addresses me in broken English and a conversation ensues, which adds to my fund of knowledge of the River or the Country. To-day a young German, by the name of Kauffman, introduced himself. He has been in the Republic five or six years, and has been engaged in building Railroads, more particularly in the Province of Santa Fé, under the superintendency and auspices of John Meiggs, a citizen of the United States. He is an intelligent fellow, and his views were sensible with regard to the traits and worth of the various nationalities now resorting thither—Italian, English, German, Spaniard, &c., and their respective value in building up a State.

In the afternoon it cleared off, and the day closed beautifully. Standing on Deck I had an admirable view of the characteristics of the River; the broad sheet of the main channel, which we navigated; the Islands and strips of Land which adorned its surface; the gleam of the distant Paraná through the foliage of the trees, on either hand, showing how they were helping the chief in the performance of its work, and furnishing it the name by which it is known and distinguished.

ON SAME RIVER AND STEAMBOAT,

Monday, August 20, 1888.

Last night we proceeded till ten o'clock and then cast anchor—our Captain still exercising caution. I am told the last trip down the River occupied twelve days—the heavy and heavily-laden Boat running upon a sand-bar, which necessitated the removal of the cargo. With my present purposes, I do not complain any more than I did with my old Scotch Captain Peters, you recollect, who in navigating amid the fogs of China waters, felt quite sure that it was “better to be safe than be sorry.”

On getting out, as heavy a fog prevailed as I ever saw on the Chinese Coast, and it was ten o'clock before it was sufficiently dissipated to enable us safely to move on. After that, the day was brilliant. Again the Eastern Banks of the River became high—called *Barrancas*—with clean cut front of twenty or thirty feet or more, showing the strata of their formation, reminding me in this, too, of portions of the Volga, forming *Mesas* or table land, extending out of vision in the distance; sometimes of open field where horses and cattle roamed; sometimes with habitations, about which were numerous and luxuriant Orange Groves. Now and then, too, we observed Meat-Juice Manufactories like those I have hitherto described.

The atmosphere is growing perceptibly warmer going Northward, and vegetation assuming more and more Tropical types—thicker growths, and often covered abundantly with lianas; beautiful with their tendrils and flowers. The habitations, however, are not frequent, and little or no cultivated land. A vast population can yet find homes in these regions, and there still be room for more.

On the West the Country continues flat, with heavier and larger forests. About midday we stopped at the Port of Goya, in *Corrientes*, which lies five or six miles inland, and unloaded three or four well-bred horses, which were lowered into the water by derrick and made to swim a hundred yards or more ashore; in a little while they were mounted and off, one of the riders being a big, fine looking Negro, the first I have seen upon the River. I understand they are very rare hereabouts.

I forgot to say our party was added to in Rosario by two young Englishmen—Ashworth and Elliott, the former of very wealthy family from Manchester—who live and are seeking their fortunes in Argentina. Now there are six Britishers and myself, and we are together harmonious, and sit at table side by side in amity and peace as though the Lion and the Eagle are, and have ever been, perpetual friends. The young ones fish from the Boat Deck a good deal of their time, but without much luck, having only brought up a few big, ugly fish, not unlike our cat.

At sundown we anchored at O'Campos, on the Santa Fé or Western side, the Port of a large and thrifty Colony, three miles inward, of Germans and French, numbering three or four thousand. Strange to say, whilst these people quarrel and fight in Fatherland, here they

rather like to live together, and in settling seek each other's association. This Colony of blended Franks and Teutons is flourishing and growing in numbers and wealth.

Hardly had we anchored near the shore, and taken our seats at Dinner, than the Saloon, lighted with electric burners, was filled with swarms of voracious, vigorous Mosquitoes, another evidence of the warmer regions we are reaching—an evidence I would cheerfully dispense with. I shut my Cabin door and window, and put out the burner, and hope I will have none of their company to-night.

After Dinner Mr. Nugent and I went ashore and walked among and into the humble habitations of the people settled there. He gave one of the women the Cigarette he was smoking, to light one he had already presented her; but she regarding it a second donation, put it in her mouth and smoking it contentedly, slid the unlighted one into her pocket for future use. The contents and furniture were humble like the huts themselves. The inmates, men, women and children, were busy smoking or sucking Maté through pewter Bombillas from their gourd-cups, with few indications of civilized life around them.

ON THE RIVERS PARANÁ AND PARAGUAY,

SAME STEAMBOAT, *Tuesday, August 21, 1888.*

The Mosquitoes, which gave us such inhospitable reception last evening at the Colony, did not follow us when we moved on up the River, and I had a comfortable night, free from their molestation; this morning the Boat was rid of the pestiferous creatures.

I went to bed early. During the night, at a small town called Bella Vista, the Governor of the Province of Corrientes came aboard, with a Band of Music and a company of Soldiers. The people on shore honored their departure with a salute of Rockets and Bombs, and small arms and shouts, which they tell me were enough to arouse the Seven Sleepers, but which in no wise broke my slumber, so soundly do I sleep on travel. When I saw the party this morning I had nothing to regret, and could amiably enjoy their toggerly and music. The Governor was dressed in citizen's dress, and was a respectable looking man of forty-five or fifty.

When we reached Corrientes, the Capital of the Province, a town of ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, about nine o'clock, the same

fussy proceedings were gone through with to welcome his Excellency and suite on their return. After the Vessel anchored in mid-River, they disembarked in small Boats; and when we had Breakfasted we ourselves went ashore and spent an hour or two in walking through the town. The Sun shining brightly, my umbrella was useful. The place is regularly laid out, and has some good houses, a few fine conspicuous residences. The old Government House built by the Spaniards still stands; the new one, a handsome affair, is not yet finished. The Legislature was not in Session, and I was deprived of the opportunity of seeing the Representatives of the State or Province of Corrientes. The City looked quiet and sleepy; some said, being the heat of the day, the people, naturally "tired," were taking their Siesta; others, that it was, anyway, a dead place, its business having passed to other competing points, and now kept alive simply by being the Capital. It is handsomely located on high ground, and approaching or receding on the River, looks well with its Government Houses and two conspicuous Churches—one seemingly old, the other new.

A run of ten or twelve miles brought us to the junction of the Paraguay River with the Paraná—the latter, on which we have travelled so long, comes in with its broad current from the East; the former joins it with much narrower flow from the North. We now leave the Paraná, and continue our journey up the Paraguay. This junction is seven hundred and fifty miles from Buenos Ayres, and five hundred and ten from Rosario; and we are still two hundred and forty from Asuncion, our destination.

Before reaching the Paraguay, Jacarés or Alligators began to show themselves on the banks of the Paraná. Our party and several others brought out their guns and used them towards the creatures, lying in the sun with apparent security and contentment. I employ the word towards and not on, for few if any of the bullets fired took any effect. Want of skill or the motion of the Boat were greatly to the advantage of the Alligators; though the missiles struck near, they often would not move them from their rest: sometimes they would roll or glide quite leisurely down the muddy bank into the water and disappear.

When we got fully into the Paraguay, they became much more numerous, and often half a dozen of the beasts would be sunning themselves in close proximity. I have never seen them anywhere in

such numbers, and evidently not in the habit of being disturbed; for they did not regard at all the sound or approach of the big Boat.

The scene after entering the affluent grows in interest and beauty. It is much narrower than the parent stream. The Banks become more densely clothed with more Tropic verdure, and with nearer and greater variety of Landscape. Yet you must not infer that the Paraguay is small: it, too, is grand, and anywhere on the Globe would be called a Majestic River.

Towards sundown we came to the Port of the Colony of Las Palmas, founded and cared for by one Hardy, an Englishman. It is flourishing, I am told, situated a few miles inland, and principally engaged in the cultivation of Sugar. The Port presents a healthy, thrifty look.

A short distance further on we arrived at Humaita, the place where the Second Lopez made his famous stand—barring with a chain the River below. The Sun had set, and the Moon shone with such brilliant light that we could distinguish many objects along the shore. The old Church was easily in sight, which subjected in that day to cannonading, now stands stark, its openings luminous as from an inner light, a fair likeness of some Mediæval Ruin. The story of the sufferings here endured have scarcely yet been fully told.

Paraguay has had a hard time in its struggle for Nationality. The Jesuits came here, and to the territory adjoining called Misiones, in early times, and were of great service to the natives in teaching them the arts of Civilized Life. When driven out by orders from Spain, having no successors; the Indians whom they had greatly benefited lapsed, and to the present day this unfortunate people have delightful traditions of the good times when Jesuit leadership prevailed.

When the Country proclaimed its Independence of Spain, Dr. Gaspar Francia subtly seized the reins of Government, and held it for years in undisputed sovereignty as Dictator. He was a man of unquestioned force and learning, and whilst his rule was rigid, it was well for his ignorant and simple people. He closed the Country to the world, and secluding himself from public view, a Veiled Prophet, reigned both by mystery and the power of his will, and his life upon the whole was doubtless good for Paraguay. No man has become conspicuous in South America, around whom such interest is gathered, as Francia, and whose true work and character we would take such

pleasure in knowing. Carlyle was captivated by the mysterious story of his life, and in his sketch, has added much to its special and Historic interest. And could his successors, we are inclined to think, have been his equal, and pursued the same courses, Paraguay might have been, doubtless, held in tutelage, but would have been free from many dreadful scenes. Perhaps he was the Jesuits' Agent in disguise.

Carlos Antonio Lopez succeeded, and though low and tyrannical, progress and prosperity in a measure continued. Then came the Second Lopez, unequal in ability to his predecessors, with frightful reputation for cruelty and other vices, and wars external and internal followed; and when the Drama closed, poor Paraguay had lost nearly half its territory, and its population been reduced from 1,340,000 to 220,000, of whom only 29,000 were men, the remainder being women and children. Such ruin and fatality stand almost alone in History. The account given of this Second, Solano Lopez by Washburn, United States Minister to Paraguay during his Rule, presents a character in fierce brutality surpassed by none, even of the worst of the World's Imperial Monsters.

ON THE RIVER PARAGUAY AND AT

ASUNCION, ON SAME STEAMBOAT,

Wednesday, August 22, 1888.

Last night we passed the town of Pilar about eleven o'clock, and young Elliott got off, and we lost him to our party of Britishers. I was in bed and did not see him. At six o'clock in the morning we halted awhile at the Colony of Formosa, nearly opposite which, in Paraguay, is the small town of Villa Franca.

Moving on up the River we have Paraguay on the East, and what was once called Grand Chaco on the West; now divided into the two Gobernacions or Territories of Chaco and Formosa. This extensive Region used to be called the Desert of Chaco; a misnomer in our sense of that word, for it is covered with fine forests. It might be called a Wilderness, because it has been scarcely fully explored; now regarded as a valuable Domain for future settlement. The word Chaco signifies a Laguna or Lake, there being one of great magnitude in its midst. The Territory of Formosa extends on the West during our entire run to Asuncion, and the River Pilcomayo, the Northern boundary, between it and Paraguay, comes in not a great while before reaching this City of Asuncion.

The scenery increases in beauty from hour to hour, the vegetation becoming more tropical and luxuriant. The Banks on both sides, neither flat nor high, but averaging some fifteen or twenty feet above the flow, now and then showing an humble settlement, with herds and flocks and Orange Groves. But these are very few in comparison with the Country's vast extent; and the Philanthropist of Malthean tendencies would gather almost infinite hope that the crowded populations of the world can for many generations yet to come find homes and subsistence here. The Country gets more undulating, and coming nearer to Asuncion, small Mountains and hills lift themselves in sight; and rounding the bend in the River, Asuncion itself appears, it and the beautiful surroundings of water and land ten-fold heightened by a golden Sunset. Nature above and below conspired to make my advent to this far-off place poetic like its own romantic History. And certainly this is not diminished, when the huge unfinished Palace walls, and the Arsenal, and the Mausoleum and other structures of Lopez' ambitious projected Empire, are pointed out to me from the Deck, standing among the humbler houses of the people, whose fathers and brothers suffered such fearful hardships helping their brutal Dictator in his schemes.

Steaming up the River, I continuously enjoyed the outlook from the Steamboat's Deck—the wooded Landscape varied by Campos here and there; the forests, the fields, and the River enlivened by Birds, of all sizes, kind and plumage, whose names I do not know; and along the Banks, Alligators, big and little, sunning their ugly carcasses, increasing in number till they appeared at times in shoals of from fifty to a hundred, with the confidence that they were necessary to complete the scene, equally with the creatures which filled the air with their graceful forms and colors. My Britishers and some others of the passengers kept up a constant fusilade upon them, but without any effect apparently, save now and then to stir them from their rest and send them slimily to the River. Their number is such that now they are hunted for their skins—a party recently came up from Buenos Ayres and returned with several thousand: this has not been continued long enough to diminish either their number or confidence. That day, however, will not be long a coming.

The weather perceptibly grew warmer and warmer. Moving Northward, a North wind—the Norte here called—met us, and coming from Equatorial influences, converted our hitherto genial

temperature into Tropic heat. This wind in these regions is regarded with the aversion of the Sirocco; and much complaint is heard of its unnerving and debilitating effects. I only felt that it had brought quite rapidly much greater heat. Sometimes this Northern wind is met by one coming from the cooler regions of the South—the Pampero—and in an incredibly short time, the Thermometer falls, as under the chill of our own Texas Norther, accompanied, too, not unfrequently and naturally by deluges of Rain, like that which, you will recall, confronted us on our approach to, and arrival in the Argentine.

My British friends and I resolved that we would remain, if possible, on board the Boat, the fare and attention being excellent, could permission be obtained; we thought it better than the probable accommodation of a Hotel. We readily obtained this permission. On arriving in Asuncion, we find there is a Landing; thus we can move off and on with convenience. Our only apprehension is the Mosquitoes. Risking these, I did not go ashore to wander around; some of my friends did. I chose the better part, and went to bed.

ASUNCION, ON SAME STEAMBOAT,

Thursday, August 23, 1888.

The night was very warm, and the morning came, equally so. I anticipated a hot day.

My British friends and I walked out after taking our Coffee, and strolled through the town to see what manner of place it is. It has a Tramway, which is laid along streets yet unpaved, and deep with sand; the sidewalks are quite well set with Brick or Stone. It has one chief street, upon which are the principal Houses—some of them solid, substantial and handsome, of the style I have already described in other places, evidently indicating improvement. Situated on this street, which extends the length of the City, are also the principal Hotels, the stores, Public Offices, Market and other important structures.

We first visited the Market with most interest, because it was calculated to give us the best idea of the people of the Country; and in this we were not disappointed. It is an extensive rectangular structure, enclosing a large area, where the vendors are congregated. Its outer walls facing on the streets are surrounded by pillared corridors,

which, also, are occupied by those who have commodities for sale. The spaces in and out were crowded, and in confirmation of what is said of the enormous disparity in number of the sexes, among several hundred selling there, we could count only four men. The women had charge of all the booths and stands save these four—even to the Butcher's stalls. They can hardly in the general be called a pretty Race, though carrying burdens on their head has given them a portly gait; and their costume—loose fitting garments, with white veils or shawls covering their head and shoulders, give them an attractive mien and bearing. Whilst their features are not generally regular, their countenances are amiable, nor does the fact that old and young have a long cigar between their lips, detract from their appearance, as you would infer, for their teeth are sometimes good and white, and their apparel uncommonly pure and clean. Some of them, too, are very pretty with their reddish olive skin, and they seemed in friendly mood, greatly to enjoy our curiosity whilst we strolled among them. I have seen nothing of the women anywhere in strange countries calculated to excite one's interest more, taken in connection with their sad story, since I visited Yucatan; though not equal by any means to the Yucatanjos in regularity of feature and personal beauty.

They belong to the Guarani Race of Indians, the most numerous and advanced of the tribes of Eastern South America, as the Quichuas of the Western, which latter were the people that left the Monuments of Inca Civilization, much of which Pizarro and his horde plundered or destroyed. The Jesuits early came here among them, and teaching them many of the Arts of Peace, moulded them into a docile, law-abiding people, and their Vocabulary into a written tongue, in similar manner as the Protestant Missionaries did the Hawaiians, and as it is now spoken and written, said to be a soft and mellifluous Language.

Walking among them, and their commodities strewn around them in the Market, they took amiable notice of our curiosity and met our inquiries with merry laughter, we affording amusement to them equal to that they afforded us. It was hard to realize that some of them witnessed the frightful ordeals of the war which closed its orgies in 1869, when Solano Lopez, captured by the enemy, met his own doom from musketry.

On our return we stopped at the Hotel, where our Consul, Frank D. Hill, has his quarters. I saw him and was received with greatest

courtesy and kindness. He said he had heard I was on board and was glad to welcome me to Asuncion. He is a young man, probably thirty years of age, from Minnesota. He said he would come to the Hotel at eleven o'clock, after Breakfast, and go out with us on Excursions in and about the City.

At the appointed hour he came, and we—Mr. Nugent and his Son, Mr. Ashworth, Colonel Guinness and Dr. Sumer—resolved to take a Boat and row into some of the Lagunas and see the *Victoria Regia*, which we had read bloomed in rich luxuriance there. I had hoped to see it on the Amazon, when voyaging on that River, but met with disappointment—none of it appearing anywhere I went. Here, too, we were doomed to disappointment. Though we rowed up small streams, their shallowness sometimes compelling our two good-natured and hardy Guaranis to wade and push, helping us from the Boats to land upon their backs or joined hands, and then walking from Laguna to Laguna several miles, not a single Royal Flower rewarded our search and labor. Maybe they have been destroyed; maybe in this, their Winter time, they do not bloom—I do not know. But travellers tell us they have seen them hereabouts blooming Imperially in this month of August. Certain it is, not one rewarded us with an exhibition of its glories. The only advantage of our walk and row was seeing the Country we traversed.

Coming back, and having plenty of time, we resolved to leave our Boat, and walking a mile or two across the Country, take the Tram to Recoleta, three miles out. This, you know, is the City's Cemetery. Near by, there is an excellent Hotel, a favorite Resort, where we ordered some refreshments; and whilst they were making ready, visited the Chapel and inspected the Tombs and Mausoleums, all of which, nearly, were well cared for, and some costly and ornate. Among them the Consul pointed out to me the marble Monument, erected by Madame Lynch, over the remains of an infant child. This Madame Lynch is regarded as the evil genius of Solano Lopez—the Lady Macbeth of his sorry Life—a handsome, unscrupulous and wicked Irish woman, the wife of an English Officer, who left her Husband in Paris to become the partner of the weak and cruel Lopez in his mad search for Empire. Some of her children by Lopez she seems to have called Lynch; this Infant is thus named upon the Stone; some are called Lopez—by this name, the two young

men, Sons of Lopez, are known, whom I met in Buenos Ayres. I am told this woman prompted the Dictator to many of his horrid crimes, and after his death she came to Asuncion in a French Man-of-War, and disembarking went to a Hotel. The people hearing of it, men and women, met, and petitioned the authorities to expel her from the Country. She retired to Paris, where she ended her miserable life, tortured by the "deep damnation" of her many crimes.

[That I might not be hurried, the Consul said he would, on one of his visits hereafter to Recoleta, transcribe the Inscription upon this Tombstone and send it to me, which he kindly did in the following Letter, received by me on my return home.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE, ASUNCION,
PARAGUAY, *September 20, 1888.*

My Dear Governor,—

I went out to the Recoleta yesterday for the first time since your Departure.

The Inscription upon the Tombstone of the child of Madame Lynch is as follows :

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF CORINNA ADELAIDE
LYNCH,
BORN AUGUST 6TH, 1856,
DIED FEBRUARY 14TH, 1857.

ERE SIN COULD BLIGHT, OR SORROW FADE,
DEATH CAME WITH FRIENDLY CARE,
THE LOVELY BUD TO HEAVEN CONVEYED
AND BADE IT BLOSSOM THERE.

You will recollect that the Base is of Granite, surmounted by a Cast-Iron Railing. On this Base, extended outward, is the word "ENTRADA"—ENTRANCE—to the Tomb of course. On the white marble block there hung yesterday a Wreath of black and white ; not there when we visited it. Upon inquiry I found that this had been placed there by order of Henrique Lopez [Solano Lopez' Son].

The great Book on Paraguay is that of Washburn, U. S. Minister here from 1861-68. It is worth all the rest put together, and is the only ambitious attempt to write the History of this peculiar people.

My friend, Dr. Stewart, who was Surgeon-General of Lopez' Army during the War, and now H. B. M. Vice-Consul here, has a Book in Press. No living man is so well qualified for such a work. When the Book appears I shall take pleasure in sending you a copy, if you like.

Anticipating your safe arrival at Home,

I am, and with High Respect,

FRANK D. HILL.

GOVERNOR HOLLIDAY,

Winchester, Va.]

We took our refreshments, and mounting Tram, returned to the City in time for Dinner—six o'clock. The Country we visited to-day would not give one glowing visions of a future El Dorado for Paraguay. Not much cultivated land appeared—thickets and scrub were all about; now and then the habitation of some wealthy man, among them an Iron House built by one of the distinguished individuals of the Republic, to try the efficacy of a mansion of that material against the fury of the Sun, which in the Summer, knows how to manifest his power. From its looks, I think the occupant will be roasted.

To-day has been an illustration of the alternate sudden influences of the Norte and Pampero. The Norte of the morning and yesterday, which had almost instantaneously lifted us into Tropic heats, whilst we moved, was changed into a Pampero, which, bringing its cooling agencies, commingled the elements and covered the Sky with clouds, and filled the atmosphere with mist and drizzling particles of rain, and the Thermometer fell many degrees. A light garment without a vest was comfortable in the morning; in the afternoon, when we returned, a light overcoat would have been welcome.

The Dr. Sumer whom I have named on this and previous days, I did not know till Dinner was a Physician. Of that fact we learned, and he entertained us at the meal by giving us his experience in the horrible cholera Epidemic at Tucuman, a year or two ago, when more than six thousand perished, out of a population of scarcely twice that number.

His story was graphically told, and ghastly enough.

ON THE PARAGUAY AND PARANÁ RIVERS,
AND AT VILLETA, ON SAME STEAMBOAT,
Friday, August 24, 1888.

Our friends, save Colonel Guinness and myself, went to Paraguari, fifty miles distant by Rail to-day. It is a small place of no import in itself; their object was more to see the Country. This being my only day left in Asuncion, I resolved I could better utilize it in the City. They left before daylight, expecting to get back about dark. Colonel Guinness agreed with me, and our day was spent together.

After taking our Coffee we walked out, and at nine o'clock went to the Hotel by appointment with Consul Hill, who said he would stroll with us and visit chiefly objects of interest we had not seen, and revisit some we had.

We first went to the Market, of which my inspection yesterday had not wearied me, and again my curiosity was satisfied by these interesting Guarani people; and then to the Public Square, where stands a Column, which, on one side, tells how Asuncion was founded in 1526, a century or thereabouts before the Mayflower emptied its contents on Plymouth Rock, or Captain Smith inaugurated the Story of the Old Dominion; and on another, how Paraguay in 1811 began her independent career; then to the House where the Parliament meets, in which there is only one Chamber—the Senate and House of Deputies meeting on alternate days. Neither House was in Session, the hour of meeting—one o'clock—not having arrived. The Chamber is small, but things about and in it were in good order. The House, in which it is, overlooks the River—situated on its high bank.

Walking thence, we visited the Cathedral which Solano Lopez built, a large and costly structure, finished and now in use. Not far off are the walls of an immense brick Theatre, which remains unfinished and uncovered, another Monument of the man's towering ambition, where he hoped to gratify his own and his subjects' pleasure, when he had laid firmly the foundations of his Barbaric Empire, and, perchance, the mob would cry for "*Panem et Circenses.*" Near by this, is the Old Cathedral where Francia's remains were buried, and whence, it is said, they were taken and thrown into the River near by; some say, by Carlos Lopez his successor, and the Father of Solano Lopez, the Monster.

Not far off, and on the River Bluff, stands the unfinished Palace of Solano, the largest and most conspicuous structure in the City, dominating the scene, built of stone, its back windows, from clean wall, overlooking the water. The Building forms three sides of a square with open pillared corridors around, which enclose an area, fronting City-ward on a large Square; the centre front adorned by a handsome Portico, with Corinthian Columns, its balustrade guarded by two Monolithic Lions. The Edifice is in wonderful preservation, under all the circumstances, and we easily ascended to the upper stories upon a Grand Stairway of Stone. This Palace was built by Italian workmen, who well knew their craft; as, likewise, was the Theatre.

Near by is the House, a long, low one-storied structure, now used for Police Quarters and Barracks, where, we are told, the Dictator's Dungeons were, and where the recusant and troublesome were confined till his pleasure or death relieved them, the horrors of which, and of their contriver, are graphically told by Masterman, an Officer of the British Navy, who fell into Lopez' hands and under his displeasure, and was therein confined for many months.

On the chief street—Las Palmas—of which I have already spoken, stands the Mausoleum Lopez built to hold his own Body, when the time came for him to lay aside the Sceptre and the Crown of his projected Empire. It is constructed of Brick, and the outer walls, with the Columns and Domes, are finished; built, also, by Italians after the model of the Des Invalides—and an elegant structure it is, in its admirable proportions and wonderful preservation—the Arches and groins, and graceful span of Dome, all of brick, are simply perfection. This Building the Government proposes to finish and convert into a National Museum of Art: an admirable disposition of it. The unfinished Palace will be the future Houses of the Republic's Congress. The big Theatre, I believe, they have yet found no use for—too large for anything, but the Dictator's Imperial Visions, it stands for him a sign; whilst in sight they are building an excellent Opera House, large enough for the humbler aspirations of a Republic's Capital.

These things appear and read like a dream, and the wonder is how they could have been done in this so-called enlightened Century; within our own times, in a Country small and poor, for Solano Lopez

succeeded his father Carlos in 1862, I think, and was himself killed in 1869. He used, it is said, small sums of money ; but his people, organized into an Army, he made laborers, and works were done in an incredibly short space of time ; like Dandles, the ruthless Dutch Governor of Java, you remember, constructed the magnificent Roads, which are now such blessings to that Island, by the enforced labor of the gentle Malays, a people in some of their characteristics much like these.

The wonder grows, when we consider Lopez' crimes, reviving the Story of the Roman Emperors in wickedness ; he is believed to have poisoned his father, that he might the sooner get the purple. He murdered his Brother, then Bishop of Asuncion ; his Mother, a Guarani, horrified at his inhuman deeds, said she had borne a Tiger, not a man ; and he ordered her to be whipped, which was done ; his Sister suffered at his hands the same brutal indignity, because she incurred the displeasure of him and his paramour. She now lives in Brazil, and is the wife of an Officer of that Country's Army.

I think you will agree with me, that my visit to Paraguay and Asuncion has not been without interest. In the rapid summary I have given of its Fortunes, gathered from my conversations and observations here, few countries can rival little Paraguay in the poetic and romantic story of its Life, and that of its brave, but gentle people. For taught obedience by their best friends, the Jesuits, in their wars they fought with unconquerable courage and surrendered their lives at the command, it may be, of brutal men, whom they believed to be their lawful Rulers. It is a beautiful Country ; but of scattered and poor population, and only the tide of Immigration, now setting hitherward, can develop its resources. The origin of its name, I am informed, is this : when the Spaniards came up the River, they found the Indians fishing with nets ; on inquiring of them the name of the Country—they thinking the inquiry was with regard to their occupation—answered Paraguay, which means that occupation, or something similar in sound ;—hence the Country's name. Not unlike the origin of Peru ; which arose from a similar misunderstanding of an answer to inquiry made in strange tongues.

But to proceed : The Consul then took us to the top of the Hotel, whence we had an extended view over River and Country, which presents a beautiful amphitheatre of water and vegetation ; and .

then to the Arsenal Lopez built to help him defend his works. Returning to the Boat, he Breakfasted with us, and afterwards he and I went out again, and I tried to buy a piece of silver for the Set, but without success. I bought, however, a Poncho—a shawl or blanket, with a hole for the head through its middle, the common overwear of the Country—and a Lace Handkerchief from a native woman, wrought by her, which framed, will make a handsome ornament for our wall. After having a few stitches put in my shoes by a shoemaker, and visiting some of the shops, our kind and friendly, and obliging Consul and I parted.

At four o'clock the Steamer started on our return down the Rivers. The Colonel and I bought tickets to Rosario, determining to go thence, across the Continent, to Cordova and Mendoza. The understanding is that our friend will overtake us by a small Steamer at Villeta, where we stop to take on a Cargo of Oranges—the Train which brings them not being due in Asuncion till a later hour than that of our departure.

The commingling of the elements, which I spoke of yesterday, cleared the atmosphere during the night, and the morning brought us the perfection of a day—the Sky cloudless and the air cool enough to walk without an umbrella; a change of not less than twenty or thirty degrees. Such changes produced by similar causes are not unfrequent here, they tell me.

We reached the Port of Villeta at about sundown, and forthwith cabling to the wharf, we began to load our Oranges piled in immense heaps in a shed, connected with the Steamer by a good, substantial platform. There were, also, meantime, Ox-Carts coming in, laden with the golden fruit, grown in the adjacent Country. The loading was done almost entirely by Guarani women, with clean, flowing garments, in wicker-baskets, which they bore on their heads, walking in long file to and fro; most of them, young and old, with cigars in their mouths, with jubilant song and laughter, like, the Poets tell us, the maidens do in Wine Lands in the Season of the Vintage. These are, manifestly, a poor people, but they surely bear their poverty with light and hopeful heart.

The evening and night were cool enough for my overcoat, yet these thinly clad women and girls kept up their work cheerfully till the hours of the Morning.

ON RIVER PARAGUAY, SAME STEAMBOAT,
Saturday, August 25, 1888.

Early this morning the Colonel, the Doctor and I were up by agreement to go ashore and visit the Village of Villeta, a half mile or thereabouts from the Landing. The women and girls were again at work ; they had finished the piles yesterday, stored in the sheds, and were now carrying the Ox-Cart loads that were coming in, filled with the yellow fruit. The road we took towards the Village was lined with them, showing the abundant crop ; and we saw the flourishing Groves, some stripped, some still burdened with Oranges, apparently numerous as the leaves. The Captain said, when the loading was done, he would have a Cargo of three hundred thousand.

Our visit to the town was very interesting. It is small, and the houses are strewn in a straggling way along broad streets—the doors and windows were open, and we could see the little rooms. The Houses were one story, some built of stone, some of light timber or poles, plastered with mud inside and out ; the floors generally of the naked earth, and the furniture very scant, yet everything nice and clean, like their occupants. Our Doctor spoke the Guarani tongue, and pleasant words were passed ; the women and children, for we saw few men about, greeting us with hospitable air.

Through one of the open doors, I observed a young woman working at a piece of the celebrated Lace, of which I have spoken, and the Doctor, asking permission, which was cheerfully granted, we went in to see the process. It was very simple ; she had a Square of Linen cloth upon a common frame, and she followed with her needle the pattern marked upon it. When the figures were finished and fastened, the linen was simply cut away, leaving the thread fashioned into Lace. They were taught this fine work by the Jesuits centuries ago, and the art has been handed down for generations. In their education they taught the simple natives to imitate Nature, and in this exquisite Lace Work, they follow the fashion of the spider's web. I had already supplied myself in Asuncion, but Colonel Guinness bought a handkerchief. The room opened on the street and the floor was the earth, a simple deal table occupied the centre, at which a little boy was studying his Guarani Spelling Book, and a few chairs set about, which the girl and her old mother politely and gracefully invited us to occupy. A Bed filled one corner, over which was

spread a coverlid of spotless white, trimmed elaborately with fine Lace of their own workmanship; though things looked poor there, more cleanliness and quiet respectability I never saw. They were gratified at our visit and the purchase, and expressed their pleasure in the same quiet way.

Walking on we passed two Schools—one for boys, and one for girls, from which the hum of many voices came; the little clean, plainly dressed things studying their lessons aloud. The boys of one of them during recess, came out, and all took off their hats politely. Surely the Jesuit Lessons of obedience and respectful deportment have not been forgotten yet by the descendants of those who learned them; and it is sad to know that they will not avail to hold their Fatherland in this age of Material Progress and force; but strangers must come to develop the resources of a Country said to be very great, and they, in course of time, must pass away, leaving only the memory of their sufferings and devotion.

When the loading of the Oranges on the Steamboat was done, the women and girls crowded into a sailing vessel, to be taken to another point of labor; apparently, in their white shawls or veils, contented as if going to a Feast. About midday our friends arrived in a smaller Steamer, and told us of their journey to Paraguari and its incidents; how the Train ran off the track, and nearly the whole night and day were consumed in going to and fro, which quite reconciled us to our choice. The Country, they said, became more picturesque towards the interior, small Mountains appearing in the Landscape, but nothing especially distinguishing to excite our regret that we had not gone.

Mr. Nugent said that a gentleman came down in the Steamer with them and was aboard, from my Country and probably State, named Captain Hunter Davidson, who said he knew all about, and wished to meet me. The Consul had told me of him, and I had gone to his room in Asuncion, but he was out. He afterwards, on the Deck, introduced and told me of himself, a tall, good looking gentleman, with gray hair and beard, a native he said of Fairfax County. He married a Miss Keys of Maryland. He came to the Argentine in 1872, and in the employ of that Government; was an officer in the United States Navy; came South and became one in the Confederate; where he remained during the War. He is living alone at Villa Rica, fifty-nine miles beyond Paraguari, near the centre of Paraguay—the Map will show you. His children are scattered over the world: a

daughter married in England; a son, Chief Engineer of a Railway in Australia, and all doing well. He says he thinks Paraguay a Country of large resources; Villa Rica, a small town, where he lives, has a climate he prefers to Virginia—not so hot, nor so cold. He says it is, too, at this time a fine Country for speculation; the Consul—Mr. Hill—likewise expressed the same opinion. Immigrants and Capital are flowing in, and Paraguay has a boom, not unlike those which our own Country is subject to. Captain Davidson, however, thinks a new people must develop its resources; though he takes the same view of the amiable and gentle qualities of the inhabitants which I have expressed, he does not think they can make Paraguay what she ought to be from her many advantages. I was glad to meet him, which pleasure he manifestly reciprocated, and we sat and talked of Virginia and Paraguay, and their fortunes and people till nine o'clock p. m., when the Boat reaching Formosa, we parted. This is a Military Post, and the Capital of the Territory of Formosa, and he is on his way to pay a visit to General Frothingham, an Irishman, its Governor.

During the night, Mr. Nugent and his son left us at Villa del Pilar, to spend a few days hunting with Mr. Elliott, who, you remember, got off there on our way up. Thus our party is diminishing; they say they will join us again in Buenos Ayres.

ON RIVER PARANÁ, SAME STEAMBOAT,

Sunday, August 26, 1888.

Yesterday was a delightful day upon the River. To-day has been its equal. Fortunate I have been in my visit to Paraguay: the weather and events have so tided and favored that I have enjoyed it greatly, and gathered knowledge of, and about the Country and people, and their queer history. The Jesuits and Francia, and Carlos and Solano Lopez have had their day and gone, leaving behind them a singular Record of commingled fact and romance, about which much, though comparatively near our day, seems simply matter of misty Legend—now mild and humane, which the Poet might find fit for gentlest song; now remorseless enough for Dante's Genius in its fiercest mood.

A new age has come for Paraguay. Another people have arrived among the simple, brave Guaranis; not to subdue them with lessons

of religious and moral suasion, nor yet with the carnal and brutal weapons of some of their own rulers, but with the agencies of Material Force, in the arena of development, the dominant characteristic of a Civilization, before which the feebler Races have invariably succumbed. The Guaranis will not now be killed with arms; but their feeble powers will waste before the stronger organization that is coming, and in course of time, like the American Indian, they will have scant place among the Peoples of the earth, and their beautiful Country be occupied by strangers.

Our Boat is heavily laden, and I feared might be delayed by bars on our journey down the River. To-day, however, we proceeded briskly, helped by the current, and for this reason, making much better time than in coming up. When I went out early in the morning we were halted at Humaita, where Lopez made his famous stand, of which I told you on our voyage up, and in the light of Sunrise, saw the Church looking spectral and gaunt as when burished by the Moon. At nine o'clock we arrived at Corrientes. We delayed here several hours—unloading and loading—and then steamed on.

Captain Davidson introduced me to Mr. Storm, with whom I had much talk to-day. He is a light haired, handsome young man; told me he was a Norwegian, born in Christiania, speaks English fluently, and is now Professor in the Naval School of the Argentine Republic at Buenos Ayres. He is an exceedingly pleasing fellow, and having made some River Excursions under the order of Government, can and does give me much information with regard to comparatively unexplored parts of the Country. My English friends and I and Dr. Sumer are seated together at table; and I brought my new friend Storm into the party, which gratified him.

At Dinner, fresh acquaintances came—a German and his family, living in Buenos Ayres, who speak English. He has been here, he tells me, forty years, and I am informed is a successful, wealthy and highly respectable man. He and another gentleman from Belgium sat at table a good while after the cloth was removed, and I gathered much from them of Argentina and its affairs. I have not yet learned their names.

During the stay at Corrientes, William F. Stewart, the Englishman who tendered me civilities on the voyage up, came aboard to see me and further tender his services in any way in his power during my

stay in the Republic. He owns an Estancia in the Province of Buenos Ayres, to which he invited me. All this is certainly very kind. But am I not greeted with this sweet virtue wherever I may go?

ON SAME RIVER AND STEAMBOAT,

Monday, August 27, 1888.

We passed Goya last night, but I heard nothing of the Landing; sleep occupied me, and I was oblivious of the work, if there was any.

On going out in the early morning, we were steaming rapidly down the River, breasting a strong, cool wind. This is an admirable journey, I have found, to test the Climatology of the Country; and has afforded me an excellent opportunity of studying the two opposing winds, of which I have several times spoken, and their influences and effects. At Corrientes, I forgot to say, we took on fifteen or twenty prisoners, together with their Guards, a squad of soldiers. I had a fair look at the captives to-day—some say they are Convicts, others, Conscripts for the Army. I did not particularly inquire. I have been told more than once by those who ought to know, that Convicts are offered pardon and release by enlistment in the Army. If this be true, it is a bad outlook for the Republic's defenders in a crisis. Certainly, those I saw, looked like Convicts worthily and justly convicted; not like soldiers ought to look. They were a hard featured lot, and were where they ought to be, if there be any truth in physiognomy.

At 12 m. we arrived at La Paz—at half-past one at the Meat-Juice Manufactory of a German by the name of Kittridge, if I heard his name correctly. It is said to be one of, if not the largest in Argentina; and certainly it appears with its Factory, and Residences of owner and employees of great proportions.

The Boat is heavily loaded with a quantity of Maté, done up in Bags of about two and a half Bushels each. I wanted to see it growing; but none was at, or near Asuncion. It grows in Paraguay and farther North, and, also, in Brazil, and constitutes an important Article of Export for those Countries; though I am told the use of it is constantly diminishing in quantity. The Captain tells me he has of it a Cargo of four thousand Bags.

We have a full complement of passengers. One of the most striking things through this Country, is the number of travellers moving

to and fro on land and water ; many, doubtless, are residents traveling on business or pleasure ; many are Tourists looking for investments in the booming Republics, or like myself to see the world, and learn that there are other people on this little Globe beside ourselves. It much liberalizes one to do so.

Writing in the Saloon, it is quite full of men and women of different nationalities ; for this region is polyglot now. The Boat stops—seven o'clock—at Paraná. I look out and the lights are in close view. I look up, and the Moon having finished her course, the Sky is clear and bright with Constellations, and the Southern Cross is unveiled with a distinctness I have scarcely seen surpassed before on this Tour.

To-morrow morning early we will be in Rosario, where I will leave the Boat for an inland Jaunt by Rail. In the meantime, let us go to Bed.

ROSARIO, ARGENTINE REPUBLIC,

KEENAN'S HOTEL, *Tuesday, August 28, 1888.*

We reached here this morning sooner than we expected—distant from Asuncion seven hundred and fifty miles. I learned that we arrived at four o'clock a. m., a rapid descent of the River ; though we had a heavy Cargo of freight and passengers, we glided over the bars and came without delay, helped by the current.

I was up early, according to my custom. Colonel Guinness and I will continue together, and make Journey across the Argentine by the way of Córdoba—all the syllables of this word are pronounced short—to Mendoza. Look at the Map. We and our other comrades here part—Ashworth stops here to attend to business ; Davis and Storm go on to Buenos Ayres, and Dr. Sumer, the Steward tells me, disappeared without paying his bill—sad conclusion of our, to me, profitable association, for he is the best informed man I have seen on the Country, and the history and people of these Regions, but maybe he is a vagabond. I suffered in no way ; only profited by his company.

Ashworth, Davis, two young Englishmen, whose names I do not know, Colonel Guinness and I came to this Hotel, first walking up and inquiring for Rooms, for the Hotels in this Country seem ever to be crowded, the tide of travel being great. We found Rooms,

and the Proprietor sent a Cart with us to the Boat to bring our Baggage, and thus I bade farewell to the Olimpo, on which a number of pleasant and profitable days have been spent, on a long journey of many hundreds of miles.

The persons named above and I took Breakfast together here. Then I bade Good-Bye to Davis and his young friends, leaving only Ashworth, Guinness and myself.

The Colonel and I walked out to pay a visit to the Bank to fix up our Finances, and then to get me a piece of silver for your Set, which I succeeded in doing.

Returning to my Room and resting, at four o'clock I started for another stroll. I mentioned in general terms, I think, the City and its appearance, when here before; I will not add much for fear I may repeat, and really there is not much to say. It is a commercial and trading place, and young, and, therefore, speaks simply through its streets, business houses and residences—nothing more. I wandered and looked in the store windows, and at the people and their occupations. The streets have the serious mistake of Buenos Ayres, both wagon-ways and side-walks, too narrow; though by reason of their higher site and less traffic are in a better condition. I observe that many oxen are used in carts, and the same brutal mode of fastening the yoke to their horns is practiced, of which I told you, in Cuba. They and the work-horses are almost universally maltreated in the Argentine, and are in sorry and poor condition. They are, generally, hitched to large, broad axled carts, furnished with a short, heavy pole. There is usually one horse, the end of the pole fastened to a wide leather girth, which, while it furnishes support to the cart, also, instead of a collar, furnishes the means by which it is drawn; the horse pressing with his whole weight sideways against the girth—the Carter on his back. Often another horse is hitched to the cart, on the off. Sometimes they use shafts, as with us; the former, however, is the more common mode of draft.

There were a few handsome equipages out. In these, the horses were better, and better cared for. I visited the Market Place, which was large and abundantly supplied, especially with all sorts of meats. I came across several indifferent Public Squares, one better than the rest, ornamented with a commonplace Monument, just in front of the Cathedral, which they are repairing and enlarging. I observed many costly houses, built, as in Buenos Ayres, on the business streets,

frequently the store out of which the wealth came and comes that constructed and supports it, being a part of the same edifice. Things look thrifty in Rosario, and one can readily believe it is the second City in the Republic, and growing.

Ashworth, Colonel Guinness and myself took Dinner together as Mr. Ashworth's guests, and then came another farewell; and the party sifted from time to time, he and I alone are left. To-morrow morning we begin our long journey across the Continent by Rail.

CITY OF CORDOVA, ARGENTINE,

HOTEL GRAND DE LA PAZ,

Wednesday, August 29, 1889.

I retired last night early. This morning Colonel Guinness told me he had yesterday called to see Mr. Fisher with a Letter of introduction, and not finding him in, had sent it to him by special messenger, and during the evening had received a response. Mr. Fisher is the Manager of the Road from Rosario to Cordova, and in recognizing the Colonel's note and Letter of introduction, regretting he could not, for other engagements, call to see us, enclosed a free pass for us both to Cordova and return, also saying that an entire first class Coach was put at our disposal, and that on our arrival at the Station this morning, we would find it awaiting us.

At seven o'clock we had taken our Coffee, and were in a Carriage on our way to the Station. There we found the officers, informed of our coming, had made ready our Special Coach, and it was attached to the Train. Our Baggage was forthwith taken charge of and put into the Car with us, and the doors locked and the key handed us, thus excluding outsiders and giving us absolute possession. The Conductor came and said he would report from time to time along the Route, and inquire into our wants and wishes; which he faithfully did, each time rewarded with a tumbler of Claret, from our Lunch Basket, fixed up by our Hotel-keeper before our departure. He enjoyed this not a little, though he was a nice, well-behaved fellow, and would have attended to us without the refreshment, I believe. At any rate, he made himself useful, giving us information and bringing us papers to read; and the big, roomy Coach and its appurtenances were highly conducive to both the pleasure and profit

of our journey, from Rosario to Cordova, a distance of two hundred and forty-six miles.

Leaving the City, we enter upon a vast plain, reaching on every hand to the horizon. It was not long ago houseless and treeless; now houses dot the Country, with accompaniment of vegetation, which their builders have planted. The scene presents such a Landscape as Western Kansas and Nebraska did when I saw them, and of which I gave you an account on my First Tour. For some miles the residences were of quite a good character, of brick, plain or plastered, and now and then the handsome and improved structure, belonging to some wealthy man's Estancia, who, perhaps, owns many thousands of acres of the adjoining Lands.

The Country is mostly in grass, and herds of Horses and Cattle in countless numbers covered it, wherever the eye reached. Much is, however, in wheat, or making ready for it; some several inches high, some shooting from the soil, some only sowed. This is the last of the Winter, and the beginning of the Spring, and only the early vegetation is beginning to bloom. They have had, too, through this region a long continued and serious drought, and things are not seemingly in their prime. The grass is short and sere, and the Cattle and Horses not looking well. The Sheep, of which I saw comparatively few, in the earlier part of the day, are better.

Much of this region is enclosed in large areas with wire fencing, at a vast expense, I should suppose, for the wire is imported and the Posts brought a great distance, said to be, however, of a wood harder and more durable than our Locust.

Receding from the City, the habitations become fewer and humbler, built of sticks and poles, and plastered with mud, or of mud itself, or of sundried bricks, and covered with thatch, looking both poor and dirty.

This treeless Country extends for a little more than a hundred miles, and then we came to what is called the Monté, that is, not the Mountainous, as the name might lead you to infer, but the Wooded region; not wooded either in the sense of fine forests, but trees scattered, generally scrubby, sometimes singly, sometimes in clumps and groves, and almost entirely of the Algaroba, which is not regarded as a wood of much value, save for fuel. The outlook reminded me, in this respect, of the Mesquite Ranges of Texas. The ground is covered with a coarse, clubby or bunchy grass, which the stock do

not seem to enjoy, if they eat at all, for it stands thick and apparently untouched. But little of this Monté is reduced to cultivation, though it evidently might be, for I saw some flourishing areas of young wheat in its midst. Sheep, more than Horses and Cattle, appeared here, and they were in numerous and admirable flocks.

This Monté Country continued for one hundred miles, when darkness came, shutting out the view. Before it fell, the Cordova Range of Mountains—Sierra de Cordova—rimmed the Western Sky. The whole domain from Rosario, of two hundred miles, is one extended plain, with the distinguishing characteristics of which I have spoken. It is a dry Country; I saw them watering their stock from artificial wells. The channels of the streams were dry or nearly, and evidently a drought prevails—than which nothing is more depressing, we full well know from our experience, now and then, in our own Valley of Virginia.

I have to-day traversed the Province of Santa Fé, and a portion of that of Cordova; the former, the chief Wheat growing Province of the Republic. Of course, in my ride across its narrowest portion, I have seen but little comparatively of it. Whilst in proportion to the grazing Lands, the Wheat producing is small, I saw enough to satisfy me that it will grow successfully that grain. It is easily cultivated—no rocks and of light pulvulent soil, the labor of cultivation is small in comparison with that of our Limestone Land. They have no freezing nor thawing to contend with, no frost, nor snow, nor ice; and the young crops, though now beginning their growth in a drought, look bright and green, and well set.

The people move about on horseback, generally, in a gallop, the women often astride like the men, reminding me of Hawaii. The horses they ride are not fine; poor hacks, which seem to have abundant endurance within their thin and uncared-for carcasses. Horse-flesh is cheap, and must, therefore, suffer. The roads are smooth, from the nature of the Country, where a beaten road exists; when not, simple paths, across boundless vistas.

The people, many, maybe most of them, are from Italy; and now and then you see peeping out the Art of the Classic Land. Several houses were smoothed on the outer surfaces and frescoed with scenes of Lake and Mountain—one, I observed, particularly well done.

The Sky has been cloudless. Towards the afternoon it became quite hot; and though we had a finely finished and appointed Car

to ourselves, we had more dust and heat, too, than were convenient or agreeable. The only objects that attracted my attention during the day which I have not noted, were numerous Hawks; many of them very large and handsome, frequently half dozen or more together, sailing over or resting on the plain.

It was eight o'clock, sometime after dark, when we reached this City, and I had no view of its outside appearance and environments. When the Train stopped, a gentleman boarded our Car, and informed us that he was the Chief Official of the Road here, and had been telegraphed by Mr. Fisher to meet and aid us in any manner we desired. He saw our Baggage taken off, engaged a Carriage, and insisted on going with us to look for Lodgings in a Hotel; he said they were always crowded and we might have trouble—and well he did, for our comfort. We went to the Hotel de Roma, and found it full; then came here and only secured resting places, by the Manager giving up to us his Room, he bringing in a cot and occupying it; we taking the beds. The Room is large, and he a neat kind of a fellow, and I think no trouble will be experienced. There is not a soul about the Hotel who speaks anything but Spanish. The Landeck experience, you remember, of my Second Tour, is on me again. The Colonel speaks French, but that is no more available than English. I am quite sure, however, we will not stick nor starve. The new friend will call on us in the morning.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Thursday, August 30, 1888.

Cordova is an Ancient City, and is regarded as containing the chief antiquities of the young Republic. Happily the authorities are not oblivious of the value of its venerable things, and whilst taking on the strength of the New, is not forgetful of the Old.

This morning our friend, the Manager of the Road, Mr. Hotham, came according to promise to see us and give us information with regard to the sights to be seen in the City, and likewise with regard to our progress Westward. He, also, brought to our Room, and introduced to us, Dr. Beasley, a Dentist, boarding in the Hotel, who now practices here, and was kind enough to give us advice and a Letter to Professor Davis, at the head of the Meteorological Department, and said that he would gladly go about with us, were it not for previous engagements.

We visited several of the Churches and the Cathedral, and the two chief Public Squares or Resorts, which are adorned with trees and plants and, in front of the Cathedral, a kind of Lake or Pool, wherein is a central Island, ornamented with a Monument of some sort, neither in any way remarkable. We then took a Carriage and drove to the Observatory, situated on the suburbs and overlooking the Town and Country, and presided over by Dr. Tome, a native of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, who has lately eminently distinguished himself by Astronomical observations and discoveries. I had a Letter of introduction to him from Judge Hanna. The Servant who came to the door of his residence said he was in bed, not having yet risen—Astronomers have to turn day into night. It was important I should see him, for through him I hoped to visit and inspect the, to me, most interesting things in Cordova. The Servant returned, and said Mrs. Tome invited us to walk in, and she would speedily join us; which she did. She said Dr. Tome would be in directly. I introduced the Colonel, and said I hardly expected to arouse her husband, and hoped I might not disturb him; she replied, it would not, he greatly desired to meet me. In a few moments he appeared, and gave us a cordial welcome. He is a stout, good looking, hale, hearty man of, I should think, between fifty and sixty years of age.

He said he was glad I had not failed to call, when I told him what reluctance I had to trouble gentlemen on my Travels, and said it was far from being a trouble, and he would show us through the Observatory, and then go with us to visit the Ancient University of Cordova, founded in 1617. Mrs. Tome invited us to return from the Observatory and take a cup of Tea with them. The Observatory Building is near by, in the same Grounds. We spent a delightful hour in going through with the Doctor, who explained to us pleasantly his instruments and work. He and his Institution are entirely independent of any other organization, and supported by the Republic. He has no pupils, and gives no Lectures, devoting his whole time to observations, and his diligence and success have crowned the Cordova Observatory with distinguished honor. He said the advantages of the site were peculiar and numerous, by reason of the mild climate and cloudless skies, and the fact of its location in the Southern Hemisphere, whose Celestial system had been much less studied and investigated than the Northern. He thought his work was appreciated by the Government and People, and he had no doubt they would

cheerfully continue the appropriations for its support. He came out to take charge of it in 1872, I think with Professor Gould, who has gone back permanently to the United States.

We returned to the House and took the proposed cup of Tea with Mrs. Tome, and then drove to the Venerable University, founded, as I have said, in 1617. It being one of those numerous Feast days of which the people of South America are so fond, the Institution was closed, but Dr. Tome took his own Carriage and went for Dr. Kurtz, the Professor of Botany—a young German—who forthwith came and opened up for us, and we spent several hours most delightfully there. It was formerly the Jesuit Monastery whose Ancient Church stands hard by. It was their foundation, and once covered many squares. The old Cloisters still survive around what is now a pretty Garden, converted into Corridors, where doubtless many a time the aspiring and ambitious Monk meditated Empire. The whole Structure has been repaired and converted into Cabinets, and Lecture-Rooms and the like, suitable for a College.

We visited the Botanical, the Natural History and the Mineralogical Collections, which were creditable and well cared for. One or two other Professors came in whilst we were there, to whom we were introduced. We went to the top of the Building which is roofed with stone, and of easy access and promenade, whence a fine outlook over Cordova and the surroundings is obtained. Near by are two handsome Edifices, the male and female Public Normal Schools; new Buildings, but standing upon what were the Jesuit possessions in the plenitude of their power. The Country is now parched with drought, yet still the Landscape is unusually imposing, including the Mountains which inclose it. When verdant with rains, it must be more imposing still. The immediate suburbs are washed into gullies, built up with mud and adobe houses, and when we passed through, by no means attractive. The main body of the City is laid off in right lines, and substantially built in that old Roman style, of which I have frequently spoken in my Travels on this Continent.

We then parted from our kind friends—the learned men and Professors—they giving us advice with regard to the further prosecution of our journey.

Dr. Beasley took Dinner with us at the Hotel, and afterwards the Colonel and I wandered about the streets for awhile, and then I went to Bed.

CITY OF RIO CUARTO, HOTEL GRAND,

Friday, August 31, 1888.

Early in Cordova I got up, and walking out, visited the Cathedral and other Churches at the hour of Morning Prayer. I was especially struck with the Golden embellishment of that of the Jesuits adjoining the University, that was once a part of the enormous pile, which that Order held in the days of its prime. The outside, seen from the Roof of the College, and also from the street, looks worn with the wear of centuries. No repair having evidently been put upon it for years, its Brick walls are rugged and bare; within, it presents a totally different appearance, and is brilliant with Gold. All the Churches I visited were likewise in good repair, including the Cathedral, which presents the same venerable look on the outside that has been noted in the Jesuit. Some of the Churches, however, are bright and fresh in their outer look, and leave the impression that Romanism has not ended the days of its supremacy here. Cordova might well be called the City of Churches. It was the Sacred City of the Spaniards.

The Morning Prayer in all was well attended by women—exceedingly few men. The women were almost invariably dressed in black, with black veil over the head, which answered, also, for both shawl and hood, in contrast with the Paraguayan women, who, you recollect, wore white in a similar manner; though a few here, also, wore white. This costume was not only used in the Churches at Service, but I observed yesterday was common on the streets.

We then took our Coffee and Eggs, and had a Carriage ordered, and by eight o'clock were at the Station, where we found our Special Coach ready for us. The Officials received us with great courtesy, and soon we and our Baggage were safely upon it, awaiting the departure of the Train. Whilst doing so, I must note, that in the Argentine the rails are often laid on Iron Chairs or Pots, united by a bar of the same metal, instead of wooden sleepers, and timber being scarce, cheaper and more lasting, it is urged. At first it was supposed they would be non-elastic and not answer for a substitute; but I am told the trial of them is favorable; though opinions still vary.

We arrived in Cordova after night; we left in the morning. On our coming for thirty or forty miles, it was after dark, and we could not see the Country: leaving, we had the opportunity, then lost.

The drought, which prevails, prevents our seeing the City, and its site most favorably, because everything is dry, dusty and burned. But it is, notwithstanding this, a City which impresses greatly. Now one sees the gullies and gulches into which the pulverulent soil is washed, bare and unattractive, with the mud and adobe houses of the poorer classes on the suburbs. Yet the Mountains at present barren, are striking, bounding the scene especially on the West and North, and readily suggesting what the whole must be when the rains come and transmute the Landscape into Erin green, which, they tell me, speedily follows.

The Monté accompanies us for many miles; now in single trees or scrubby growth, now in groves of Algaroba, looking like Apple Orchards in shape and set; and, now, in larger forests. Yesterday, from the Observatory, we thought we observed a storm in this direction, and sure enough, after some miles, we came to a strip where a heavy rain had fallen, laying the dust, refreshing vegetation and settled about in pools. This rain did not extend over a large area; but it was wonderful how it changed the aspect of affairs, and improved the comfort of travelling. Through this Monté Region we saw little cultivation, and more flocks of sheep and many goats, but fewer horses and cattle.

When we arrived at Villa Maria, ninety miles from Cordova, we had to change trains and roads—our future journey lying Southwestward towards Villa Mercedes *en route* for Mendoza. Here we surrendered our Special Car and took our chances with the general travellers. We reported ourselves to the Station Master, and upon advising with him, resolved to come to this place and stay all night, and prosecute our journey to-morrow. He kindly offered to telegraph for Rooms at this Hotel, that we might be saved annoyance on our arrival, in wandering around like we did in Cordova. This Officer introduced me to Parry D. Randall, a Countryman of mine, he said, who is now Ticket Agent in Villa Maria. The young man greeted me most cordially; told me he was from New Hampshire, and a Cousin of Samuel J. Randall. We had a good deal of talk, and he said he would in the evening, on the arrival in Villa Maria of the through Train, engage a Sleeper from this place for us, that we might have no trouble when we left in the morning for the long run of day and night to Mendoza, and said I might command him for any

further services. This was very kind and very convenient, too, to us. What strange and acceptable acquaintances I make on travel!

This place is about ninety miles from Villa Maria, and we reached here at half-past five; the Car was not crowded and we were comfortable. The Country is Pampa, alternating now and then for short areas with Monté, and several small, rugged spaces, as if the ground had been thrown up in a boiling process and fixed. Nor were the Pampas entirely level, like those over which we had hitherto passed, but often of a gently undulating surface; and I thought from the appearance of the grass and Stock, of a better quality of soil. The Country, however, was still suffering from drought, and the only green places I saw, were, now and then, cultivated fields of Wheat and Alfalfa, showing the capabilities of the soil for the production of both. Could it be irrigated, who can tell its capabilities? This cannot now be done, both because there is no water, and labor is too high.

When we arrived at the Station, the Proprietor of the Hotel which heads this Letter, in response to the telegram sent by the Station Master at Rio Cuarto, met us with a Coach, and speedily we and our Baggage were at the Hotel and in our Rooms. He is a Frenchman; but the Colonel speaks French, and I am easy. An Englishman at the Hotel introduced himself to us—Mr. Winterbotham—and sat at our Dinner Table and made himself very pleasant. He urged me to remain a few days. He has been here since 1864, has many acquaintances, and could readily procure me an invitation to an Estancia, a few miles from town, owned by one of the wealthiest men in the Republic, where I could not only see great numbers of stock of every kind, but more especially the growth and baling of Alfalfa, which was on his vast estate the chief product, produced by irrigation and yielding great profits. I told him nothing would be more agreeable; but time pressed and I must move on. His long residence in Argentina enabled him to give me much and valuable information. I would have been glad to accept his invitation, for this Alfalfa interests me much from the results of its cultivation I have witnessed and recorded, both in California and in this Country.

Thus ends the day.

ON RAIL, AND IN MENDOZA, HOTEL DE FRANCE,
Saturday and Sunday, September 1 and 2, 1888.

In Rio Cuarto this morning, September 1, I rose early and walked out to see the town. I traversed the Public Square in front of the Cathedral, and then went into the building about the hour of Morning Prayer. It is plain inside and out, and contains nothing I need stop to tell you of. The Square is equally ordinary; but the people of the City are proud of it, and believe it to be the centre of a coming Emporium. The town is laid off rectangularly, and built after the regulation Spanish style, which I have described more than once. Here and there are structures already built or going up, which indicate ground for its pretenses. I walked nearly over the town and then returned to the Hotel, and taking Lunch, we prepared for our departure.

The Proprietor went to the Station in the Carriage to help us in any needed manner, and Mr. Winterbotham, also, met us there for the same purpose. Whilst waiting for the incoming Train, the latter and I continued our talk of last Evening about the capabilities of the Country and the probabilities of its future greatness. He was willing to admit that Argentina had uncommon resources; but he said it was not Elysium, free from troubles, weaknesses and vexations. He said the Country was rich, and would produce abundantly, but in many portions not without water—in the form of irrigation or rain—artificial or natural. The latter was frequently scant, and droughts of serious import, as now, prevailed; the former was impossible, by reason both of the cost of Labor and the absence of streams; to dig wells was at this time out of the question. In addition to these disadvantages, Locusts, too, were frequent visitants, destroying with the ruthless ferocity with which they come down on parts of our own Western Country; and from his description, of a similar species. He said his prospects had been blighted for three consecutive seasons; he had literally seen the Sun darkened in their flight, and the Trains blocked by the myriads which fell upon the track and stopped the wheels of the Locomotive and Train with their greasy slime. I did not know that the Argentine was subject to this visitation.

When the Train arrived, I found that Mr. Randall had fulfilled his promise. The Conductor of the Sleeper said he had the two

berths for us, in accordance with Mr. Randall's request, and took our Satchels and deposited them in our compartments. In a little while, however, he came and told me, that upon examination, the Sleeper could not go on; the boxes were too hot to run her further, and we would have to get Sleeping Berths in Villa Mercedes, where the through Train from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza would join us, which would have the requisite number of Sleeping Cars. We took our seats in the regular First Class Coach, awaiting results.

The Country between Rio Cuarto and Villa Mercedes continued Pampas; not always entirely level, but sometimes rolling. This generic term is like that of Steppe in Russia, of which I told you on my Tour through that Country, not always significant of the same thing: Pampa does not always necessarily mean a flat and extended plain. The quality of the soil seemed better, and the grass of a more nutritious kind. Certainly great herds and droves, and flocks of Cattle and Horses and Sheep were scattered broadcast over the Landscape; though the provender from the drought seemed scant, which the animals indicated in their keep.

When we arrived at Villa Mercedes—distant seventy miles from Rio Cuarto—we had to change Cars, and in doing so, had to await the arrival of the through Train from Buenos Ayres. Nor could we get Sleeping Berths till its arrival; the Officer at Mercedes not knowing which of them, if any, would be vacant. Several of the Railroad Officials tendered their services to assist us, and promised that everything would be done to insure our comfort. The crowd at this important junction was pressing, and we thought our chances slim. When the Buenos Ayres Train arrived, every Berth was occupied. One of the Officials, who introduced himself as Mr. Hyor, an Irishman, said we should not suffer; that he would get us a full compartment on a First Class Car, and order the Conductor to keep out all intruders, and we could make beds of the long seats; better, and more roomy and comfortable than the Sleepers themselves. We Lunched at the Station together, and then took the compartment, he coming with us one or two Stations towards Mendoza, and keeping out all but ourselves. Here was another act of kindness, which in number, from every quarter, is legion.

Our new friend seemed to have all the enthusiastic warm-heartedness of his Countrymen, and never tired in helping us. He has been in this Country for some years, resided for awhile on an Estancia, in

the Province of Buenos Ayres, and of late he has been employed on this Railroad. He tells me that the portions of the Provinces of San Luis and of Mendoza, through which we shall pass, are vast deserts, without irrigation, which, for the reasons I have given, is at present impossible. Their chief source of revenue is from the wood of the Montés, which is not remarkable in quality or quantity, and would soon be exhausted. Since he had been here, its consumption had been remarkable. When he came, the wood-hauler could, under contract, bring to the Road three loads a day, now he could only bring one, and in many instances barely that, so rapidly has the Country been denuded. The region is alternately Pampa and Monté. Our Irish friend informs us that the Provinces of San Luis and Mendoza, across whose breadth we pass from East to West, are of similar character with that portion of them which the Road traverses; if so, neither will add greatly to the Republic's future wealth and power.

Observing numerous holes in the ground, which I had done for many miles, I asked him by what they were made, for I have not seen a single animal to which they could be attributed. He said they were made by Carpiendros, a creature much like a Pig, and excellent food, but extremely timid, not like our funny little Prairie Dog.

When our friend left us at a Station where business called him, we made beds of the seats, and good ones, too, and shutting doors and sash, and bringing the Poncho I bought in Asuncion into requisition, and converting my venerable Satchel into a pillow, I had a delightful night's rest. The Road has a bad reputation, and before I came, some of my friends sympathized with me on account of the long, fatiguing and dangerous Journey I was about to undertake. The Road, though purchased recently by British capitalists, does appear to be badly managed. But it is the administration of Trains more than the condition of the Road that seems to me to be subject of complaint. There apparently is no organizing head and hand at the Stations to make up the Trains and speed business. We were to have left Villa Mercedes by schedule time, at half-past one p. m. We did not get off till five; and this delay occurred at every Station for the same reason. But when we started, we recovered in our run much of the time thus lost. I have ridden over worse Roads; for instance, our old Winchester and Potomac. Notwithstanding, however, the ugly reputation of the Road, I got an excellent night's rest upon my roughly improvised Couch.

When the light began to dawn, I got up to observe it and the Country through which we were passing. The latter was dreary enough. No cultivation appeared, and the ground was covered with what I took to be Sage grass, white with exuding salt, like our own Western regions, where no stock of any kind could find subsistence. Long avenues and rows of Lombardy Poplar stretched across the Country. Why planted at such places and in such numbers, at a great expense, I could not see, unless for wood, on account of its rapid growth.

This delay along the Route turned out to be a good thing for me. By schedule time I would have reached Mendoza before, or not long after daylight, and missed the scenes attending its approach. By reason of these long stoppages, we did not get here till between nine and ten o'clock a. m. When I looked out of my Car window, the Morning Moon on the East had hung her crescent in the deep blue Sky, seeming to herald the coming of the Sun. Soon he sent floods of brightness across the Heavens, burnishing the clouds with gold, and changing the blue into a purple, which out-vied that of Tyre. Turning toward the West, there opened upon me the snow-capped Range of the Andes, which had already caught the sheen, and gleamed in lines of Light along the Western Sky. This was my first sight of these glorious Mountains. It could not have been more propitious; an Imperial introduction to an Imperial Scene.

This was twenty-five or thirty miles from Mendoza. Advancing hitherward, these heights sank more and more behind the nearer Mountains, until we reached the town, when they had disappeared, and only the blue foot-hills, massive and grand, it is true, and covered in many places with last Winter's snow, remained the background of the plain where Mendoza stands.

The approach to the place does not harmonize with the scene of Sky and Mountain which charmed me in the early morning. The Country looks like a desert, save where by irrigation some green thing grows, and Vineyards tell its capabilities, doubtless, and future uses. The vines are sometimes trained over Arbors, sometimes cut back, clumped at a height of three or four feet, and supported by stakes, or where the stock is strong and stiff enough, standing like a small tree. I am told this neighborhood promises to be the Vineyard of Argentina.

The habitations of the poorer classes on the suburbs are extremely humble, built of sticks and plastered, or of mud, or of Adobe, and whatever is about them indicating only poverty and discomfort. The Country is sand on which no grass seems to grow—only sage or other dreary looking vegetation.

On our arrival at the Station, I spoke to a gentleman and inquired about the Hotels. He responded in English, and said he would help us, and would go at once and engage a Carriage for us and our Baggage. Whilst the Colonel went to look for our Trunks in the van, he returned, and taking up one of our Satchels went with it to the Carriage, and returning again saw us safely fixed and driven off to this Hotel, which he recommended. He is a German, speaks English very well, has been here many years, and gave us his name as Maason. Another act of kindness from a stranger. The Hotel seems equal to my new friend's recommendation, and we are comfortably fixed.

Mendoza, the Old, was destroyed by an Earthquake in, I think, 1861. The destruction of it and its inhabitants was almost entire. Twelve thousand people, some say, others less, were killed, and the place was left a heap of ruin. The present town was built, not upon the site of the hapless City, but near by—the ruins and rubbish lie upon the New Mendoza's suburbs. After taking something to eat, we walked out to see them. There is no mistaking the spot. Nearly all the houses were built of Adobe, save the Old Cathedral, which was of Brick, and some portions of whose walls still stand in shattered wreck. It was a Feast Day when the horror came, and many thronged the Church, who were crushed to death beneath its walls. On every hand, far and wide, are piles of débris, evidences of the disaster; doubtless, much has been taken away to build other houses of the New City, and the materials which brought such sudden calamity to the dead, now constitute the habitations of living relatives and friends.

Returning, and having an introduction from Dr. Kurtz of Cordova, to Dr. Laas, the German Consul here, we went to the Social Club of Mendoza, where he said his friend could be found. It is just across a Public Square in front of our Hotel; the Consul was not there, nor could they tell us where to find him. Our object simply was to get information, which we could utilize, whilst in Mendoza, neither Great Britain or the United States having any representative here.

Whilst at the Club I met a strapping, fine looking fellow of twenty-five or six, who told me he was from San Antonio, Texas, and engaged in the employ of an Englishman in taking goods and merchandise by pack-mule to the Western part of the Province of Buenos Ayres across the Country; he had heard, by reason of the unsettled condition of the region, an undertaking of some risk. Later in the day, when walking, he joined and expressed great pleasure at falling in with me; he got very lonesome in a strange land whose language he had not learned to speak. The big fellow was homesick. But he made himself very pleasant, telling me of his experiences, and how he surprised the Gauchos by beating them with the Lasso, or the Rope, as he called it. I told him he must beat them every time, or I would not own him for a Countryman.

Mr. Maason came in whilst we were at Dinner. We invited him to join us. He introduced us to his Son, who was with him, and said whatever information or assistance we wanted, we must call on him. Having dined, he declined our invitation.

I went to Bed, not long after dark; doubtless, you will say after such labors, a sensible thing to do.

CITY OF MENDOZA, SAME HOTEL,

Monday, September 3, 1888.

By half-past seven this morning I was up, had taken my cup of Coffee, and Bread and Butter, and was abroad for a walk alone—the kind of walk, in strange places, I delight in. I went this time through the town Westward, towards the Mountains. Yesterday our visit to the ruins took us Northward. The Mountains, behind which the Sun sets for Mendoza, are of blue in the distance, like those which bound our Valley. Approaching, they are very different. No vegetation clothes their sides; apparently a few miles from the suburbs, they are treeless and verdureless; scarred and seamed by the forces which put them there. Much snow of last Winter's fall is still upon them. Their loftier fellows, covered with perennial white, I could not see for the clouds, with which they had veiled their heads. I understand, the summits which greeted me yesterday, many miles away, can be seen from the Railway Station, upon the outskirts of the City, with favorable skies—these are Aconcagua—pronounced Aconcawa—and Tupungato, now regarded

among the loftiest of the Andean Cordilleras—pronounced Cordillaras. I went to the Station, and though the nearer Mountains were interesting with the clouds drifting over and across their fierce faces, the favor of yesterday was not repeated, and I could not see the Monarchs.

I then, returning, walked through the City, taking in two more of its Public Squares: one a quite large Garden, ornamented with plants and trees, especially the Eucalyptus Globulus, which seems to flourish here. I traversed a good many streets, and was lounging along San Martin, the principal one, a wide and improved thoroughfare, with trees on either side, when who should meet me but my young Texas Ranger, as I called him. He was quite well pleased to join me in my walk, whilst I was looking for a Silversmith Shop to get a piece for your Set. Mendoza could not furnish one, and will, therefore, have in it no representative.

I forgot to say, that in the Garden I came across a young German who spoke English, and I inquired if he knew Mr. Maason? He replied he knew him very well; he was a prominent man of business in Mendoza, and would gladly go and show me where he lived. Notwithstanding my pronounced reluctance to trouble him, he walked with me several squares to Mr. Maason's residence. Unhappily he was not at home. I wished to accept his kind offer of information, that I might utilize my time to the best advantage whilst here.

I returned to the Hotel after several hours of wandering, having traversed the greater part of the City. Learning from experience, the Founders of the New Mendoza have laid out their City with broad streets. I have seen no place in this regard to rival it in the Argentine, save the equally New City of La Plata. I think, without a single exception, learning here, too, from sad experience, the Houses are of a single story. They and the walls enclosing the grounds are all, to the best of my observation, built of Adobe or sun-dried Brick, sometimes exposed, sometimes neatly plastered, not unfrequently presenting an ornamented, corniced front, often artistically colored. The New Cathedral is an exception; this is built of burnt Brick, of heavy, massive walls, bound and interlaced with Iron rods and bars to withstand the Earthquake when it comes. Of what avail will they be, when the Giant suddenly arrives, and uptrips the great structure from the ground? The precautions for its safety may be the cause of its more fatal fall.

The Streets, too, are generally well paved, and through the gutters of some flow streams of water brought down from the Mountains, not unlike Salt Lake City. This is the only water Mendoza gets ; little descends upon it from the Sky ; it rarely rains. For this reason, many of the houses I observed are roofed with mud, plastered on the Roofs as upon the walls. I noticed, they seemed to wear.

In one of the stores this morning, I met an intelligent German who spoke good English ; I asked him if Aconcagua and Tupungato were visible from town ? inasmuch as different persons have told me differently ; doubtless, because some looked for them, some did not ; some could not see them for the clouds, others were more fortunate. He replied that they could be seen under suitable Meteorological conditions from the Railroad Station, which, located on the Western border of the City, was most favorable for their observation. I asked him at what hour. He said from eleven to twelve o'clock.

I determined at that hour to go and solve their visibility for myself. The near Mountains, immediately West, assume a massive bulk, and become depressed on the North and South. When I reached the point of observation, the atmosphere was clear and favorable. The close Mountains showed every crease and groove, not unfrequently filled with lately fallen snow. Beyond their lowered summits on the North, gleamed the cone of Aconcagua, with the unmistakable perennial snow. Beyond their lowered summits on the South, with equal brightness, was its great compeer, the lofty Tupungato. They were exceeding beautiful ; the nearer Mountains seemed to bow themselves that their Sovereigns might be seen. To satisfy myself without doubt, I asked one of the Officials of the Road for information ; he kindly left his work, and coming to the platform, pointed out and named the heights, in confirmation of my inference.

Returning towards the Hotel, I met my Texas Ranger again, and had some more small talk. I forgot to mention that he gave me Sheffield as his name.

Whilst it occurs to me, I ought to state that Mendoza is the present terminus of the Trans-Continental Line which is to cross the Andes, and unite Buenos Ayres and Santiago. The Cordillera is to be tunneled, and the idea is, that trains will be running in five or six years. The tunnel will be one of the longest in the world. Now, the travel across is on mules ; though at this season, it is, on account of the snow, impassable.

In the afternoon, the Colonel and I hired a Carriage and drove to Laguneta, a Bathing place, about four miles from town. There are several spots where waters of different temperatures have been collected in pools and roughly enclosed. The place itself is of not much import; the ride in the cool air was pleasant, and the observation of the Country profitable. The properties are enclosed by mud walls; and now and then we saw residences of some pretensions, in contrast to those poverty-stricken homes I observed on entering the City, or in my walks upon the suburbs.

At nine o'clock to-night, we leave for Buenos Ayres—distant six hundred and fifty-one miles. We hope to reach there by twelve m., day after to-morrow—a long continuous run. Whilst I was wandering alone, the Colonel went to the Station and obtained Tickets and Sleeper Berths for us both, that they might with certainty be secured, and save us trouble and hurry at the hour of departure.

ON TRAIN FROM MENDOZA TO BUENOS AYRES,
AND AT BUENOS AYRES, GRAND HOTEL,
Tuesday and Wednesday, September 4 and 5, 1888.

At the hour of nine o'clock p. m. of Tuesday, we had driven to the Station in Mendoza, put our Baggage aboard the Train and taken possession of our Berths on the Sleeper, ready for our departure on the run from that City to Buenos Ayres. These Sleepers or Dormitorios, as they call them, are by no means equal to the Pullman, but are comfortable enough. The Compartment has benches along the walls of the Car, two on either side, which are converted into Berths; above them, two similar ones are let down, thus affording places for eight occupants. All were filled; but, the weather being cool, the motion of the Train rendering sufficient ventilation, I passed a pleasant night and slept comfortably. The Road, I have told you, has a bad reputation; but its roughness, and the jolting and rocking did not keep me awake.

When the Morning came, we stopped at a Station where time was given us to take coffee, and bread and butter. Whilst strolling on the Platform, a gentleman came up and speaking politely, asked if he had not seen me before? he was quite sure it must be Governor Holliday, upon whom he had called with Mr. George Norris, in Richmond in 1880. I told him he was not mistaken. Doubtless

Charles will recollect it, and will say, that he is quite sure I invited them to Breakfast with us—if I did not, it was a wonder ! He gave me his name as Miller, said he was, at the time referred to, investigating the two Virginias in the interest of British Capitalists ; he is now similarly engaged in South America. We continued to occupy the Car during our entire ride to this City, and had much conversation of great value to me in connection with the Argentine, over most of which he has travelled. He goes on hence to Montevideo, where he has his Headquarters, and giving me his address, expressed the gratification it would give him to aid me in any way in his power.

At Villa Mercedes, Mr. Nugent and his Son, who, you remember, left us at Villa del Pilar, on the Paraguay River, to have a hunt with one of their friends who resided there, descended from the incoming Train, on their way over the same line to Mendoza and the scenes we had visited. They were pretty well weary and used up, and found little game. They had rather been game for the Mosquitoes, sand-flies and other such varminths, which had scored their hands and faces till they looked like the subjects of a moderate attack of small-pox. They went on to Mendoza—we coming this way.

You will recall, that Villa Mercedes is the place where we changed Cars, and began our all night and morning ride to Mendoza. Coming Eastward, we traversed by daylight much we had passed in the night time going Westward. The Country was sometimes Pampa, sometimes Monté, sometimes an intermingling of the two, sometimes it was gently rolling ; now and then with those peculiar upheavals of which I have already written, covering comparatively small areas. The Country was not thickly settled, nor were the numbers of the various kinds of stock so great. The habitations were very humble, showing Frontier Posts where the tide of Immigration has not reached, or the poor quality of the soil, or its aridity, where settlement did not promise or invite—built of reeds, or small poles or sticks, and plastered, or altogether of mud ; roofed with thatch or grass.

Your Map will show you that on this long ride, I passed through larger or smaller portions of the Provinces of Mendoza, San Luis, Cordova, Santa Fé and Buenos Ayres. Coming Eastward, the Country evidently improves in the quality of soil, and in number of inhabitants and amount of cultivation, and when I looked out this morning at Sunrise, we were rolling over Pampas, level as a floor of

richest green, and extending beyond the reach of the human eye. Wheat Fields, too, in greater numbers and extent came in view ; and of such quality that were mine like any one of them, even the most indifferent, in the early Spring, I should be more than satisfied. This is the first Spring month here. These sections were flourishing, too, from recent rains ; the drought prevailing at the North, not afflicting these more Southern Regions.

The Country no longer presents the Frontier aspect ; but Civilization everywhere prevails. Better houses, more carefully tended lands, finer stock, and trees in groves, and avenues and groups, principally Lombardy Poplars and the Eucalyptus, and ornamenting or embowering with foliage good looking homes. It is rarely I have seen a Country whose agricultural resources appear of greater import. In an hour or two we felt from the looks of things—more numerous dwellings, a Cemetery of four hundred acres enclosed by a stone wall, and factories and mansions—that we were approaching a great City ; and about ten o'clock we rolled into the Station of Buenos Ayres—our long and most interesting Journey by water and land ended. I trust the reading of its hastily sketched incidents may give you a small part of the pleasure its experience afforded me.

We had telegraphed for Rooms, and when we reached the Hotel they were ready for us.

No sooner had I arrived, than fixing up, hungering for Letters, I went to my Bank to get them, and was delighted to receive the following : Two from Charles of 22 June and 12 July ; two from Margaret, 6 and 16 July ; three from yourself, June 25, July 2 and July 12 ; two from Mary, July 8 and July 14, enclosing one from Anna Bell, and one from Mrs. Nelson.

Judge Hanna was at the Hotel and told me he thought he could get a Letter off to-morrow. I will, therefore, without making any comment on your Letters or writing more, at once end this very long one, and enclosing it in four Envelopes, speed it to you. I could not have sent it, as you readily see, before, and made it any quicker. I trust you have not been anxious on account of the long intervals between the coming of the Letters. I warned you of this before leaving home and afterwards, when writing.

I am in fine, robust health ; was never better in my life. My Amazonian spell was of service to me. The medicine I took rectified my system and left me quite renovated.

Give my best love to Cousin Mary, and tell her I am delighted she is doing well. Don't fail to give kind wishes to our neighbors, and tell Mr. William Baker I trust his health is restored entirely.

But I must stop and seal this up, that it may go. Sorry Charles is not with you.

With tenderest love for all,

F.

When you write after receipt of this, send to Panama, care of Henry Ehrman, Esq., and notify Charles and Margaret to do the same.

[No. 12.]

BUENOS AYRES, GRAND HOTEL,

Wednesday, September 5, 1888.

My Dear Mary,—

This morning I finished No. 11 to your Uncle Taylor, and left it with Judge Hanna, to be forwarded in the Legation mail. It is in four Envelopes, and contains such a quantity of reading matter that you will grow mighty tired getting through with it, if you ever do. But should you succeed, it will give you information about regions of which the world at large knows amazingly little, though it is fast hurrying to know more.

I acknowledged all the Letters which I found upon my return, hastily in my last. You and Mrs. Nelson must have had a good time together. Tell her when you write, that I don't take her short note for a Letter by any means; she must send me one of her long and newsy Epistles, and tell me about our mutual friends and acquaintances, and things which interest us both; a kind of Letter she knows well how to write—and you do the same. Give my love to Anna Bell and tell her, if she can withdraw her thoughts from the gay and busy scenes of Rappahannock for awhile, now and then, she must send me a Letter. She writes good ones, and I like to read them. Margaret must do likewise.

To Charles: I need not say what pleasure your Letters always give me, and how delighted I am your health has improved. If I

was selfish, I would say I am truly sorry the Seminary Hill agrees well with you and Essie and the children, for it deprives Taylor of your visit to him, which is one of his greatest pleasures, and to which he is looking forward the whole year. I yet hope you will run up, and stay some days and brighten up the Old Home in my long absence. Kiss Essie and the Babies, and Mary and hers for me, and tell them I have thought many and many a time of them in my wanderings, and prayed that God would deal gently with them in their sorrows and troubles. You say their houses now are clear of sickness; thus may they continue to be! You allude to Mrs. Stuart's death; I profoundly sympathize in all you say about her and the Doctor. Margaret Hunter wrote me. I replied to her, and also wrote to the Doctor. Just before leaving home, I sent a farewell Letter to them both. Not long after receiving it, she was called to other scenes, where dear ones await us both. Kind wishes to Julian and Charley.

To Margaret: I had sincerely hoped you would have been rid of those troublesome boils before this; and trusted when your Letters came, they would announce their final departure. I know how painful they are; do they in any manner affect your general health? You remember what I told you. You must notify me fully of everything about Taylor and your own home; how every member of our little Circle, now so few, is, and how things are going with each and every one. You gratify me greatly by writing, that you are much better, and have reason to think the disagreeable visitants have finally gone. That was bad behavior in the Doctor's horse; happily, he ran off with an empty buggy. I feel about that animal as I did about Taylor's horse Nelson; it will be a happy day to me when it and the Doctor part. I have no doubt the trip you speak of for Mary would do her good; she could drink the Lythia Water and couldn't indulge in any gaiety and over-exert herself.

To Taylor: Your Letters were very newsy, and gave me infinite pleasure—wonderfully so, considering you were going constantly and in the rain, and had an attack of Cholera Morbus in the meantime, and patients on hand who were ill, and in whom you were greatly interested; and in addition to all, had a Farm to look after, in the midst of Harvest, and fence building. I pronounce the proceedings, well done! When in the world will you find time to read the cumbersome document I finished and mailed to you to-day? If you don't

want to read it—don't! I note what you say of the Railroad. I think with you, a bad route for the town. It cuts, injuriously, important property. I think the convenience and interests of the community would be better subserved, were the Stations of the two Roads in closer proximity; though the present design may be better for our individual property. Of course, however selfish, if it be selfish at all, I am delighted it will not run through and ruin my Farm, which has been and is to me such an abundant source of occupation and pleasure. You say you saw M., and will see him again; this is right. It annoys me greatly that you should be troubled thus; and I hope the tenancy business will eventuate without the botheration we both anticipate. I trust the promise of a crop may not end in disappointment; which, you know, it not unfrequently does in our Country. You are right about John Stephenson and the cow I let him have; it will eat off its own head—happy John, if it does not eat his off, too! Give my love to Cousin Mary, and tell her I think of her often, and trust that God may guard and make her sickness and troubles rest lightly on her, or take them entirely away. She has had her share, and she certainly bears them heroically. I hope our Neighbor, Mr. William Baker, has recovered entirely from his severe attack. Remember me kindly to him, and tell him I wish he was along with me sometimes in this wonderful Argentina, that we might talk over subjects upon which we both have thought much—now, maybe, finding solution in these virgin soils. I am glad you invited Carson Wells. He is a good man, worthy of attention, and reaching the high position and reputation he now enjoys, by his own unaided efforts, he deserves infinite credit. I have always thought well and kindly of him.

I will run on now with my story. I spent the residue of the day in righting up and resting—did not go out anywhere. I don't think I told you the manner of man my travelling companion—Colonel Guinness—was. For Mary's gratification, I will say he is thoroughly English. A thin, though well-formed, active bachelor of fifty, who, after a long sojourn in India, has acquired steady fixed ways, and an accent unmistakably "English." His soldier life has fitted him for taking care of himself, and he saved me much trouble, on travel, by looking after the Finances, engaging porters and hacks, paying Hotel Bills and fixing up our Lunch Basket, which we carried from Rosario around *via* Mendoza to this place, much to our convenience and comfort, and doing all with a readiness and ease which his long military

life rendered easy, relieving me of any apprehension, that it was a weariness to him. His peuliarities sometimes bored me more than the duties he assumed bored him ; but I felt sure he intended nothing disagreeable, and Charles can testify with what composure I can conduct myself and be oblivious, while my bodily presence would, or ought to an observer, to indicate unrest. Our meeting was fortunate, for he was not a listless traveller ; but intelligent and observant, and seemed anxious like myself to travel with profit. He is yet uncertain with regard to his future movements : may go with me to Chili and Peru.

I was gratified to find my friends, Mr. and Miss Curran, still here ; he not having finished his business yet, both of whom gave me cordial welcome. Judge Hanna and his Son and General Clark spent the evening with us, and I engaged with the Judge to drive to-morrow afternoon to Palermo and witness the Fashion of Buenos Ayres on its Rotten Row.

I excused myself early, and went to Bed.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Thursday, September 6, 1888.

After taking the regulation Coffee, and Bread and Butter, I wandered about the City, with the wonted pleasure such a proceeding gives me in strange places. I stopped in a Shoe Black and Cobbler's Shop, and had my shoes stitched in a broken place or two. I could not have a chat while the work was doing, which I have not unfrequently done with profit, finding an intelligent, observant fellow at the last : the want of a tongue was the bar between us, he not speaking English.

At twelve o'clock, Mr. and Miss Curran and I Breakfasted together. We always thus take our meals, unless some engagement intervenes. We Breakfast at twelve and Dine at six, having our morning Coffee served in our respective Rooms. He is hopefully progressing in his business, with Judge Hanna's help.

At two o'clock I went to the Legation, and young Hanna had a handsome Carriage and pair for us. The Turnout was very stylish. Of course, at my expense. You know my rule ; that whilst travelling my friends shall be at no cost whatever on my account. A good rule, which travellers should heed ; especially applicable when our

friends are Officials, who are badly paid by our Government, and totally unable to meet expenses^d from their salaries, if thus invaded—and alas! I know they often are miserably imposed on. This is a subject worthy the gravest consideration of our authorities, in these days of easy locomotion, if we would preserve the dignity of our great Country. It is not proper that our Representatives abroad should live like paupers, if we would maintain our standing and respect with foreign peoples. With them now, under the demands constantly made upon them, many of which they cannot avoid, it is a perpetual strain to keep the wolf from the door, and hold that respectable appearance their position demands.

The Judge and his Son and I constituted the party. The Minister wanted to call upon Mr. Hale, a very old gentleman, now considerably over eighty, and one of the wealthiest citizens of the Argentine, who had expressed a desire to meet me. He is a native of Boston, has lived here nearly sixty years, and confined now to his home, which is the place, I think, I spoke of on my first day's wanderings with Judge Hanna after my arrival; and for which Mr. Hale has been offered such a fabulous sum for Government purposes. We were received most cordially by Mrs. Pierson, his only child, and were soon after conducted to the old man's chamber, where we found him in his easy chair, and gladly gave us welcome. I had a considerable talk with him. He does not look his age; has a good face and head, and, though deaf, talks intelligently, and agreeably too, giving incidents of his long life here, and the wonderful changes and transformations he has witnessed. His Son-in-Law, Mr. Pierson, is one of the prominent Bankers and business men of the City, who has several grown children, one of whom, a Son, is now engaged with his father. The Mansion is old, a one story Building, extending over a large area, very unpretentious without; within, with excellent rooms handsomely and tastefully furnished and appointed. My visit was an interesting and pleasant one, enhanced greatly by the gratification it seemed to give the old man and his daughter. I should delight to hear him relate some of the scenes he has witnessed in sight of his own house, during the many years he has lived here, whilst this now conspicuous Country was struggling into life.

We then drove on to Palermo, where is the Zoological Garden, and the Corso. We went first to the former; beautifully laid out and improved, with vegetation now looking fresh and bright in the

early Spring. The animals are not numerous ; but good specimens and admirably cared for. I was more especially interested in those which belong to South America, of which I am trying to learn—the Lama, the Guanāco—second a pronounced long—and the Vicuña among Quadrupeds, and the Condor among Birds. They were all good ; the Condor, the largest, finest specimen I ever saw ; a noble creature in his size and reach of wing.

The Corso next engaged our attention. I have spoken of this incidentally, if I recollect aright, in the earlier incidents after my arrival—the Rotten Row of Buenos Ayres. The afternoon was beautiful and cool, and the turnout surprising. The track is broad, well set in concrete and sprinkled ; and the Chivalry and Beauty of the young Republic were abroad. The Beauty I don't think was dazzling, and altogether too much adorned from the Artist's palette. The Chivalry was quite mixed, such as new Countries ever present. But the Carriages and horses were remarkable both in number and quality. The Judge thought there were four or five hundred equipages. Certainly there were a great many with extravagant display of wealth. Ours, by the judgment of young Hanna's selection, the best the Livery of the City could furnish, was, also, one of the handsomest on the Corso ; which gratified me on the Minister's account. Policemen were present on horseback to preserve the order of the Course ; for, after a while, we could only drive up and down and around in procession, which gave the occupants of the Carriages a good opportunity of perusing each other, which they did, and doubtless with comments, favorable or unfavorable, to their heart's content.

We then came back. I invited the Judge and his Son to dine with us. The former declined, not feeling very well ; the latter came. After Dinner, the Judge brought free tickets for an Amateur Negro-Minstrel Concert. All went, but myself ; I asked to be excused and went to Bed.

To-day I have had other and more extended views of Buenos Ayres, and I am the more impressed with its pretensions. It has many elements of strength in chaotic form, struggling for formulation. Much work and effort are yet to be exerted before it becomes stable and solid like an ancient City. Its enormous forces are to be differentiated. It is yet an infant Hercules—sprawling.

*
SAME CITY AND HOTEL,
Friday and Saturday, September 7 and 8, 1888.

These two days were spent in the City planning further Excursions till the day of my proposed departure from Montevideo for the Western Coast of South America. On my return from Mendoza, thinking I had abundance of time, I did not examine at once the Schedule to make myself acquainted with the Departure of the Steamers, and thereby lost a day or two which I could have utilized better than here. I proposed to go up the Uruguay—pronounced Uragwy—to Concordia, and returning, visit the Estancia of Mr. Hale, who, together with his Son-in-Law and Manager, had given me a kind and pressing invitation to do so, and they would make all needful preparations for my reception there. Had I looked into the matter at once, I would have easily accomplished both; now I fear I can do only one. I have, therefore, taken my ticket to Concordia, preferring the sight of and voyage on the big River, whose scenic interest, I am told, is greater than that of the Paranā, and worth, by its magnitude, the attention of the traveller. In the meantime I have continued my investigations of Buenos Ayres.

Young Massie called to see me again to tell me he had a situation in the firm of Samuel B. Hale & Co.—my friends already spoken of—and a good place it is for him, they having wealth and standing in the Republic. I told him I would inform his friends on my return of his good fortune. He seems to be a worthy young man; certainly has behaved like a gentleman in our intercourse.

Judge Hanna and Colonel Tisdale called to see me in the evening, and sat for an hour or two. The latter has just come from Chili, and gives a frightful account of the flood which, resulting from the breaking of a Dam, destroyed and swept away much property and many people in Valparaiso. Colonel Tisdale is from Ohio, says he was in Banks' army when Stonewall ran over them—spoke most admiringly of Jackson and his military genius. He married a Virginia Lady in Stafford, who is now in Paris educating their Daughters; he says her friends have not forgiven her for marrying a "Yankee," and even yet eye her askant when she goes there on a visit. I think he said he married a Miss Conway. He was employed by the United States Government to go to Africa and report on the Congo Region, which he did, his views differing from those of Livingston and

Stanley—his, he tells me, now generally approved in Europe. His Report is published in the Records of the Department of State. I told him I would get and read it. He gave me much information about Chili and Peru, which he has visited quite extensively. He talks a good deal and well; but I know nothing of him, save from himself.

Last night—Friday—we had a big storm of wind, Lightning and Rain, which I think, from its violence, must have done harm. This morning I walked up to bid my friends, Judge Hanna and his Son, Good-Bye; for when I leave to-morrow morning I may not be able to meet them on my return, and they deserve my every consideration for their kindness and attention.

I bought my Ticket and engaged my Porter to take my traps to the Steamboat to-morrow morning. During the day I visited the Cathedral, where the present Pope of Rome officiated in his young days. It is a large and quite handsome structure, on the Grand Plaza, not far from this Hotel; Services were conducting, this being another of their innumerable Feast days, when most places of business are closed.

After the storm, the weather became delightful, and I wandered, looking and thinking, a part of the time with my friend Curran.

To-night Judge Hanna and his Son, General Clark, Mr. Kidder and Mr. Homberger, an American born, of German parents, an Artist, now living here, came and remained with us till after twelve o'clock; the time was passed so pleasantly I did not begrudge the hours stolen from my beloved sleep. Mr. Homberger brought his Zither—pronounced Zeter—with him, a Swiss stringed instrument of wonderful compass and sweetness, and gave us Music I have never heard surpassed in melody. He is a genius, and his creature talked and sang magically under his fingers. He, one after another, charmed us, with old tunes and airs, which we have known along through life from childhood, alternately moving and soothing us with gladness or melancholy—Home Sweet Home, Old Lang Syne, the Marseillaise, God Save the Queen, Hail Columbia, Dixie, My Maryland, Old Hundred, and a host of others. I did not think I had so much latent music in my soul. The instrument is thin and small, between two and three feet in diameter, laid flat on a table, and the strings, which are numerous, touched or struck like those of a Harp.

Between the airs we talked, and the hours sped rapidly. My last evening in Buenos Ayres is to be remembered, for we now scatter, vast distances from one another. Our associations have been to me delightful; every kindness and attention have been showered upon me, and sympathy manifested, amounting to affection. Wherever I go on my Travels, these things seem to attend me; doubtless, because I quietly go along, polite and considerate of others, and do not court or seek anything or anybody. It was after midnight when we bade each other Good-Bye! with many benedictions and wishes for my welfare, and the safety and success of my future travels. Mr. Kidder is in the Lumber business, and will remain here some time with favorable promise. Mr. Curran and his Sister go to Rosario to-morrow; he on his same business which brought him here, and which I am glad to say has prospered; and thence he goes to his residence in Boston, and his Sister to her's in Philadelphia. I will write to them on my return home.

I ought to tell you, though I do it with diffidence, and by no means with conceit, for I know myself better than any one knows me, that my friends express their gratification at the impression I seem to make upon those with whom I meet, who are so unstinted in their admiration, that I cannot write it without the manifestation of vanity.

ON RIVER URUGUAY, STEAMBOAT MINERVA,

Sunday, September 9, 1888.

Early this morning I had taken my Coffee and paid my Bill at the Hotel, in Buenos Ayres, and by half-past eight o'clock was on my way to the Steamboat with my Baggage. My Porter and his associates shouldered my traps to the Landing, and then putting it and me into a Boat, rowed us to the Minerva, on which I am to make my trip up to Concordia, a City in Entre Rios, Argentina, two hundred and fifty miles from Buenos Ayres.

The Vessel was similar to the one on which I navigated the Paraná and Paraguay; a nice Boat with every comfort. It was not crowded, but had a good complement of passengers, of various nationalities; during the day I made some acquaintances, from whom I derived much information.

Before proceeding with my account, I ought to say that I did not fail in Buenos Ayres to go to see my friend, Rev. Dr. Thomas B. Wood, of whom I have spoken hitherto. I went to the Mission of the M. E. Church; and being informed that Dr. Wood was not there, inquired, by his instruction, for Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Stockton, who soon appeared and gave me a cordial welcome. He said Dr. Wood was in Uruguay, Cuidado del Pastor Sijon, Colonia Valdense, Depto Colonia; a long enough address surely, I told him, and especially for a little place. Before I leave the Eastern Coast I will drop him a line, thanking and expressing regret at not meeting him.

To continue; the morning and day were like such a number I have experienced in this Country—perfection for travelling—a bright Sky and genial temperature. At half-past ten we lifted anchor and started on our journey, finding our path through hundreds of sailing Vessels which filled the River and Port of Buenos Ayres with canvass. At first, after steaming awhile, land was beyond sight toward every point of the compass. In a short time we neared the Coast of Uruguay, towards the West the Province of Buenos Ayres still being out of sight, across the broad La Plata. Before a great while, the Banks drawing closer and closer, at two o'clock both came in view, with flat and uninteresting Country. We stopped at the Island of Martin Garcia, and then steamed on till Dinner time; the Country of Uruguay, or Banda Oriental improving. Banda Oriental is the poetic name, and it is so pretty the people prefer it; not to be outdone, those upon the West of the River Uruguay, in the Argentine, call their Country the Banda Occidental—literally the Eastern and the Western Belt or Strip.

I had talks with several people going up the River, among them a Scotchman, who now lives in Uruguay, and spoke in glowing terms of its capabilities and resources. He thought Uruguay much superior to the Province of Entre Rios on the opposite side. Uruguay is mainly pastoral, not much being yet reduced to cultivation in grain, though considerable areas have been planted in Vineyards which give fine promise both of grapes and wine. The market for their stock, especially Cattle and Sheep, is not sufficient to consume the increase, though meat-juice factories have sprung up, and at Frey Bentos, which we will pass during the night, carried on by a Liebig Company, is the largest in the world, killing one thousand head per day. The cattle are brought to the slaughter by steam, and are killed with

a dagger, in the hand of an expert, thrust into the spinal column, back of the head, as skilfully as a Matador in a Bull fight, or Armour's Hog-killer in Chicago. My Scotch friend wished there were many more factories in Uruguay of similar character and import.

The freezing process, too, he spoke of, and longed for in the Banda Oriental; it had become such an important industry in the Argentine and New Zealand. He had seen thirty-four thousand sheep frozen in one ship in Buenos Ayres, and started for London. He thought, after awhile, the same trade would grow up in Uruguay. He spoke in quite extravagant terms of the Country, its site and productiveness. I called his attention to the map; how well supplied it seemed to be with Rivers, which appeared to flow from the centre towards the circumference at every point of the compass, which, of course, must be supplied by many smaller affluents. He said the inference was not incorrect. Two Monuments appeared upon the banks of the River, which he said indicated the site of the beginning or the end of some patriotic achievement in Uruguay's History.

The Banks of the River on the Oriental side are high, and now and then a handsome Estancia appears with its green fields dotted with Cattle and sheep, indicating wealth and thrift. The Entre Rios side is low, and does not present these attractive Landscapes in anything like the same number or quantity.

The beauty of the scene was enhanced by a brilliant Sunset, followed by a cloudless night, adorned with the bow of a New Moon.

ON SAME RIVER, STEAMER LEDA, AND AT
CONCORDIA, ENTRE RIOS, HOTEL NACIONAL,
Monday, September 18, 1888.

In Bed on the Minerva, and sleeping soundly, I was aroused at an uncertain hour in the morning by a Servant, and told something excitedly in Spanish, which I did not understand. Thinking it was announcing the arrival of the Steamboat at an intermediate Landing, of no interest to me, I turned over and went to sleep again. In a short while he came back, more excitedly than before, and repeated his former communication. Feeling that it was a matter of which I ought to take cognizance at once, I inquired of a gentleman, then leaving the adjoining State-room, what the fuss was about; he, happily, speaking English, replied that we were going to change

Boats; the River was too low higher up to float our big Vessel, and we were compelled to go upon a smaller. I made haste then to go. The passengers and their baggage were soon transferred to the Steamboat Leda, brought alongside for convenience. The Purser, who speaks English, assured me I would not be delayed in returning down the River. We got under steam again about five o'clock in the morning, and without further delay, were landed here at two in the afternoon. The little Steamer is a good one, also, with excellent appointments, and the journey was pleasantly continued, having an abundant and comfortable Breakfast served. The Steward distinguishing me by saving from the crowd a seat for me on the right of the Captain.

In the further progress up the River, I increased the number of my acquaintances, and from them derived much information, cheerfully given. One a cultivated German, who spoke English very well. We talked much about his own Empire. He was a profound admirer of Bismarck, with whom he was well acquainted, and had many interviews, which ever increased his admiration for his marvellous abilities and resources. I asked him how the young Emperor agreed with the great Chancellor; it was rumored in the World that his mother and Bismarck did not agree, and that her antipathy was transmitted to the Son? He said this was not true; that the *entente* was perfect, manifested by the young Emperor calling to see the venerable Chancellor immediately upon his return from his recent visit to the Czar. I told him rumor, also, said that the young man is weak and headstrong. This he said is not true, either; that he is a man of energy and talent, and that Bismarck had said, that should his own life be spared for ten years longer, and he continue to walk by the Emperor's side, giving him the benefit of his long experience, the young Monarch will be able to stand alone, and rule the Empire successfully and gloriously. I replied, how fortunate for Germany! for her troubles were by no means ended with France, which was a powerful people yet, not done with History, only awaiting a leader to avenge her disaster, and perhaps fill Europe again with the clangor of her arms. Germany did not, in the Franco-German War, fight France, only the empty shell of a Napoleon. To this he fully agreed; and that reconciled Germany, naturally liberty-loving, to Imperialism. Much more interesting talk took place, which I have not time to put down. I do not know who my new friend is.

Among others I met were three young Irishmen from Dublin, Meath and the neighborhood of the Giant's Causeway, with whom I was able, from personal knowledge, to talk about their respective localities. They are now residents of the Argentine and Uruguay, engaged in business, and are delighted with their new homes—much more promising in outlook than old Erin! They are respectable young men, and pleasant fellows and gentlemen; though from their purely active and stirring life, they don't pretend to know much. They had a good deal to say about a Virginian, by the name of Philip Nelson Page, of whom they spoke admiringly. They said his father is Captain Page, who has been out here on a visit and now resides in Florence, Italy, who, with his sons, were in the Confederate Service. I told them I did not know him personally; but knew many members of his family, both Page and Nelson. He is, doubtless, a son of General Page, Mr. Mann Page's brother, who, you remember, was in the United States Navy, and afterwards a General in our Confederate Service, stationed, I think, in Norfolk. This Philip Nelson Page is, they say, a Bachelor, about forty years of age, and owns and conducts an Estancia in Entre Rios; he has a brother living somewhere in the Argentine. He is expected here shortly; but I will hardly meet him before leaving.

One of the Irish lads is to be married in this neighborhood, and the other two have come as his best men; consequently, they are enthusiastic, like Irish boys are wont to be. When we came to Concordia, they offered to come ashore with me in the Boat, and then to the Hotel and engage me quarters, that I might escape trouble and annoyance, they knowing well the place. I told them it was very kind in the three young Lions to take care of the Eagle. They fulfilled their offer gracefully. I left my Trunk on the Steamboat; one of my Irish friends took my Satchel, and insisted upon carrying it against my protest, put it through the Custom House, procured a Carriage, and we all drove to this Hotel together, and soon I was comfortably fixed in the Room where these lines are writing. They went to private quarters, promising to meet me here at Dinner.

When this morning opened, the River had narrowed and presented much more scenic interest. The day again was beautiful, and the Sunshine added much to the import of the Landscape. Nature, in grass and foliage, green and luxuriant, added Palm trees to the number of her charms, strewn hither and thither in rows and clumps;

I could not have seen the River under happier auspices. It is not a stream of anything near the magnitude of the Paraná, and does not impress you like that mighty flood ; though the scenery of a certain kind is more interesting. On the Oriental side, the Banks, generally high and receding from the shore in gentle undulations, present signs of culture, and greater evidences of more numerous and more ancient settlements. Now and then Meat-Juice Factories, and at Salteiro a large Establishment, where Beef is corned, cured and packed. And on the elevated grounds, Estancias, some of them imposing, embowered among trees, the sward sweeping away from them in thousands of acres, over which great herds and flocks wandered—an attractive scene. The Entre Rios or Occidental side is not of equal attractiveness ; this, however, though generally low, and in brush and undergrowth, now and then claims comparison with its Eastern rival.

I rested an hour or two in my comfortable quarters ; the Hotel is one story, covering a large area ; my capacious Room opens upon a Pateo or Atrium, filled with flowers ; its big iron-barred window looks out upon the Public Square. When satisfied with these I took a nap, and then walked out in the cool of the evening and exhausted the town. It claims twenty thousand. I don't think it has more than half that number ; built with rectangular streets, and they and the houses of the style that I have more than once fully written of.

At seven o'clock, two of my friends came to dine with me ; the other, the prospective groom, found a hitch in his matrimonial proceedings ; the forms of Law, by some oversight, had not been complied with, which necessitated his going at once to the Estancia, where his affianced lives, that things might be righted up. My friends said the trouble would be readily overcome, and the Marriage Bells yet ring.

We had a pleasant meal together, and whilst at it an Englishman joined us, who has charge, I think, of the Railroad Station here, and we had a deal of talk about English Authors of whom my British friend imagined he knew more than he really did, and surprised at my knowledge of them, said I talked better than he, and like my scholarly and worthy old friend and schoolmate, Sandy Parkins, when he broke down on one occasion in the Pulpit, apologized to the audience, that he knew he had it in him, if he could only get it out. Whilst I know Sandy had it there, I was equally sure my

Britisher hadn't. This in no manner interrupted our harmony ; for I told him it would be a sad world of stupid uniformity did everybody agree. What would the beautiful Earth be, was its whole surface Pampas? Which reconciled my friend and made him comfortable ; and we all walked out in the Public Square in the cool evening air, with the calming New Moon and Stars above us. And in a half hour or thereabouts, we amicably parted for the night.

CONCORDIA, SAME HOTEL,

Tuesday, September 11, 1888.

You remember, whilst up the Paraná and Paraguay, I thought of returning to Buenos Ayres by way of the Alto Paraná, from Corrientes, taking a Diligence from Posadas to the upper Uruguay, and thence down that River to Monte Caseros, and thence by Rail to this City of Concordia ; but was deterred by the difficulty of making connections, and hence serious delays. This is the head of travel on the lower Uruguay ; above are Cataracts and falls which necessitate Railroads to connect with its upper navigation. There are two of these Roads, one on the West in the Provinces of Entre Rios and Corrientes ; the other, on the East in the Banda Oriental, meeting at or near points above Santa Rosa and Monte Caseros. I am glad I was not induced to take that Route ; I chose one far more interesting and without loss of time.

To-day I regard as well-nigh lost ; for I have been able to do nothing to add to my knowledge of the Country, having exhausted Concordia—only now waiting the departure of the Boat down the River. This is a serious trouble in travelling in South America. You have already seen how I have been impeded in my progress for want of connections, and what delays it has entailed. The distances around and through the Continent are very great, and hence delays are serious, not only prolonging time and increasing expense, but hazarding the missing of proper seasons. Hitherto, we will agree, I have in this latter regard been most fortunate.

I have observed here more of the Gaucho costume than elsewhere. Gaucho is the name given to that class of people who once bore a striking resemblance to what, latterly, in our Country, have been called Cow-Boys. Literally, it means, Countryman ; more specifically, Herdsmen, who live upon horseback, and in their pursuit

acquire reckless ways. The advance of Civilization has in great measure broken down their individuality and obliterated their characteristics; as in our Country the famed Frontiersman has disappeared; places, which, like Cheyenne, once called Hell on Wheels, now in sweet euphony denominated, the Golden City of the Plains. The Pampas lately dominated by the Gaucho, and settlements "made red" by his revelries, are now quiet, and the troublesome fellow is gentle as a sucking dove. The Arts of Peace have quieted his nerves, and wire fences no longer permit his wild careering over the plains and escape with plunder. The Pampas have lost the Gaucho. But the costume survives—a loose shirt and big pantaloons, *a la Turque*, gathered at the ankles and buttoned with a band; a broad and brilliant sash around the waist finishing the outfit—an easy fitting and admirable wear for a horseman. You see it on every hand here, looking both comfortable and picturesque; but the lively fellows who once filled it, driving carts or branding stock, or doing other dull work; their former sprightly occupation gone.

STEAMBOATS LEDA AND MINERVA,

ON URUGUAY RIVER,

Wednesday, September 12, 1888.

At half-past seven I had taken my Coffee, paid my Bill at the Hotel, driven to the Landing, been rowed to the Steamboat Leda, and was on my way down the River. To give you some idea of the rascally population which has drifted into this new Country: sitting in the Boat, waiting to be rowed out, the Italian, a sleek, roguish-looking chap, who had driven the three young Irishmen and myself to the Hotel yesterday, approached and said something which, of course, I could not understand, and so told him. He persisted in repeating his remark several times; I responding in the same way. Before the Boat left the Landing, the Proprietor of the Hotel where I stopped, who speaks English, came down, and I told him to inquire of the fellow what he had said to me; which he did, and received the response, that he was asking me for his Carriage hire, which I had not paid. I was out of all patience, having given one of my friends my proportion, and seen him hand it to the scamp. I rose up in the Boat and told the Proprietor the facts, and asked him to tell my friends to have the fellow arrested as a thief; at which the

graceless chap soon made his exit from the little crowd who had heard the controversy.

I will not repeat what I told you of the River in coming up. We went rapidly down—eighty miles—when we were again transferred to the Minerva, and at this writing are hurrying towards Buenos Ayres. I again observed the large Factories, or Fabricas, and Saladeros, which I observed going up, and some I had not seen for the night, where meats are cured or canned, or converted in Juice. At one of them—Saladero Colon, Entre Rios—Mr. Coaker, a gentleman with whom I conversed, going up, rowed out and sent me a card and the latest English Newspaper with his compliments. This was thoughtful and kind. I saw him from the Deck; he hailed me, hoping I had had a pleasant trip, and wishing me a good time to the end of my Tour.

I had conversations with Englishmen on board, one of whom has been in the Argentine fifty years, and I learned much and many things about the Country, which I have not time to write; nor would I, if I had, for you are, doubtless, by this time worn out with the Republic and her affairs.

ON STEAMBOAT MINERVA, AND AT BUENOS AYRES,

Thursday, September 13, 1888.

Our journey down the River in the Minerva was rapid and propitious. Plenty of water to float safely our big Boat. The River having risen either by reason of rains above or a stiff breeze from the South, which had checked the current and driven it back upon itself, or by reason of both combined. Certainly, we had no further impediments to our progress. We arrived at Buenos Ayres at eight o'clock in the morning of another clear and lovely day, very different from the morning of our advent from Montevideo some weeks ago.

But the same kindness which favored my first Landing facilitated this. My old friend, with whom I had such pleasant chat yesterday, came to me and said he was familiar with the proceeding, and invited me to go ashore with him, and he would protect me from the robber-boatmen and make things pleasant for me. I accepted his kind invitation and went with him, and when I insisted upon paying the whole boat-fare, would allow me to pay none. He gave me his name as Mr. Downs, from Chester, England, though now a resi-

dent of Argentina for half a century. We parted with many expressions of good will for each other.

I retained my Cabin and left my Baggage in it; the same Boat going to Montevideo this evening, whither I am now bound. I went ashore simply to draw money from my Bankers, pay for my Ticket to Valparaiso, Chili, and inquire for Letters from you all. I got the money and bought the Ticket, by it, making the trip from this to Montevideo, they charging nothing extra for it, amounting to nearly Ten Dollars; the whole voyage to Valparaiso being forty pounds sterling—Two Hundred Dollars—a very extravagant charge for a twelve days' Journey. But I am compelled to pay it. They have no competitor, save a German Line, said to be inferior; but whether so or not, it is safer for me to go upon an English-speaking Ship, with whose officers I can communicate, than upon one where I would probably often need a tongue among interesting scenes, requiring information from others on the spot.

Now to the Letters and Papers: Of the latter I will speak at once to satisfy Taylor, who makes inquiry with regard to their arrival, I not having, he says, named them. I thought I had, in general terms. I received several packages, and have on each occasion when Letters came. I have no doubt all he has sent have arrived safely, and you may be sure I have read them, especially our town Papers, which have kept me advised quite well of affairs in general there. Of Letters, two came from your Mother, July 22 and July 29; from your Uncle Taylor three, July 18, 24, 30. None, I am sorry to say, from your Uncle Charles or yourself.

Whilst standing on the street near the Bank, waiting for it to open—10 o'clock—who should come up but my friend, Mr. Curran! We were glad to meet again. He and his Sister had returned from Rosario, and were now bound to Montevideo like myself. They going, thence, Northward to their homes; I Southward, in prosecution of my Tour. An hour or thereabouts afterwards, he and young Hanna came into the Steamer-Office where I was getting a Ticket, on the same errand. These are strange meetings.

I determined not to linger on shore, but to hurry back to the Steamboat and quietly have a talk with you through the Letters which, as ever, I was impatient to devour, my friend, Mr. Curran, promising to join me there, during the day, with his Sister. I need not say how I enjoyed the reading, sitting on the Deck in the deli-

cious breeze, in the middle of the vast River, in full view of the low-lying, great City, with which, by this time, I am quite familiar; and, doubtless, you are too. I could well understand, from this pleasant temperature, how Pedro de Mendoza, its founder in 1535, could give it the name of Buenos Ayres—"Good Air."

To Margaret: I followed you with interest through your long Letters—never too long for me—and agree with what you say about our old town, Charlestown, and our friends and acquaintances. This is the briefest way to put it; for I have not time to go into particulars and make additional comments. You are right about Mary going to the Country; I believe it will do her good, and Mrs. Nelson will, I believe, add in every possible way to her health and enjoyment, and then she will be quiet, which is eminently good for people now and then. You think this strange talk from one who moves so far and sometimes so fast. But whilst I travel much, I always travel quietly. I am glad my Letters are reaching you safely; by this time you know, that though the Amazon is not a safe Country to travel or sojourn in, I have escaped with only a warning not to try it any more. And I wont. My health after reaching Rio, and thence on, has been excellent.

To Taylor: Your Letters were full of moment to me, on account of the many interesting things of which you write—chiefest, Mr. William Baker. I do trust by this time he is well entirely. Remember me most kindly to him, and tell him I hope to have much talk with him about this Country, hitherto little known, now striding into conspicuous notice. Your first Letter with regard to him induced me to think it was only a passing sickness; your last alarmed me for his ultimate recovery. What a loss his death would be, not only to his family, but the community! I sincerely trust he is now well again.

It is gratifying to me to know that you and Kitty and Mack are getting on well together; many a time do I withdraw my thoughts from the scenes around me, and hurry them off to the Old Home and its delightful associations, and hope that everything is tiding well and smoothly, for, and with you there. I am glad you kept Carter, he has certainly had a happy life of it, and an easy one, too, since I have owned him. If I were you, I would not send him to the Country at all. Use him till I return.

It gives me much relief, what you say^{as} about Margaret's health. I sincerely hope it is now entirely restored. Mary's visit to Mrs. Nelson will right her up, I am sure.

Your fear that Charles will not succeed in paying you his accustomed visit, I trust will not be realized. I want no Summer to pass without his presence there. I would feel happy if I knew you were reading together these Letters, and following me on the map, to and among places and scenes neither of you, perhaps, ever heard of before; but now growing into world-renowned import.

I am sorry to hear of the failures you mention. Maybe the New Railroad will give our old town fresh vitality; then I see there is some prospect of the Washington and Ohio pushing on to our borders. Let it come; bearing whatever gifts it can. You know what I think upon these subjects.

Whilst writing the above, the afternoon came on, and the passengers from the City to Montevideo were arriving; my friends, the Currans, came with Judge Hanna and his Son and Kidder to see us safely off and bid us God-speed! Two young United States Naval Officers belonging to the Fleet in these waters were along, also—Lieutenants Kelton and Reynolds—and a bottle of Champagne was broken. The Judge and Son and Kidder went back just before the Boat got under way, and then our party took Dinner together, Mr. Ashworth, the young Englishman, whom, you remember, I met up the Paraná, joining us. The Young Americans are nice fellows, and make a good impression, which gratified me. Our Dr. Aulick was on the same ship with them—the Alliance—and they spoke highly and kindly of him, and thought that he knew when he parted from them he was bidding them a final farewell, and was coming home to die.

When at the Bank this morning, I left a notice to forward thereafter my Letters and Papers to Lima, whither I directed you to write, and where I hope a flock of them will be gathered to greet me. I also called to see young Massie, and to wish him well; he has behaved in such a gentlemanly manner that he deserves every consideration. I spoke well of him to Mr. Pearson, the active head of the firm, and he replied that he promised well. Tell the Minors when you see them.

MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY, HOTEL ORIENTAL,
Friday, September 14, 1888.

We reached this City in the small hours of the morning, but it was broad daylight before the passengers made their way shoreward. The Sun and Sky welcomed our advent, and the City looked well from the Deck; also the conical Hill or Little Mountain, called Cerro, crowned with a fort, beyond the Bay, in full view, and from which Montevideo derives its name.

We determined to avoid annoyance from the Boatman and at Custom House, Curran having a good deal of Baggage—to entrust all to an Express Agent who came aboard and tendered his services. This turned out well. He took us ashore, had our Trunks passed—a merely formal proceeding—and by half-past seven or eight o'clock we were safely and pleasantly quartered in our Rooms in this Hotel, to which we had been advised by our friends to come. We walked, it being a short distance from the Landing.

After taking some Coffee, and Bread and Butter, near nine o'clock, Curran and I went to see Mr. Edward J. Hill, of North Carolina, our Consul here, and were received with great politeness. I had some talk, and then left Mr. Curran with him to consult with regard to his business, and I went to see Mr. John E. Bacon, our Minister-Resident to the Countries of Uruguay and Paraguay. His Office, till last winter, was simple *Chargé d'Affairs*, when it was elevated to that of Minister-Resident, with a large increase of salary. He is from South Carolina, a Brother-in-Law of Senator Butler, both whose wives are Daughters of Governor Pickens. My friend, Governor Jarvis, was very anxious for me to know Judge Bacon, representing him as a highly cultivated and accomplished gentleman, and we would, he was sure, have much pleasure in each other's society. He is in delicate health.

His Son, just grown, is in the Consul's Office, and went with me, probably two miles distant, to his father's house. We walked part of the way and rode the residue on the Tram, through—18 de Julio—18 July Street, the chief thoroughfare of the City, passing the Cathedral and several Plazas, or Public Squares, and visiting the Market, which was well supplied with meats, fowl, fish and vegetables, with which we are familiar. The day of a month is sometimes the name for a Street; and this designation is very common in the South

American Cities, being significant of some important event enacted on that day in the Country's History: thus 18 July in Uruguay is equivalent to our Fourth, the day of its Independence. The next most important Street is—25 de Maio—25 of May, another Red Letter Day in the Republic's Calendar, which Street runs parallel to 18 July, one only intervening. 18 July is the backbone, as it were, of the City, and traversing it, I formed a good idea of its lay, and was enabled with it easily to locate its plan.

Unfortunately, Judge Bacon had gone out, his Son said, doubtless to Breakfast. Mrs. Bacon having left for the United States, he has ceased to keep house during her absence, and is taking his meals at the Continental Hotel, whither we went to seek him. Neither did we find him there. I left my Letter from Governor Jarvis with his Son.

We Breakfasted at the usual hour—midday—and whilst Curran was attending to his business, Miss Curran and I walked out to see the City. We strolled along the Bay, among the carts and wagons, and the unloading ships, looking at them, in numbers amounting to a Fleet, and over them to the Cerro, or Little Mountain, appropriately giving significance to the City's name; for it is the only elevated land in sight, and though not very high, is regularly conical in form and conspicuously in view, both from the streets and from the Sea.

Then turning into the town we pedestrianized a number of the streets, and made our way to those I have named, 25 May and 18 July, where most of the shops are located, and like rustics ought ever to do in strange places, looked into the windows, some of them brilliant with precious stones. The Cathedral was open, and we went in and listened to the music of the Evening Service, conducting in one of the Chapels, and were loath to leave the sweet sound of organ and human voices, stealing out and filling the whole Cathedral to its most distant arches with delicious harmonies, rendered more potent and penetrating by the darkening hour.

When returning, it began to sprinkle rain, and we hastened. We met Mr. Hill who had just been to the Hotel to call on us, and we invited him to dine with us, which he did. Judge Bacon, also, called and manifested the greatest pleasure at meeting me, and tendered himself in every way. He regretted his absence from home, when we called; he had gone to see the British Minister, Mr. Palgrave, who was, he feared, at the point of death; for that reason, also, he

could not remain and dine with us, expecting to be up with his friend to-night. Judge Bacon is a delicate man, and looks so; I should think, from his appearance, threatened with consumption. He is a cultivated gentleman and agreeable, and we had an hour or two of pleasant chat. He proposed to call to-morrow at four o'clock and go out with us to some points of interest.

Mr. Hill dined with us, and to-morrow morning at eight o'clock will be here at the Hotel, to go with us to the Cerro, or Little Mountain, and on the way see portions of the City where the Elite and wealthy denizens of Montevideo live. I have already told you, that Montevideo is pronounced here *Montevideao*, the syllables all short except the e before the final o, which is pronounced like æ diphthong.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Saturday, September 15, 1888.

Mr. Hill came at the appointed hour, bringing with him young Mr. Bacon, who talks Spanish well, having been here several years; Mr. Hill's stay having been only a few months. Mr. and Miss Curran and I were ready.

Mr. Hill had spoken to the Commanding Officer of the Alliance, a United States Man-of-War, now in the Harbor, who had kindly offered his Boat for our use. The Cerro is just across the Bay, and the row is comparatively short. He had proposed getting a Sail Boat, but Miss Curran is timid and cannot stand that kind of locomotion, and the Bay being rough this morning he would not suggest the Boat, though it had been sent for us; but determined to take the Tram around the Bay, which makes the whole circuit to the foot of the Mountain. The idea, in the beginning, was to go by Boat and return by Tram.

Our ride around was several miles; but we were richly repaid by its exceeding beauty, in which the day most happily vied. Passing through the business streets of the City and farther out, the residences, many of which were Villas with spacious grounds, whereon heaps of money have been spent, often prodigally, in Vegetation and Art, showing that Montevideo has great accumulated wealth. These residences are here called *Quintas*—pronounced *Keentas*. When we got among them and further on, past the Corporate limits into the open country, an admirable view of the Bay opens, with, on either

hand, the reach of the City and the lone Mountain. To-day it was uncommonly fine—the little fortification crowning the summit of the cone, and the numerous Ships in the Bay and the wide River beyond, and the houses of the City front, clean cut in the bright limpid air. We could not have chosen a more auspicious day for our excursion; for with this profusion of light, there was no heat.

Stopping to change horses, we found we had just missed the connecting Tram, and would have to remain forty-five minutes. This was on the City limits. Not wishing to lose time, we determined to walk to the Prado or Park, probably a mile distant, thus utilizing our delay, and avoiding the necessity of another ride, which was our proposed afternoon excursion. On our walk we passed more of the Quintas, exhibiting the same profusion of wealth of which I have already spoken. The Park is pretty; but seems, from the size of its trees and general appearance, to be comparatively young, yet it is a highly creditable affair for Montevideo. We walked through and over it. Most of the trees are the Eucalyptus, set in groves, and clumps and avenues, though there are a good many Evergreens, and the walks and drives are well planned and graded.

We came out at the further end from our entrance, and thence again joined the Tram which soon carried us to the Village, seated at the foot of the Mountain, and between it and the Bay. There dismounting we walked, or rather climbed to the summit, requiring a considerable effort, though covered with soft sod, it was comfortable. But our labor was abundantly rewarded. Ascending, at every step the prospect widened, and when we reached the steps that led into the fort which crowned the top, before us and on either hand lay a prospect, in extent and beauty, hard to be surpassed.

We called the Officer of the Guard, and the Consul introduced himself, and gave our names and residences. The Officer hurried off, and soon returned with the Commandant, who extended a hearty welcome and invited us into his private apartments, nicely furnished, where he begged us to rest while refreshments were getting ready, for which our effort had rendered us prepared and grateful. Soon liquors and cake were brought, and we obeyed the command of the Chief, and refreshed.

Conducting us around the Bulwarks, the Commandant showed us a prospect of extraordinary magnificence, saying it embraced a radius of a hundred miles. In front lay the Harbor—the Bay of which

I have spoken—well filled with Ships; beyond, the City compactly built on a projection of land much like a thumb, the Bay on one side, the great River on the other, opening its mouth towards the Ocean, and the ground rising by easy grade from the shore, confirming what I had seen in my walks—the admirable site of Montevideo for sewer and drainage purposes; on our right extended the vast La Plata, almost beyond the vision, looking like the Sea; on the left, the suburbs and outlying Villages, Villas and humbler residences; in the rear, the Country rolling away in easy and now verdant, and well cultivated undulation, whilst here and there, on every hand, are Saladeros of various size and import. We lingered a good while over this lovely Landscape, and then descended to the shore. Young Bacon went and tried to get a small Steam Launch with which we would return to Montevideo—the water now being unruffled; but none were on that side, and we were compelled to return by the mode we came. Before doing so, we visited one of the large Saladeros, where Beef is killed and stripped, and cut into thin pieces and cured for market. We saw the entire process. In other of these Establishments they can the Beef; in others still they convert it into Juice. Maybe I have noted this before on some previous page.

We then took Tram again, and returned to the City by the same route we went. Whilst waiting for the Tram, we amused ourselves in watching the citizens of an Ant Hill discharging their allotted duties. We observed bare strips of land two inches wide through the grass of the open field, extending in many directions, but all verging centrally to one point, which was the Metropolis, whence issued hundreds of the tiny creatures empty, and into which hundreds entered bearing bits of grass or leaf, much like the umbrella ant, of which I told you in a former Tour. These insects, I am told, are very destructive upon crops, sweeping them away in tender state. In the West Indies the negroes say that a similar or maybe the same species feed and nurture a white snake, which is their monarch, and which takes up its home in the industrious creature's nest, thus to be nourished and cared for. Of this I cannot vouch. Certain it is, the thousands of little things were carrying their bits of green with ceaseless industry to their home for, to them, some most important purpose; and from the worn appearance of the tracks, the work had been going on for many days or years.

Judge Bacon arrived at four o'clock according to promise, but a rain came, too, and put an end to our plans for further sight-seeing. Our object was the Prado; but that we saw this morning, and left scarce anything for further investigation. After the Judge went, a heavy storm came up, and when I retired to bed, the wind was howling furiously, and the Ships had a restless hour or two under its blasts.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Sunday, September 16, 1888.

Judge Bacon and Mr. Hill were to have been here at eight o'clock. We waited till nearly nine, and then I left word with the Manager of the Hotel, that if they called, he must say that Mr. Curran and I had gone to the Cathedral and 18 July Street, and they would find us at one or other of those places. On that street every Sunday morning till twelve o'clock m., a Fair is held, which is one of the curiosities of the City to the stranger, from the number and character of the people and commodities there gathered. We had marked this as the chief place to be seen to-day, and the Minister and Consul agreed to accompany us.

We went first to the Cathedral; the Service was progressing, and the building was quite full. Again was I gratified with the Music; this time not coming out of a Chapel as before, but issuing from the Church Organ, and filling in its volume of sound, accompanied by human voices, the whole building with those notes, which, though the same for generations, have not wearied nor lost their power. There is something in Cathedral Music, which endures, in its attractive influences, and none has ever been devised which can take its place and equal it in lasting potency. Thus I felt to-day.

As we were leaving the Cathedral, the Consul and young Bacon—Pickens is his Christian name after his Grandfather—overtook us. Pickens said his father was too sick to join us; the Consul, that he had himself been detained, and hence was late. We then continued our walk to 18 July Street, and there saw the gathering of the Fair. Booths had been erected on the road-way, just outside the curb, and men and women were congregated in numbers with every variety of article for sale, artificial and natural. Flowers growing, or gathered in tasteful Bouquets, beautiful and fragrant. Vegetables and meats, and live animals and birds, and Jewelry, pure and pinchbeck, and

articles for use or ornament ; some selling quietly when applied to, some inviting custom, or auctioneering with the volubility of one of our Yankee criers. It was a considerable Variety Fair for Montevideo, and attracted many sellers and buyers ; and we strolled up one side and down the other, stopping, now and then, in the stores, which were also open, to buy a piece for the Set, which I succeeded in doing after numerous efforts—an Egg-holder ; the Silversmiths being unwilling to break a box by the sale of a single article.

We then went to the Market Place, which, you remember, I visited at a later hour yesterday ; to-day the exhibition of people and commodities was much finer ; then to the Theatre, near by, simply to see the empty Building ; a quite handsome affair, which the Consul said was lately crowded night after night with an enthusiastic crowd of Uruguay's Elite, to be still further excited by Patti's wonderful power of song ; then to the English Club, which is quite a nice affair, with Library and other conveniences and advantages for the English-speaking People who have come to reside permanently or are simply transient visitors ; and then to the Boat Club and a Wool Barraca, and an elegant Catholic Church recently built by one Jackson who has gathered great wealth, and now puts some of it here for his Soul's peace ; and then to stroll along the Bay front, back again to the Hotel.

I bought at one of the Jewelry stores what is called a Water Stone—a great curiosity in the way of Mineralogy ; a stone containing a quantity of water visible through its semi-transparent substance. It is found in the Salto Department, Uruguay, just opposite to Concordia, which we recently visited, you remember, on the Uruguay River ; and they tell me, has nowhere else been discovered. We will put it among our Curios, to whose collection many distant regions of the Earth have already contributed.

Judge Bacon came to see me after my return to the Hotel, and said his inability to join us this morning proceeded from an attack of Cholera Morbus last night, from which he has not entirely recovered. His difficulty in procuring servants during Mrs. Bacon's absence had determined him to break up housekeeping ; he had, therefore, rented his house and engaged Rooms at this Hotel, to which he would come this afternoon. I expressed gratification that I would, for the short time of my further stay, be enabled to see more of him.

This afternoon Mr. Hill came again to go with me, a short run into the Country on the Tram, to witness a Game of Ball, peculiar to this Country. But when he arrived, clouds had gathered and it was raining, which prevented our going ; at which I did not grieve.

Last night Captain Pigman, Commander of the United States Ship Alliance, called and invited us to Breakfast with him to-morrow on his Vessel at twelve m. I declined, on the ground that I expect the Vessel of the Pacific Steam Navigation Line to arrive, on which I have taken passage to Valparaiso, through the Straits of Magellan. Should anything occur by which the Vessel might not arrive, or be delayed longer than usual in Port, I may go to the Breakfast ; and with this understanding, the Captain and I parted.

The John Elder, you remember, of the same Line, which brought me here from Rio, is expected on her way homeward, and I will, therefore, close this Letter now and get the Consul to mail it. It is a long voyage of twelve days I am about to undertake ; and you must consequently anticipate a considerable interval between this and the one I shall mail to you on my arrival in Chili ; for it will take about the same time for that to reach you when mailed there, that this will do when mailed here. But you will be reconciled when I tell you, that from this on, I will be homeward bound. Then, too, you have been, and are, and will be better off for Letters than myself. I will, by my directions to you, get no Letters till I reach Lima, Peru. Then I trust all will gather to give me welcome—those which are following, and those which will meet me. Nor will I be anything like so long on the Western, as I have been on the Eastern Coast—the distances are nothing like so great ; and I learn, the connections more frequent and accurate. You can look upon me from this on as a returning wanderer. How I should love to look in upon you before I take wing again !

With tenderest love to all,

F.

[No. 13.]

MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY, HOTEL ORIENTAL,

*Monday, September 17, 1888.**My Dear Margaret,—*

Yesterday I mailed No. 12 to Taylor through the Consul, addressed to Mary.

I expected to have left for Chili *via* the Straits of Magellan sometime during the day ; but the Steamer did not come from Rio on her time. She is now looked for to-morrow ; if so, I will leave a few hours after her arrival. This is a disappointment, and entails the loss of another day, not a few of which have in similar manner befallen me on this Tour. Want of connection and delays are substantial troubles to one travelling here, and, you have seen, have added several weeks to the length of my absence. But these things cannot be avoided, and are, therefore, not to be grieved over.

The Consul, knowing of the Ship's failure to arrive, came to the Hotel in the morning and suggested some modes of utilizing my time, by visiting objects I had not seen, and had made arrangements for it, to which I cheerfully assented.

We went to the Office of the Steamer Company to be assured of the certainty of the Ship's delay, and to get information with regard to my reaching her with my Baggage when she arrived ; and then, by appointment of Mr. Hill, went to the Uruguayan Club, one of the curiosities of the City and Republic. It stands upon one side of the Plaza, of which the Cathedral, already spoken of, occupies another, the English Club another, and the Congressional Halls or Parliament House the fourth. The Club House is uncommonly elegant, much of it built, and its interior finished with white marble brought from Italy. It rivals in its structure, and size and appointments, any of the famous ones of London and New York. The wonder is, whence came or who furnished the money ? Montevideo contains about one hundred and thirty or forty thousand people ; the Republic of Uruguay itself not more than half a million, and yet the City and General Governments are carried on with fine salaries, and everywhere in the homes, and appearance and style, which meet you, there are evidences of great wealth. Judge Bacon says, the Taxes direct are not oppressive, but the Import Duties are enor-

mous, several times larger than ours, and hence the Revenues are derived which support the seeming public extravagance, and the fondness for show, makes individuals spend all their earnings, and often much more, and not grumble about the money which, in such a system, comes insidiously, but without seeming burden upon their own pockets. A young Englishman, who is a member of the Club, met us there at Mr. Hill's request, and showed us the House and what pertained to it, which, for the reasons I have given, were worth our time to see.

We then went across the Plaza, and visited the Halls of Congress. It was not in session at that early hour, and we could only see the empty Rooms, which are small and constructed after those of England's Parliament Houses; the members sitting in long rows, facing each other, without desks. A member of one of the Houses had told Mr. Hill that he would meet us at the hour of two, when the Bodies would be convened, and he would secure us good seats from which we could comfortably witness the proceedings. But I had told Captain Pigman, of the United States Man-of-War Alliance, that if the Steamer did not arrive, I would Breakfast with him at twelve. And fearing I could not fulfil both engagements, declined.

I desired to see the front of the City facing the East, and looking upon the broad River towards the Ocean, and Mr. Hill walked with me. Unfortunately no ground has been preserved there for Public purposes; the backs of the houses abut upon the water, protected from the waves by walls, and into which, too, the sewerage is thrown. I found filth and ugliness where there might have been a splendid Esplanade, not only an ornament, but of infinite value to the City's health and comfort.

By this time the hour had arrived to go to the Landing, a short distance from the Hotel, where the Captain's Boat was to meet and convey us to the Alliance. Mr. Curran, his Sister and I were met by Captain Pigman on our way, who had come ashore purposely, and conducted to the wharf where his Boat with eight United States Boys in Blue awaited us, and speedily the stout young chaps put us safely on board the Steamer. The apartment of the Captain, to which we were conducted, is large and well furnished, covering the whole breadth below the Quarter Deck, and supplied with a good Library, and whatever is necessary for the respectable appearance

and comfort of one in such authority. Small bed and withdrawing rooms adjoined.

Our friends, Lieutenants Kelton and Reynolds, of whom I have already spoken, Breakfasted with us, and it was a good one, well served and passed off most agreeably. The Captain is from Ohio, though he says he married a Rebel Lady from Washington; Kelton from Pennsylvania, and Reynolds from Washington. They appear to be all of Republican persuasion; but our gathering was as harmonious as though we were all Southern born, and of the same political proclivities. Our waiters were two Japs—admirable fellows for their place—in the costume of our Civilization, and speaking English well.

When Breakfast was over, the Officers took us upon Deck and showed us the Ship, the Crew, and the Guns and their working. It is like the rest of our present Navy, an old Hulk, which would be of little import in War, and not calculated to inspire fear or respect in Peace. These things, happily, will be remedied soon, and we will have, I am informed, eighteen or twenty new Men-of-War afloat, worthy of our Country. The Guns are four big smoothbores, and one of same calibre, altered into a pivotal Rifle Piece of considerable power; a small Brass breech-loader, and a fine Gatling. The Bulwarks looked very feeble to resist even her own armature, and absolutely worthless against improved weapons of offense. The order and discipline seemed to be admirable. The Men good looking and neat. Among them were several Negroes; the Captain said, one from Petersburg, Virginia, whom he called up and introduced to me, named Ross, who said he was tired travelling and sailing, and wanted to go home. He was a good looking boy, and polite withal.

The Gatling Gun interested me, and I examined its *modus* carefully. In the hands of an expert and courageous Gunner, I should think it would be an effective weapon—sweeping Lines and Decks, and Torpedo Boats.

By this time three o'clock had come to our surprise, so pleasantly had we been entertained, and we came away. The Captain again escorting us ashore in his well manned Boat; the conclusion of a delightful entertainment. Lieutenant Kelton asked for the name of Dr. Aulick's Sister, which I gave him; he wanting to send her a

small balance due her brother on the Ship's Rolls. They all spoke kindly and favorably of him.

Judge Bacon has finally moved to this Hotel and rented out his house—housekeeping being too much for him. We have our seats at the same table, that we may see each other. I invited the Consul to join us, and he came. After Dinner all parties adjourned to my Room, and we lingered together till after ten o'clock talking—most of which was done by the Minister and myself, the others listening. We had many things and thoughts in common. The distinguished men of our respective States whom we each knew; how they adorned society and the State in time of Peace, and breasted the tide of War; some of them barely surviving, some swept off, leaving the wrecks of vast fortunes or absolutely penniless—nothing for their children or their State but a spotless reputation. I wish I had time to put down this conversation, for it was of more value than a transient talk. He told me of South Carolina; I told him of Virginia, both knowing, and profoundly sympathizing in each other's fame and fortune. I thought when we parted for the night, I had not had a more interesting conversation since the one with Colonel Mann in Paris, which you will, I am sure, recall—a memorable incident of my Second Tour. Such interviews, among the scenes themselves, are pleasant enough; but their significance and interest are immensely heightened, when they take place in a far off Foreign Land; then events are magnified, and the present overlooked, we seem to see the panorama of a cultivated and charming, but of a tragic and finished Life. Old things appear to have gone; we survive in a new Regime.

STEAMER ARAUCANIA,
PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,
Tuesday, September 18, 1888.

My friend, Judge Bacon and I, after our Coffee, went to the Office of the Steamship Company and learned that our Vessel had arrived, and would leave in the afternoon, at what hour had not been announced. The Manager had gone out in his Launch, and would advise me upon his return. Later in the day he did so, and said they hoped to get off about three o'clock.

We went to the Consul's Office and spent some time together, and then returning to the Hotel with Mr. Curran and his Sister took Breakfast, our final meal in company.

The Manager came to the Hotel and brought a Letter of introduction to Captain Waddilove of the Araucania, requesting him to give me the best accommodations his Ship could furnish, and extend to me every attention and courtesy on the voyage. And when the hour of departure arrived, my friends, the Minister, the Consul, and Mr. and Miss Curran walked down to the Landing with me, to bid me Good-Bye! and wish me a prosperous and pleasant Journey. The Manager, also, met me there and saw me and my baggage safely on the Launch. Judge Bacon and his Son and Mr. Hill did everything they could to make my stay in Montevideo agreeable, and eminently succeeded in their efforts. And it is with real regret I part from Mr. Curran and his Sister, who have been excellent travelling companions, seeming to enjoy my company as I enjoyed theirs, ever manifesting an unselfish interest in what contributed to my pleasure; I trust I reciprocated this in full measure. To-morrow they start for their homes.

[I promised Mr. Curran to write to him on my return home, giving him an account of my experiences after we parted. I did so, and he replied in the following Letter. I print it as containing matters of interest in connection with the Story of the Tour.

BOSTON, *January 15, 1889.*

My Dear Governor Holliday:

Your Letter of December 26 received. I must ask you to excuse my not answering it sooner; I was away from Boston when it arrived, and since my return, have been very sick. To-day is the first time I have felt like writing.

I cannot tell you how pleased I was to hear from you. You must have had a really delightful time. I wish we could have made the trip to the West Coast of South America together. I cannot express how lonely we felt after we bid you Good-Bye! at Montevideo.

We had a pleasant Voyage home. At Pernambuco we took Passage for New York on the Alliance. It felt almost like being at home again to be on board the old Ship. We had a severe storm off

our Coast, but with the exception of this the weather was delightful. Taking the return Voyage altogether, it was a success; but had our kind friend, the Governor, been with us, it would have been more complete.

My Sister is feeling very well; she says she is getting fat; the trip did her much good. When I arrived in Boston, I felt much improved, but just about Christmas I caught a heavy cold, and have been quite sick since. I am now feeling better. Guess I am again O. K., as the boys say.

I have not seen Mr. Asmus since I returned. I must hunt him up. I am pleased to learn he derived so much benefit from the trip. He was a very sick man when he took passage on the Alliance; I thought his chance for getting well very slim. When I see him, I will write you how he looks.

The Steamship scheme is not yet put through. We have written Judge Hanna regarding it. The whole business is now in the hands of the Company. I hope they will push it through; but like Railroads, it moves slowly.

I hope soon to see you in Boston. It would be such a pleasure to talk over our South American experiences.

I have received some very complimentary Letters from our Company concerning my Report of the South American Market. They are much pleased with my trip and the work I did.

With best wishes for a happy New Year,

I am most truly yours,

ARTHUR D. CURRAN.]

The River was very rough, and our Launch plunged and danced merrily. When we reached the Steamer, we could not board her by the steps or a Ladder, and sitting in an arm chair were hoisted by windlass. I delivered my Letter to the Captain, and he received me most courteously, and gave orders in accordance with the Manager's request. Soon I was comfortably fixed in my State-room. The Araucania is an old Steamer, and her size and appointments are inferior to the newer ones of the Line; but I think from the appearance of things I will be comfortable enough.

I went to bed before the Ship lifted anchor, and to sleep, notwithstanding the racket of loading and unloading.

ON SAME SHIP, SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN,

Wednesday, September 19, 1888.

Again upon the Ocean !

We steamed out last night at nine o'clock. I was sound asleep, and felt and heard nothing indicating the movement of the Vessel. But when I woke this morning, a stiff Sea and breeze were on, and our good Ship was rolling accordingly. I said she is a small Vessel in comparison with many which navigate these and other waters now, and one of the smallest of this Line and oldest; her tonnage being under three thousand—others running over four. I expected to have sailed on the Sorata, a much larger and finer Ship; but she ran aground in the Straits and was helped off by my friend, Captain Pigman, with the Alliance, for which he received great credit. I apprehend a rolling time on this good Ship; for, built more than twenty years ago, she is hardly, in sea-going qualities, up to the demands of us now-a-days luxurious travellers. But she seems staunch and strong, and will, I have no doubt, carry us through.

She was, however, so unsteady in her gait to-day, I could not safely walk the Deck. With my one arm I am always careful on Ship-board, and consequently could not indulge in my fondness for looking at the Sea which makes my travels there ever full of fascination. I was somewhat reconciled to this deprivation by the temperature which prevailed. We have left the Tropics far behind us now, and are passing into colder and colder regions. Yesterday, even in the City, an overcoat was not uncomfortable; upon the River, it was necessary. To-day, the breezes over the water came not from the domains of the Sun, but from those of the Ice, towards which we are rapidly hastening.

The Sky was not cloudless, and the Sea was murky, and neither smiled with that beautiful Blue, which Tropic Skies and Seas love to wear. But amends were made by the inhabitants of the colder regions towards which we are moving. The graceful, tireless Cape Pidgeons, speckled white and black, with swallow-speed, came out in scores and thronged about our wake, and in the distance an Albatross or two appeared—the first I have ever seen—with widespread wing, the king of Ocean Birds, to welcome and conduct us to their bleak and dreary home, and show us how Nature, in its compensation, puts prettiest things often in sorriest places.

Receding from the New Republics, where I have lingered and travelled much longer than I intended, I cannot help, here, now quiet and undisturbed, thinking of them and the role they are striving to play in the World's History, rivalling, they hope and confidently boast, that which has marked our progress beyond the Line. I will not worry you with statistics which have been furnished me by my friends; I have not time to collate, nor you to read them, nor will I add to the current incidents of my travel; for while these Letters are intended simply for the dear ones at Home, and not for the Public eye, and only to bring us into close communion, though far away, they contain information which the personal incidents necessarily involve.

You will have seen in this rapid and simple sketch, that I have been travelling in countries of extraordinary interest. They were settled a century before ours; but by a different People, and for different purposes; and during many generations have been struggling in the throes of contending elements—Political and Religious. Only a few years ago, they threw off Spanish Rule and set up for themselves. But no sooner done, than the same intolerant spirit which dominated them in, or from Europe, was practised by the factions contending for supremacy among themselves, and scenes were enacted which rivalled Ancient Rules in the plenitude of their atrocities, and in this past middle of the Nineteenth Century, sound like the marvels of Romance.

All at once this curious condition of things was cast aside, and the Empire of Brazil softened into a gentle Monarchy, and the Republics stepped out upon the world's arena, declaring that they proposed to put on the Freedom, the form of Government and the material Civilization which now prevails, and invited all peoples to come to their favored Land and partake with them the rich heritage, and vast numbers accordingly have accepted the invitation, and have, and are yet coming. With their advent, bringing labor and wealth, Revolutions seem to have ceased, Constitutional Government appears to be solidifying, and South America has apparently entered upon a career which seems to make it fit to be compared with the amazing development of the North. The tide of Immigration from England, France, Spain, Germany, Italy and Scandinavia is pouring in, the Lands are passing from the wild into pasturage and tillage; Cities have grown and are growing, which bring to memory the story of the

United States—above all, Buenos Ayres is seemingly repeating the wonder of Chicago. Of course, when such activity prevails, things must be overdone, and reaction will doubtless come, and a crash ; but the friends of South America insist it will not destroy ; upon its ruins, as often with us, they declare solid and enduring growth will be permanently founded.

I do not think its area—I speak now of that East of the Andes—by any means equal in substantial and varied resources to the United States. It is composed in greater part of Tropical Regions unfit for the White man's finest development, and want, to the best of the information I could obtain from the most reliable sources, both Iron and Coal in quality and quantity, sufficient for their needs. The distance of their transportation from England or the United States, is too great in this active age to supply the agencies required both in Peace and War. The central source of Force and Light, and without which, in this Material Age, no Country can play an important part in the World's affairs is yet undiscovered. How it is to be supplied in these new countries, is not solved ; when it is, there appears to be great promise of their development.

The volume of Immigration is of the Latin Races—especially Italian ; English and German of course are here, the latter working with cultivated head and hand in every sphere of industry. Where are they not, these Germans, in all parts of the habitable Earth, building up the economics and developing the resources of every Country to which they go ? They are, as industrial forces, the Chinese of the Occident, as the Chinese are the Germans of the Orient. The English, on the contrary, both in corporations and in individuals, are here with vast sums of money, of which they have more than any other people seeking investment outside of their home dominions. England is now the workshop of the world, and drawing her wealth from every land, has grown very rich. Her colonies girdle the Earth, and by their competitions destroy home values. Consequently, the Britisher is abroad with his gold looking for profitable outlay. Formerly he was in every part of the Globe, with vigorous energies of mind and body, spreading his Trade and Commerce ; now in these later years, he is relying mainly on his money. The German, poorer in his accumulations, has supplanted him, and if England does not arouse itself, will take possession of her preserves.

You have observed, I travelled with some of these Englishmen ; I met many others I have not noted. They wanted to know, if I had come, like themselves, seeking investments? I told them I had not. They expressed surprise, and asked if I did not regard the Argentine especially as a fine field for investment? I replied, I did not. Expressing still greater surprise, they inquired the reasons for my opinion, calling my attention to the immense volume of Immigration and Capital pouring in, rivalling that of the United States, and promising equal fructification and growth ; Buenos Ayres, especially, a young Chicago—an immense Maelstrom of population and trade seeking formulation—the Capital and representative of a coming giant Republic.

I told them I could give two reasons why I did not regard it as a good place to put my money : one Political, and the other Economical, either of which ought to be satisfactory to a reflecting mind. The Immigration, it is true, is very great, but the bulk of it is made up of the Latin Races, especially Italians, and it has yet to be shown that they are at all fit for Free Government ; on the contrary, History has proven them to be totally unfit for it, since Old Rome passed away, “no son of her’s succeeding.” Already, inefficiency and corruption on all sides prevail, and fraud and peculation are charged against the Officials, from the highest down ; those in authority accused of stealing everything they can lay their hands on, either by force, or by operation or construction of Law. Two or three years I thought would be sufficient to finish their career and bring on Revolution, with which the investments would disappear. It seemed to me, that from my observations in all the countries I had visited on the Continent, South America, the Land *par excellence* of Revolutions, is about entering upon the greatest she has yet undergone.

The Economical or Financial result, it seems to me, is equally manifest. Vast sums of money are investing in enterprises which can yield no revenue, and, therefore, are destined to a speedy collapse. If the Republics have resources, it will take time to develop them. Great lines of Railway are building into Countries and across the Continent, devoid of population, and through Lands, either utterly worthless or which cannot be cultivated without irrigation, and cannot be irrigated for the want of men and means ; or what is worse, for the want of water. South America is afflicted with the Boom-craze, which, from the great area of its operations, and the vast

sources of supply, will in its failure cause one of the greatest crises that has ever occurred in the History of Finance, not surpassed, if equalled by the notorious Mississippi Scheme of John Law ; with it, away will go investments.

My friends regarded this as quite strange talk, especially when I allowed only a few years for the working out of the forecasts. But in these latter days things move rapidly under the impulse of the forces of Nature, man has recently invoked. We of this generation have lived several centuries of ordinary National Life, and we have seen ideas born and culminate, which formerly would have filled many ages and pages of History.

[Have not these forecasts been singularly verified ?]

But whatever be the future, immediate or remote, of this most interesting Continent, its destinies are of vital import to us.

Several times on my various Travels, I have, I think, alluded to the fact, of how Steam and Electricity have made the whole Earth akin, and all peoples a Family of Nations. None can live to itself alone, any more than individual men. Once upon a time, a sure enough Chinese Wall could be built and utilized ; not so now. I feel this truth profoundly as applicable to our own Country. Our strength has made us proud and self-asserting, and the average Statesman from the Rural Districts in scorn defies the world and proclaims our absolute independence and ability to stand alone ; consequently, we have no Commercial status anywhere. In the Orient, you will recall, I told you, on my travel there, we are in effect unknown. We opened Japan with the masterly statesmanship of a rugged Sailor, and then left her treasures to be gathered by other hands. Here in South America, though its Republics are based upon our Constitutional Forms, in our Trade relations we stand low down in comparison with other Nations. Three Steamers alone ply from New York to Rio ; not a single one to any City South of Brazil, whilst from European Countries there are arrivals almost daily to create or gather the fruits of their great Commerce. This is an ugly thing with an ugly outlook. With the tide of immigration and our indigenous population, soon our supply will surpass our demand, and our Barns, and Granaries and Elevators, and Warehouses and Factories, be filled with products, for which there is no Market or demand ; then Labor will be idle and howl for work or bread. With Democracies, Economy means Politics, and a Nation may, like an indi-

vidual, be sick even unto death with plethora, as well as with anæmia. Let us, in our exclusiveness, beware that this fate be not ours.

This danger we can shun. There is another probably of more profound import, which it behooves us to consider. The products of the soil, and for which we are not narrow and ignorant enough to ignore the necessity of a Foreign Market, diminish in value by the competition of other Countries. I told you in my last Tour of India's Wheat; I am none the less concerned by my observations here. The cattle and sheep, and horses and mules of the Argentine and Uruguay, have nearly driven us from the field of competition. My apprehensions, with regard to our staple product, have, also, been heightened by my travels here. The Argentine, a short while ago, drawing her breadstuffs from us and Chili, now produces more than she can consume, and throws her surplus into Europe, our chief if not only Market, reducing prices below our cost of production, and threatening to drive us utterly from the field. Many of her lands are virgin and of unquestionable fertility, and alluvium of easy cultivation. These are things of vital import to our future wealth—of more vital import still to our future peace, and to the safety of our Country and its Institutions.

The former trouble we can avoid by the recognition upon the part of individuals of the necessity of enterprise and industry in proportion to that exercised by our competitors; and on the part of the Government, the necessity of paying more attention to our Foreign Relations, and giving greater dignity to our Representatives abroad, sustained by a Navy worthy of our greatness, that we may be respected in other Lands, and our Commerce and Trade feel safe to extend themselves to the borders of the Globe. The time is fast coming when these things will have to be considered. May we not say, the time has already come? Let us profit by England's wisdom; modifying our Legislation with changed conditions.

You have seen what delightful weather has attended me from the time I reached Rio, on. The days I spent in that City and vicinity were in their Winter Season; those in the Argentine were the latter part of Winter and early Spring—for of the Spring season September is the first month. The climate of South America is more equable and genial than the same Latitudes North, and less liable to violent

extremes; this is owing, doubtless, mainly to the greater body of Land, and hence of snow and ice, about the Arctic than the Antarctic Circle, and the smaller in the domain of the Tropics, and, consequently, the absence in degree of those agencies which produce both heat and cold, and their alternate, sometimes violent struggles for supremacy. The almost universal sentiment of those who live here, having lived in our Country, is that this climate is the more genial and equable, but not the equally invigorating.

ON SAME SHIP, *Thursday, September 20, 1888.*

The Vessel rolled all day yesterday, not caused by the wind, of which there was little, but rather by the pulsations of the big waves, provoked probably by a distant storm, and coming from the world-girdling Sea, tossed our Ship like a feather. To-day, things have been better; but we never rest, pitching and rolling, more or less, continuously. I rather fear our Bark is tubby, and doing the best she can. If so, it is lucky I have myself good sea-qualities.

The Captain does everything he can to make things pleasant for me. I sit at his table upon his right; on his left, and just opposite me, is Mrs. Brown, a young married Lady, on her way to join her husband at Valparaiso—pronounced Valparyso—who is Captain of one of the Steamers of this Line. She is a native of San Salvador, Central America, though most of her life has been spent in Italy, Germany, England and France attending School. She is an intelligent, well educated woman, good looking and agreeable, especially when telling of San Salvador, its beauty of scenery and its horrors of earthquakes. Nature has there clothed the surface of the Earth with variety of scenery and luxuriant prodigality of vegetation; but has kept alive fires beneath, which monthly or oftener manifest their existence to the terror and destruction of the people and their property; yet the Land is too lovely to leave. Her father, she says, was born there, and, notwithstanding earthquakes, clings to his inheritance.

With Captain Waddilove, too, I have many pleasant chats. He is a handsome, amiable man, and takes pleasure in affording it to others. To-day, he sent his First Officer with Charts to render me any information I might desire with regard to the Straits of Magellan; which he did, much to my satisfaction.

We have on board eight or ten Roman Catholic Priests and three or four Nuns, bound for Chili and Peru on Missionary service. Some of them are good and intelligent looking; and all respectable and decent in their apparel and bearing, which I have observed not always the case through these regions. Unhappily, only one speaks English; he, the youngest, and with difficulty. I should have been gratified to have talked with them; for on some of my travels, you will recall, I have met with pleasant travelling comrades in the Order. The English-speaking youth told me they were from Spain, and proposed to make the Western Coast their future home.

With the exception of the Officers and Mrs. Brown, and the young Priest and an old gentleman from Buenos Ayres, bound for Punta Arenas in the Straits, there are none who speak English—the old gentleman but little. Indeed, with five or six others, all Spanish, we constitute the list of First Class passengers, and I have not material wherefrom to select companionship. But I have my Books and my thoughts, which are ever to me sufficient solace anywhere and how.

ON SAME SHIP, *Friday, September 21, 1888.*

Things have been better to-day—the Sea has ceased its long, heavy roll, in a great measure, and the Ship moves more easily. The wonder is, not that the Ocean in these parts throbs and pulsates upon its world-wide bosom, but that it ever sinks into equilibrium and rest. No land for thousands of miles Eastward helps it to stay itself; and its motion, now and then stirred by the winds, one would think, would keep on forever. I am glad to say, this inference, for the sake of the mariner, is not realized in fact, and that even this Ocean sometimes rests.

The old gentleman of whom I spoke yesterday, I find is an Italian from Genoa, and we have had some talk to-day as far as his command of English will allow. He now lives in Buenos Ayres, but clings with fondness to the memories of his sunny home. He does not think that a United Italy has added to the happiness of the people; the armor she has been compelled to assume has increased the taxes almost beyond endurance, and poverty everywhere presses heavily upon the people. He admits that their kings, the late Victor Emanuel and his Son Humbert, now reigning, have worn worthily the Crown, and have blessed Italy with their wisdom and devotion;

but the Government itself, whilst giving prestige to the famous Country, does so at the expense of grievous burdens upon its people ; yet they are loath to leave it for any other. When that poverty of which he speaks drives them away, they endeavor to make enough in the land of their adoption to carry them back, that they may spend the residue of their life and die in the beloved land of their birth. The complaint in the Argentine is, that the Italians are only sojourners ; they are hard working and industrious, not that they may add to the substantial wealth of the Country, and they themselves become the founders and upholders of the Republic, but that they may hoard enough to carry them back to Italy. Even with its burdens, they prefer the Kingdom of the Classic Land to the Republic of the New World. I will have further talk with my Italian friend.

I thought I had exhausted the English speaking on the Steamer ; but wandering among the Second Class passengers to-day, I came across a ruddy, burly Highlander—McDonald by name—bound for Chili, and we had a good deal of pleasant chat. He, too, was leaving a land of poverty, to find one where he could make his bread. From Long Island—the outer Hebrides—off the Northwest Coast of Scotland ; he said they were getting poorer there from year to year ; the seasons growing worse and worse ; the lands worthless for cultivation, and the plot of ground on which his Father reared his family, now yielding nothing wherewith to pay his rent. The Landlórd, unable or unwilling to lose it, is, from time to time, removing or ejecting the tenants, and converting the property into a range for Stock. The Crofter must surrender to the sheep. The man did not speak with any bitterness ; only of a necessity which drove him from his home. An Emigration Agent from Chili, coming along through his little Island, persuaded him to seek in that Country what he could not earn in Scotland ; and he is now on his journey there. The Chilian Government agrees to give him a hundred acres of land, and stock it with two oxen, four sheep, and farming utensils ; the value of the stock to be estimated and paid back in twelve years—the land to be absolutely his own. He is an old Bachelor ; if he finds things to suit, he will send for his Brothers and Sisters, and their families. If they are like him, Chili will make a good investment to get them all—such people “constitute a State.”

ON SAME SHIP, *Saturday, September 22, 1888.*

The Sea continues its good behavior. The profound and far-reaching swell, though with surface smooth as glass, has ceased, and changed itself into petty corrugated waves, with snow white caps, beneath which the deep keel ploughs calmly, without a jostle. The inexperienced would infer the latter for navigation to be the rougher of the two.

The weather, also, continues everything it ought to be for safe and pleasant voyaging; and the temperature much like that you are experiencing, perhaps—a bracing autumn atmosphere. The Birds and Fish appear to like it; the former dipping their wings in the flashing water; the latter, now and then, leaping out and skipping from crest to crest to ventilate their fins in the limpid air. And thus the day tides with the Steamer on.

Among the Second Class, again, I found my tongue. This time a Dane, an old Sea-Captain, who for many years has frequented these seas and experienced stormy times, and who can tell a story of flood, and toil and danger like any other Ancient Mariner. Now, however, he has given up the following of the Sea, and in the employ of others, he is looking for gold in the wild lands of Patagonia and Fuego. Already his imagination is inflamed with the promise of a “Find,” and he talks of Fortune, and how he will retire with his ingots and live a life of ease.

Another talk with my young Father-Priest develops nothing new. His limited command of English prevents any valuable conversation. Whilst at Dinner, the Captain came in and said a glorious Sunset was abroad. I forthwith went out and, sure enough, the whole West was covered with purple and gold, giving promise of an auspicious entrance to the Straits to-morrow.

Off from the Straits, on our left, three hundred miles away, lie the Falkland Islands—British possessions. They were discovered by John Davis in 1592. There are more than two hundred of them, but only two of any size—East and West Falkland; the former of three thousand, the latter of twenty-three hundred square miles in area. Save for their situation, near the current of the World’s trade and travel, they are of little value. Subject to severe storms of wind, and rain and snow, their products are of no great import, seeming to be valuable, especially on account of their excellent Har-

bors, as places of call. No trees grow upon them. They produce a species of grass, it is said, good for stock—they are chiefly utilized for cattle, sheep, fish and guano. Having so few objects to attract me, I have no desire to turn aside, on my way to visit countries and scenes of greater value and interest. There is a German Line of Steamers that I could have taken, which stop in their route from the Eastern to the Western Coast, but inferior to this I have chosen. I would not have been justified in losing the advantages I here enjoy.

ON SAME STEAMER, *Sunday, September 23, 1888.*

The promise of last evening was fulfilled to-day, beyond most sanguine expectations, considering the Latitudes we are navigating. The Lands of rain, and clouds and moisture, did not clothe themselves with their usual vestments; but the Sun shone brightly from a cloudless Sky, presenting the Straits and their various beauties in finest aspect. The Captain said it was the most favorable weather he had experienced during any passage he had ever made.

I was up before the Sun had risen, to see Cape Virgins, bounding on the North, the Eastern entrance to the Straits. The Captain was likewise up and invited me to come upon the Bridge, that I might see the better, and that he might show me the several points of interest, both upon his Chart and in the scene. The wind was stiff from the South, and with the thermometer at forty, it was cool. To avoid unnecessary exposure, he said when we sighted Land he would notify me; and returning to the Saloon, I witnessed the Service of the Holy Sacrament, administered by the Priests and Nuns. They had their Robes and all the appointments of their Church usual in such Service, and I was struck with the orderly and solemn manner in which the proceedings were conducted. I was impressed, as I have often been, with their earnestness; participating and partaking not in the perfunctory manner and spirit of a simple form, but with an apparently profound and solemn Faith. Yet, the Captain says, that the common sailors never like Priests or Nuns, or Protestant Preachers to come aboard. They call them Sky Pilots, and swear they forbode bad luck, and he often overhears them talking together and deprecating their priestly advent; for whilst they are on the Ship, a Star of evil fortune is in the ascendant, which will not set till they, every one, are landed or engulfed.

By the time the Services were over, the Captain sent word he was ready for me, and on going upon the Bridge, Cape Virgins hove in sight—a conspicuous mark—of Table Land, not very high, stretching into the Sea—nine hundred and fifteen miles from Montevideo. Here we steamed with broad entrance into the Straits, so broad that the Southern point was scarcely visible. The current flowing in was very strong and fast, and helped the Steamer on, though the wind from the South breasted us with heavy draft, and coming from the Antarctic Lands and snows, was very cold. Strange to say, the Captain tells me, this strong Atlantic current never reaches its Sister Ocean on the West. At — the Meridian, it almost suddenly ceases, and coming against stable waters there, in mid-Strait stops, in the concussion piling the waves many feet into the air. Why this phenomenon occurs he does not know; nor do I, unless it be impelled by the revolution of the Earth, like the Equatorial current, and stopped by waters deprived of outward flow by the Humboldt Stream along the Pacific Coast. The tidal rise at Cape Virgins is sometimes fifty-five feet; at Punta Arenas—Sandy Point—whither we are bound, one hundred and twenty-five miles distant, it is only five. Punta Arenas is the most Southerly of any town upon the Globe, as Hammerfest, which I told you of on the Third Tour, is the most Northerly.

You will observe, by reference to the Map, that the Straits flow in broad and narrow Reaches. At the first narrow one, sixty miles to the East of Punta Arenas, an Englishman by the name of Woods has established an Estancia, where he raises sheep—a bleak and barren-looking spot. He has several groups of Houses, some miles distant from each other, along the shore, and being a man of education, with a family, has gathered about him the substantial of Civilized life in furniture and adornments, and Tutors and Governesses for his children. He has no neighbors within less than sixty miles, and in this voluntary exile, the Captain says, he and his family find happiness and contentment. Formerly, when the Ships floating the English Flag passed, he saluted them in kind, which was recognized and returned; but the Chilian Government, on whose soil he lives, objecting to his using a foreign flag, he now hoists that of Chili, which he did to-day, and which our Officers cordially saluted with that of England, in return.

The Country around him looks bleak enough ; the lands brown and without timber, rising from the shore, where the Houses stand, into Mountains, in many places covered with recent, in some with perpetual snow.

On the North, the Gregory Mountains ranged with snowy sides and tops, and it was no ordinary pleasure to stand upon the Deck and watch the shifting scenes of Land and water which, with the clear Sky and air, made a scene of extraordinary beauty.

At half-past three o'clock, in the afternoon, we came to Punta Arenas, one hundred and twenty-five miles from Cape Virgins, some hours ahead of our expected time. We anchored out half a mile or more, unable to get nearer, both for the shelving shore, and because the wind was blowing from the South and driving the waves in heavy surf upon the beach. I thought of going off at first to see the town ; this intention was soon given up, when from the Deck I saw the danger of the undertaking. The waves were racing in anger towards the land, and the few small ships and boats at anchor were tossing uproariously, rendering any attempt unwise and dangerous. Our Steamer signaled her arrival with flag and whistle, but no one responded for several hours—the town and everything about it was silent and unmoved. When the Officer of Government finally came out in a large Boat, he apologized for his delay by saying, that this morning a man was drowned in the surf, attempting to land, and he could not get the oarsmen to venture. We were thus delayed till after dark, and the Captain informed me, he feared he would not get away till morning. After Sunset the waves settled and permitted the cargo to be unloaded, and the few passengers for this place to be landed. I here lost my Italian and my Danish friends.

From what I heard of Sandy Point, and from what its appearance from the Deck afforded, my inability to land causes me no regrets. It contains probably a thousand people ; the Houses are built of wood upon the gently rising shore, of ordinary appearance, with no show of stir or business, and looking as melancholy as the aforesaid Hammerfest towards the other Pole. This spot was once the Penal Colony of Chili, and hence became the site of a town, which would otherwise never have had an existence here. Nothing amazes a traveller more, now and then, than the places men select for their

habitations, and how and why they continue to be the homes of human beings, save that once there they are unable to get away.

At nine o'clock the Captain sent me word, that he could not then definitely decide, whether he would be able to move on during the night, or be compelled to remain till morning. I, therefore, determined to go to bed, concluding thus much at least, that the enforced delay had brought no loss to me; for had we gone immediately on, I would miss the finest scenic portion of the Straits; the stay will enable me to see it to-morrow by daylight; I trust the present weather will continue that I may witness it to advantage.

ON SAME STEAMER, IN STRAITS OF MAGELLAN,

Monday, September 24, 1888.

This has been a day of wonders; every hour one continued Panorama, which in scenic interest of its kind cannot be surpassed, I am quite sure, in all the world, and I have seen some very fine, as at least my Scandinavian Tour suggests. My good fortune again attended me, and the weather was perfect; the Sky without a cloud, and no chilly or blustery winds abroad.

About one o'clock this morning, I was waked by the motion of the Steamer. I got up, and looking through my Port, observed that the Moon was shining brightly—three-quarters full—and I determined to dress and go on Deck, that I might not miss any portion of the beauties I had come this far to see. I went upon the Bridge and spent a couple of hours with the Officers there, enjoying the splendor of the night, and the gleam of the distant snow-clad mountains on either hand. I wrapped up well, and put my Asuncion Poncho on, in addition to my overcoat, and covering my face with one of Mary Taylor's handkerchiefs, was cosy and comfortable enough; for whilst the air was crisp, most of the time the wind was quiet; I observed in passing through the Straits, the winds would rise and fall, come and go as they listed. The Reach is broad after leaving Sandy Point, the map will show you, and by the Moonlight objects could not be distinguished; only the dim outlines, and during the time I spent upon the Bridge, I gathered the impressions which the scene at such an hour was calculated to make. I went below to bed, and when day dawned, came out again.

At six o'clock, the Reach narrowed, and the scenery began, which engaged me the livelong day. From Cape Froward, on, a continuous succession of Mountains on both sides the Straits, of Rock, of barren earth, of stunted growths of forests, which seemed to be set in Peat or Bog, and of perpetual or fresh fallen snow. Snow, however, prevailed almost everywhere, sometimes crowning the tops and sides of the elevations, sometimes reaching to the shore. The outlines of the Mountains were varied as their number, no two alike; ranged upon the water's edge in serried columns, or back in groups, with clustered peaks, or opening vistas in which Glaciers gleamed wierdly, or Mountain after Mountain rose like old towers and castles frosted, shining lustrously in the Sunlight. Down one of these Vistas from Cape Froward or thereabouts, Mount Sarmiento showed himself in lordly manner, six thousand eight hundred feet in height, now a solid conic mass of snow from top to base, claiming supremacy over his fellows by the splendor of his isolated height and beauty, well deserving the name he bears, the most famous of the Southern Andean Chain.

The Mountains are not high like snow-clad mountains in Tropic or Temperate Zones—Sarmiento is the highest, save Mount Darwin, not far from it, which is seven thousand feet. In this region, near the Southern Pole, the reign of perpetual snow is between two and three thousand feet, and several splendid Ranges, among them, Gregory and Thornton are at this season solid masses of whitest snow and ice, though only three thousand feet above the Sea.

Among the most beautiful scenes, this line of loveliness presents, are the little Bays and Gulfs, and Coves and Recesses, hiding themselves away from the current of the Straits, with white mountain rims, duplicated in their deep blue waters—among these, are Bell Bay and the Gulf of Xaultegua. The reverse view of the latter, its entrance guarded by Islands, its front by walls of uncovered solid Granite, backed by Ranges of snow-clad Mountains, is one of the most beautiful scenes my travels have ever shown me. Nor must I omit, in this connection, to name the Capes—from Cape Virgins, the entrance on the East, to Cape Pillar, the exit on the West—Cape Froward, Cape Howard, Cape Gallant and others, all of which project themselves with striking and varied beauty and import. But, of course, it is impossible for me to give you more than a hasty sketch; my time and inclination both forbid. Even if I had the

time and wish, I have not the gift of tongue or pen to transfer the scenes to paper. Professor Alexander Agassiz, when I met him in Mexico, told me in one of our talks, that his father, the distinguished Louis Agassiz, and his mother thought that the Scenery of these Straits in its kind is unsurpassed, if not unrivalled on the Globe. Now that I have seen it, with my experience, I think they were correct.

But I must not forget under what favorable auspices I have seen them. I stood upon the Bridge with the Captain and other Officers of the Ship about me, with free access to the Chart-room, they to call my attention to every point of interest, and cheerfully answer my inquiries. The day, too, was simply perfect—the Sky without a cloud, the breeze soft and Spring-like, the blue vault above, and the deeper blue depths below, the white Mountains on either hand like silver threads, the whole irradiated by the Sun, and under his beams, flashing their own peculiar hues, have enabled me to see Magellan Straits in their most perfect mood. The Captain says he never made so fine a passage. He showed me from his Log Book, now just one year ago, instead of the happy surroundings which this time accompanied us, he had nights dark and dreary, and days of blinding storm of wind and snow, and rain and hail, weather in which the Straits like their Sister Cape Horn below delights in—fit for the Witches' Caldron.

After leaving Sandy Point, the only inhabitants are the Fuegian Indians. We saw no evidences of Civilized men, or their work, or habitation. In one of the narrow Reaches we noticed smoke ascending from a single fire on the shore, reminding me of the origin of the name of Terra del Fuego, given it by the Discoverer from the number of similar fires burning on the shore, and the Captain called my attention to it—an Indian Camp. He had previously ordered a Barrel of provisions and Tobacco to be gotten ready to give them, should any come out to meet us. Approaching, we observed a small Canoe leave the Beach directly after we came in sight, one of its occupants waving something in the air. Our glasses soon told us they were Indians coming out to have a parley, and orders were given to stop the Steamer and await them. Drawing near we found that there were four of them, quite the most primitive people I have ever seen. The Canoe was made of light wood and bark, and apparently very fragile, and propelled by two of the occupants with paddles, who, we

afterwards discovered, were women ; the other occupants were a man and a woman with a child. The man had nothing on save a waist-coat, with brass buttons, the cast-off garment of some nautical man who had been along : below the vest, he was perfectly naked. The child had a small patch of skin fastened round its neck and hanging over its little back. This was all, though it seemed quite comfortable and observant, crouched between its mother's legs ; she had a mantle of a few seal skins sewed together around her shoulders, and a necklace of Shark's teeth, nothing more ; another woman had on a man's coat, which by no means hid her nakedness, and the fifth and last, a woman also, had on a vest and a tattered pair of pants. At one end of the Canoe was a pile of what seemed to be Sea urchins—not unlike large chestnuts, doubtless their scanty food ; at the other, small bundles of wood, no doubt for fire. Among them, they had three skins—the one the woman wore, another much like it, that had been waved to us as a signal, and the third I took for a Puma or American Lion's skin. The Barrel of Provisions was let down to them by a rope ; and they passed up the skins in exchange, which left one of the women absolutely naked. But she cared no more than Pauline, Napoleon's beautiful sister, when posing for a model, being with both only a question of warmth ; and the Fuegan woman appeared quite as comfortable in the bleak air of the Straits, where we were all clad in overcoats, as Pauline did in her luxurious chamber, or in the Artist's pleasant Studio. When the exchange was perfected, they called for "Tobak," the only word I heard them utter ; and when they received it, they paddled off, seemingly happy.

They looked very dirty, but otherwise not repulsive. Their skin was a dark copper color, which soap and water would have made several shades lighter ; their eyes were black and bright ; their hair dark also, with the women banged in most fashionable and artistic style, with long locks left uncut and pendant from their temples. It was funny to see the child, probably two years old, how it clung to its naked mother, and looked up with alarmed yet intelligent face at the towering bulwarks of the Ship and the strange people who thronged them, each scrutinizing the other with reciprocal curiosity. I would not call them an ugly people ; they looked healthy and strong, and far less repulsive than many of the noble North American Red men I have seen. On the shore a single camp fire burned ;

toward which, when the traffic was concluded, they hurried, to find out the contents of the Barrel. The skins, without a thorough cleansing, are altogether too lively to be used.

These were the only natives we saw during the entire day. No others came off to meet us; indeed, none appeared upon the shore. I hoped they would paddle out with some handiwork, that I could have purchased as a memento; the skins were dangerous to handle. They are rapidly, like savages everywhere, passing away before the heavy march of our hard Civilization; yet they are unwilling to give up their naked ways and sorry modes. Missionaries have been among them, but their persuasions cannot induce them to think more highly of our refinements than the Fuegians think of their, to us, wretched life.

These wonderfully scenic Straits divide Terra del Fuego from Patagonia, the Southernmost land of the South American Continent, called Patagonia, from Patagon—the Spanish for a big clumsy foot—which the early navigators imagined the natives to possess; which, with equally vivid imagination, they extended to their persons, reporting them to be of gigantic stature, a supposition that later observation has proven to be untrue. They were discovered, and first traversed in 1520 by Fernando Magalleans, or Magellan, a Portuguese sailor, who had already made himself famous by his voyages Eastward as far, at least, as Malacca. He withdrew from his own Country to Spain, and under the auspices of Cardinal Ximenes, with five vessels, sailed Westward in search of the Moluccas, persuading the ambitious Churchman that he could thus add to the dominions and glory of the Spanish Rule. Magellan passing through the Straits, to which he gave the legendary name of the Eleven Thousand Virgins, but which has since been called more properly by his own, he entered the vast Ocean to which, by the gentle treatment with which it received him, he gave the title of Pacific. Sailing across its mighty unknown waters, he discovered the Ladrones, and then reaching the Philippines, in his effort to reduce by force the inhabitants of Mac-tan, one of their Islands, to the gentle sway of Christianity, like Captain Cook, on Hawaii, lost his life. One of the five ships with which he left Spain—the Vitoria—alone returned safely, thus making the circuit of the Globe. Magellan, having himself, as already stated, made Molucca by his voyage Eastward, has the credit of having first of all Discoverers circumnavigated the world.

When the Sun was setting, we came to the outlet of the Straits and into the Pacific Ocean, three hundred and twenty miles from Cape Virgins, and a worthy one it is. On the South stands Cape Pillar, fitly named from a rounded column of living stone, which fronts it in the Sea; on the North, is a noble Rock called Westminster Hall. Between the two, we steamed into the great Ocean, welcoming us with Sunlight and waves, beautiful and calm like those which we had enjoyed all day. In a little while night fell, and we passed the Evangelists—Islands which stand sentinel to the Wonders of the Straits in the manner of the Farrallones to the riches and beauties of the Golden Gate.

ON SAME STEAMER, PACIFIC OCEAN,

Tuesday, September 25, 1888.

Another calm and beautiful day, with a cloudless Sky. From the Deck we could watch the outline of the Islands which line the Coast, and among which vessels navigate, like the Norwegian Skär-gård. They are high, with peaked and picturesque outlines, seemingly a continued Range of Mountains, many of them snow-clad. Our Ship gave them a tolerably wide berth—thirty or forty miles—but the distance did not diminish their attractiveness, and the Cape Pidgeons in throngs, and a few Molly Hawks followed us toward warmer regions; but the Albatross has left us apparently for good and all. None of them were about to-day.

We have been looking for the Cotopaxi for several days, another Vessel of this Line from Valparaiso to Montevideo. The Captain inferred she was delayed by storms and bad weather, which we heard on the Atlantic Coast had prevailed here for some time with great loss of life and property. I hope the adverse elements have exhausted themselves, and left only the favorable for us. It certainly looks now as if the Heavens had nothing of the unkind remaining in their Laboratory, so smilingly do they compass Sea and land.

At midday the Cotopaxi was sighted, five days behind time; but in good trim now apparently; we met and passed each other at racing speed. The cause of her detention we may hear later on, or when we get to Valparaiso. The Officers and crew, and passengers of both gathered on the Decks and waved hospitable salutations, and the Ships themselves saluted each other with their flags.

ON SAME STEAMER,
Wednesday and Thursday, September 26 and 27, 1888.

These two days have come and gone without material incident. The Sky yesterday was again clear; to-day has been overcast and, towards the evening, slightly sprinkled rain; but the clouds hung lightly, and I think from their appearance to-night, they will drift away. The Steamer has not been at all unsteady since she rolled so tubbily on the other side of the Continent, under the pulsations of the huge waves, which, in the language of the mariner, had a far-off "Fetch;" but hastening quietly over the Ocean, which thus far to me has well deserved its name, in steady gait has moved on with the equilibrium of a well-balanced Steamboat upon a placid River. It has been a luxury to walk the Deck.

The shore line has not preserved its picturesqueness. The peaked highlands have sunk, and only smooth elevations now rim the view, or opening Bays and Inlets, beyond which no land appears. We continue thirty or forty miles distant from the Coast.

No conversations of import have taken place with any of the passengers worth noting. Each day I have one with my old Scotch friend, but they are simply in confirmation of those already had, of which I have spoken; how his Fatherland is getting bleaker and poorer, and how he fears the time is coming fast when many of its people will have to go abroad to earn their bread. He thinks already the scanty food is showing upon the sturdy texture of Scotland's people; and ownership of lands there is a burden.

My young Priest-Friend speaks so little English that he cannot talk with me upon the Doctrines and organization of his Church, or any other subject beyond the scope of the simplest every day affairs. I am sorry for this; for these Padres are highly respectable looking and bearing men, and had we a common tongue I might find intercourse with them both interesting and profitable.

AT CORONEL, CHILI, SAME STEAMSHIP,
Friday, September 28, 1888.

Last night it rained, and I felt the Ship tossing considerably, impelled by heavy waves. A storm had prevailed North and West of us, and we were feeling its effects. At Sunrise I was on Deck to

see our approach to Coronel. It was raining, and the day promised unfavorably. The high Coast was before us; the most of the houses strung along the shore—conspicuous among them, the new Station of the Railway to Concepcion, and a Tower springing from a small plat of ground, ornamented with flowers, which the people dignified with the name of Plaza; a few dwellings were built upon the crests of the Hills, which sprang immediately from the single street, and the whole shore line of elevations was verdant with the Spring.

To the South, and in full view, six miles distant, is Lota, from which the stacks of Copper Furnaces rose. This Region has Coal mines; the ore is brought from other parts of the Country and the metal extracted here. Coronel and Lota both have mines of Coal of reasonably good quality, which extend under the Sea. At Coronel the water of the Ocean flooded one a short time ago, and the Coal is now beyond reach of the miner. I should fear, that in this earthquake country, there is no hour of day or night when a similar catastrophe may not befall any one or all of them.

Lota is mainly the property of Madame Cousiño, said to be the wealthiest person in Chili, owning immense tracts of land, farming and mineral. She is building a palatial home, surrounded by a beautiful Park, which I desired to visit. There are two ways of going: by Launch and by Coach. I determined to hire one or the other, and invited the Captain to join me, which he accepted, enabled to do so by the taking on of Coal, which will occupy most of the day. But when the town Officials came aboard, they told us the Road was impassable from the recent bad weather, and that it was impossible to reach Lota by the Launch on account of the heavy waves coming in from the Sea—around the point on which it is located—and thus it seemed, for the surf was breaking upon the Beach with thundering roar. The Captain thought it unsafe to attempt it.

But we went ashore in one of the Steamer's Boats and spent several hours walking about the town, and observing how poor and primitive it seemed; the houses generally of the humblest character, in size, material, and construction. It did not in any manner impress me with the enterprise or wealth of Chili—not more than Sandy Point, of which I told you in the Straits. In the suburbs, on a lofty site, we visited Mr. Evans, a young Englishman, Manager of one of the Coal Mines under the Sea. He says he is very apprehensive.

Curious to say, the Earthquakes are never felt in the mines, when often the disturbance is considerable above ground. What is the philosophy of this phenomenon? It looks quite certain that a breach will one day come, and the fatality fall, which Nick Slagle's Philadelphia friend was certain would overtake the man who fed the Lions, and he went daily to witness it, that when the catastrophe occurred he might be there to see. We then walked back to the Landing and took our Boat to the Steamer, which we reached at one o'clock, the hour of Lunch.

It rained off and on during the day till three o'clock, and then cleared. We will finish loading coal to-night, and then steam on to Talcahuana. I will get off at that Port and travel thence *via* Concepcion by Rail to Santiago.

I find, by inquiry, that I can expedite this Letter, by giving it to the Purser to mail in Valparaiso, when the Steamer reaches there. I will, therefore, close it now, wishing it a speedy voyage. The distance from Cape Pillar to Coronel is one thousand and nine, and from Coronel to Talcahuana thirty-eight miles. Total distance from Montevideo, twenty-two hundred and eighty-two miles.

I trust you all continue well. Kind wishes to the neighbors. Give my love to Cousin Mary. How is she getting on? Well, I sincerely hope. Did Charles pay his usual visit? I trust so sincerely. Are they still at the Seminary Hill, and all well? I am weary of the long time before I will hear from you—not till I reach Lima. I am travelling towards you now rapidly.

With love for all,

F.

[No. 14.]

CONCEPCION, CHILI, GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
Saturday, September 29, 1888.

My Dear Taylor,—

Yesterday on the Steamer Araucania, I finished No. 13 to Margaret, and mailed it to you with the Consul at Talcahuana, when I got ashore. I thought at first of mailing it with the Purser of the

Ship ; but upon reflection determined otherwise, you having mentioned in one of your Letters the delay of its predecessor, inferring it had been caused by the oversight or carelessness of the person to whom I had delivered it. I wanted it to go with all speed, knowing a long time would elapse before it reached you.

I thought from appearances last night at Coronel, that to-day would be fine. I was disappointed. Towards midnight we lifted anchor and steamed for Talcahuana, distant forty-three miles, instead of thirty-eight, as I said in my last, the Officer informing me that he had made a mistake. Before reaching the Port we halted on account, the English say, of the "dirty" weather, it changing suddenly from a clear Sky into mist and fog. We did not move again till after daylight, and then soon steamed into our anchorage in front of Talcahuana.

I got up and went on Deck and found it very ugly—blowing and raining in spells, and promising anything but a pleasant day. The Captain had told me not to hurry myself, that he certainly would not leave for Valparaiso before noon, maybe later, and I had plenty of time. But there being only open boats to carry the passengers ashore, probably a quarter of a mile, I determined to be ready to take advantage of any let up in the weather, and requested the Steward to give me my Breakfast in advance of the regular hour, which he promptly consented to do.

Whilst it was getting ready the Officers of the Port came aboard, and I requested them to pass my trunk, which they kindly did, going to my State-room for the purpose. I desired not to be detained at the Custom House on my arrival. In the meantime the Officers secured for me a good Boat, and a let up happening in the storm, I had my Baggage put aboard, and with some difficulty, on account of the swell, I safely got in and was rowed to the Landing between the showers.

The Captain and other Officers and some of the Priests were on Deck to bid me adieu, which they did in kindly manner, and I left the good Ship with the most pleasant recollections of how my whole voyage from Montevideo had been rendered, by courtesies and attentions, one of uninterrupted enjoyment. I bade my Scotch friend Good Bye! with my best wishes for his happiness and prosperity in his new home. The Captain I hope to see in Santiago, he promising to run up and spend a day with me whilst I am there. If not, Val-

paraiso being the end of his beat, he will rest there a couple of weeks, and I will see him in that City on my transit to Peru.

I think I told you that I had taken my ticket to Valparaiso, but determined to get off at Talcahuana, that I might see the interior of Chili in my journey to Santiago, whence I will go to Valparaiso. The map will show you the relative location of these places.

To continue : The Boatman took my baggage to the Custom House, which stands upon the street just at the end of the Mole. The same Official did not appear who had passed my trunk on the Steamer. I told him what had occurred, but he was not satisfied ; and he not speaking English, I sent for the United States Consul, Mr. J. Finlay Van Ingen, who lives a few doors distant. He at once came and I introduced myself, and told him the trouble. He forthwith took the matter in hand and explained to the Official. But I soon found I had not improved things by bringing the Consul—there evidently appearing to be no good feeling between them, and he insisted the more upon opening the trunk. When it was done he came across some pieces of your Silver Set, and having entered upon the investigation, became zealous for success, and took possession of them as a “find.” I explained to him through the Consul what they were, and showed him the inscriptions upon them ; but the “*gaudia certaminis*,” especially in the presence of his subs, made him anxious for victory, and he insisted. I appealed to the Chief Officer of Customs, and he ordered them to be surrendered and my Baggage be further undisturbed and delivered to me free of duty. The Official who had acted in the manner of his examination, now and then, with a bullying discourtesy, slunk off, and the Consul ordered my things to be taken to his house. Thus you see what troubles, sometimes, your Silver pieces have in getting to their Cabinet. The Consul subsequently told me he had had a quarrel with the Official, and I was correct in my inference, that his intervention did not tend to throw oil upon the water. Had I quietly opened my trunk in the beginning it would have been passed, as by the Officer on Board, without examination.

The Consul is a merchant, and I afterwards learned, a man of great wealth, and is now engaged actively in business. His large store and warehouses stand near the Custom House, outlooking upon the Port. He is a native of New York, was educated and has lived in Massachusetts, though he married in Chili, and has been for many years a

resident here. His Dwelling House adjoins his store, and is handsomely fitted up with furniture and works of Art. This was about half-past nine o'clock—the train not leaving for Concepcion till half-past eleven, we had much pleasant chat. At that hour it was raining hard, and I could not conveniently reach the Station without getting wet, and I determined to wait till the next train, half-past two, and in the meantime we had Breakfast. Though I had had mine on ship-board, I sat down with him and his wife's sister—she at the head of the table—and partook of some Chili oysters on the shell. They are, I think, about the best I have eaten out of the United States, save probably the Bamboo Oysters, of which I told you, near Foo-Chow, in China. He also had what he called Sea-Eggs, which I never heard of or ate before; probably they are Sea-urchins—they were very palatable.

After Breakfast we walked out and visited his new house, now building, and strolled about the Town, which contains eight or ten thousand people. It is prettily situated along the shore of a well land-locked harbor, backed by hills, now green with vegetation. There is nothing of special interest to speak of in the place. The Consul wanted me to stay over a day or two, but this I could not agree to. I will be detained, I fear, long enough on this coast at various points for want of connection, as I was upon the Eastern, and I must, therefore, hurry on when the points of interest have been exhausted. He then urged me to return from Concepcion, whither I was bound, and Breakfast with him on Monday, when his wife and daughter, his only child, who are now absent, will be at home. I would make no definite promise. His daughter is a grown young lady, and said to be well educated, and pretty and attractive.

The Consul kindly telephoned to this place and Hotel, to know if English was spoken; he was not himself certain, and I was anxious to get to a House where I could have a tongue. The telephone was out of order and he could get no reply, and being advised that it was a good Hotel, I determined to patronize it.

At half-past two o'clock he escorted me to the Station, a short walk, and sent my baggage and had it put upon the Train by his own servants, and saw me under way for this place—ten miles distant. He was extremely polite and courteous, and did everything he could for me. I hope to see him again. The Road is a good one, well laid, with cars similar to ours—a passage through, with

seats on either side, and comfortable. The Country is unimproved, and now wet and sobby with recent rains. The people with whom I have talked speak of the bad weather they have had during the whole of the winter and spring just passed and passing—the unintermitting and most unusual rains that have deluged the Country.

On reaching here I took a Carriage and came at once to this Hotel, near the centre of the City. I was met by the Porter, a polite Frenchman, who could not speak English; which he informed me was not spoken by any of the employees. I was not disconcerted, but disappointed, yet knew from experience that no great inconvenience or trouble would ensue. He showed me to the Chamber where I am now writing—nice, roomy, and handsomely furnished.

In a few moments a youth of English parentage came up to my Chamber, who was born and reared in Chili, and said that the Landlady requested him to inquire after my wants and wishes. In our talk he told me there was an American boarding here by the name of Mr. Stewart Brown, at the head of a Branch of the New York Equitable Insurance Company, and the Superintendent of the Water-Works of the City. Not long after, a young gentleman came and said he was informed he had a Countryman in the Hotel, and he had called to see me. I told him who I was, and he tendered his services to me in any way in his power during my stay. We agreed to dine together at six o'clock, when we could have further talk.

I then strolled over the City. It is regularly laid out, with the typical Plaza in the centre; the streets at right angles; a few of them paved; the rest, now muddy and full of holes; the Houses are, many of them on the main streets, well built and showy enough for a City of its size. It is situated on the Bio-Bio River, a non-navigable stream, but now flushed with recent rains, flowing with a broad, swift current, Westward from the Mountains. The City is probably four times as big as Talcahuana, but with no more objects of interest, that a traveller would be justifiable in putting down in the story of his wanderings. It has a small Theatre, several Churches, with steeples and towers, three or four Banks, and stores with large windows, but little in them to stop one long upon his rambles.

At Dinner Mr. Brown introduced me to several gentlemen, and whilst talking, I remarked that I was a fortunate traveller generally; but that I had missed seeing Lota on my passage in the Steamer, by reason of the bad weather preventing my going there from Coronel

the other day, by sea or land ; and with how much regret, it having the reputation of being the most beautiful spot in South America, and one of the chief things for a traveller to visit on the Western Coast. Mr. Brown said that I could not leave for Santiago till Tuesday, there being no through train till that day, when there would be an all daylight Express, furnished with Pullman Palace Cars, the proper one for me to take to see the Country, and he would gladly go with me to-morrow by train to Coronel, and thence by Steam Launch to Lota and spend the day, returning in the afternoon ; and that he had, since he saw me, received a Telephone from Mr. Van Ingen, the Consul in Talcahuana, requesting him to look after me, and to come down with me and Breakfast on Monday. This program would profitably consume my time during my enforced stay in Concepcion. I replied that this was most agreeable to me, with the proviso that I should pay all expenses. Coronel is eighteen miles by Rail from this City.

He invited me, also, to go to the Theatre with him to-night ; I declined, preferring to go to bed.

LOTA, CHILI, AT THE ADMINISTRATION HOUSE,
MADAME COUSIÑO'S PARK,
Sunday, September 30, 1888.

This morning, in weather and in promise, was just the reverse of yesterday, with a bright Sun and balmy temperature, which continued the entire day—most favorable for our objects.

Brown and I took our Coffee, and then a Carriage, and drove to the River Bio-Bio, which we crossed in a Row Boat. The stream is now swelled by floods, more than a mile wide, but shallow, and not fit for navigation at any stage of its water. In the dry season it shrinks to less than one-third of its present bulk ; and sandy banks and islands are uncovered, where now water flows. The opposite bank is higher, and from it a good view of Concepcion is afforded, situated in a horse-shoe of hills, which, when a segment of the River and the elevations beyond are taken in, is converted into an amphitheatre ; a pretty scene, with the steeples of the town and the rich verdure of the Country.

They are constructing a fine Rail Road Iron Bridge, which will be more than a mile in length. The Station is at its farther terminus,

and we at once went there—at present only a temporary modern structure. I was introduced to Mr. Burroughs, one of the Superintendents, who invited us to his Shanty ; and the hour of the departure of the train for Coronel not having arrived, we passed the time in talking over a cup of tea.

The run to Coronel is eighteen miles. The Road for many of them is perfectly straight over a level country, where little cultivation prevails, generally scattered with scrubby trees and bushes of a species of evergreen with which I am not familiar, and here and there the wretched habitations of the natives—built of adobe or sticks daubed with mud, and roofed with thatch—rivalling the worst I saw in Russia or Ireland, and as uncleanly. Most of the land around Coronel is owned by Madame Cousiño, and it is said amounts to a hundred thousand acres. She also owns Lota, the object of our excursion.

Mr. Brown telephoned to Mr. Hicks, an Englishman, who has charge of the Road at Coronel, to have us a Steam Launch engaged and ready by the time of our arrival ; but when we reached there, at 12 o'clock, the Launches were absent—only two of them being then in the place. On inquiry we learned that one, belonging to Captain Taylor, was expected in very soon, having gone to Lota to bring some soldiers back, who had been sent there to quell a strike and mob among the hands in the work-shops a few days ago. In the meantime Mr. Hicks gave us our Breakfast, and whilst taking it we had much profitable talk. He has been an active man of business in Chili for many years, and was the occasion of the famous war between Chili and Peru. Employed by a Company in the mining of Nitre on disputed ground, the Peruvians laid a duty upon his operations, which he declined to pay on the ground that it was Chilian, under the protection of whose government he claimed to operate. The Peruvian authorities levied upon his property and works and arrested him, waiting until a Chilian Steamer from the North passed Southward. Hicks immediately employed a youth to ride to the Port below, overtake the Steamer, and through it convey intelligence to the authorities of Chili ; Hicks furnishing his own horse, a very fine animal, and agreeing to give the chap one hundred dollars if he succeeded, regardless of any injury done the steed. The run was made before the Steamer left the Port, and the notice reached its destination. Action was at once taken, and on the day when the

threat of the Peruvians was to be executed at Antofagasta, the Chilean fleet of Iron Clads steamed into the Harbor, the proceedings stopped, and the war begun, which ended in the triumph of Chili and the ruin of Peru.

By the time we had finished Breakfast the Steam Launch arrived, and we took it and proceeded to Lota—distant five or six miles—which occupied us nearly an hour. The trip was very interesting and beautiful. Lota, with its work-shops and mines and grounds, is upon a high point of land, reaching into the Sea; striking in itself, and rendered more so by Islands, and buttes, and rocks torn from the main, and picturesquely scattered around, against and over which the Sea often beats madly, as a day or two ago, when I wanted to get here; sometimes, as to-day, with white, harmless, gently-sounding surf.

The work and machine shops were visible, and the smoke from their stacks, before we reached the spot, and the site of the Park and Gardens on the Point, conspicuous over all, the white walls and towers of the Palatial Home in Renaissance style, that Madame Cousiño is now building, which has already cost thousands, and will when finished cost many thousands more. It stands upon the projecting high land, among shrubbery, flowers and trees, and overlooks the Sea from its lofty site. A more magnificent location I have rarely seen. She and her family are in Europe now, but the work is going on, constantly changed by orders from her prompted by freak, or silliness, or variety; having an almost fabulous income with which to gratify her whims. The old mansion was torn down to make way for this, and she has built an ordinary frame building, called the Administration House, well furnished, and also occupying a splendid site, where the heads or managers of the various Departments of the extensive operations live, or visitors and guests are entertained.

Rounding the Point, we were landed in a cove where the Copper Works are located; very extensive buildings, both the shops and the dwellings of the operatives, and below the Cliff on which the Administrator's House stands. We climbed up to it, but the servant in charge told us that no one was in, and we strolled out to visit the Mansion and the Park. The Mansion, as I have remarked, is unfinished, and will be, I should think, for some time, from the amount of work yet to be done; but from that already executed, to be completed with lavish expenditure. The Park, too, is very extensive,

and laid out and kept in order regardless of cost. You recollect I saw Colonel Tisdale in Buenos Ayres, who urged me by all means to visit Lota; he thought it the finest Park in the world. I do not agree with him. Its plan and style do not rival the Baronial Domains of England. Their inexpressible magnificence consists in the reaches of sward I have never seen anywhere equalled in velvety verdure, and the monarch trees which beautify it with their bulk and shadows. This occupies a site, with vistas and outlook on the Ocean which they have not; but no such sward and trees are here. The whole area is a series of flower gardens; the irregular contour of the ground adorned with works of Art and Grottoes, and Bridges, and Arbors, and Recesses, and clumps of Shrubbery; all costing vast sums to put there and preserve; and delightful, on such a day as this has been, to stroll through; but not equal in grandeur, by any means, to those wonderful possessions which have grown and been cherished through generations, a precious inheritance, and which have a climate and soil about them, wherein they delight to live.

In our stroll we came across Conservatories full of rare plants, and a Zoological Garden containing a good and well-cared-for collection of Quadrupeds and Birds—among them a fine Condor and pair of African Ostriches—the whole affair showing that large sums of money are required to keep up the attractive exhibition, and yet simply to be looked at, now and then, by its possessor; for most of her time, I learn, and that of her family, is spent in Santiago or Europe. She is a widow, with five children; three boys and two girls, all grown.

Passing through the Grounds, we went to the town of Lota, where we met with Mr. Harry Perry, the General Manager. Madame Cousiño has built for him a handsome Dwelling House, where he and his family reside, outside of the Park. He invited us to it, but understanding that we had ordered the Launch to be ready for us early in the morning at the Landing, which is near the Administration House, as I have told you, he invited us to spend the night there, which invitation we accepted, much in preference to going to the Hotel. He walked there and dined with us and three or four intelligent and educated young gentlemen connected with the enterprises as Superintendents or Managers.

We sat a good while at the table, and had pleasant and, to me, profitable talk. Mr. Perry informs me that the Rolls number three

thousand operatives—engaged in Coal Mining which is on the estate; in Copper work, the ore being brought here to be worked by the Coal; in the manufacture of Glass, most of the materials of which are indigenous; and in making Earthenware pipes and pottery; large enterprises, all of which are succeeding and profitable. Mr. Perry said he was very anxious to show me the whole business, and if I was willing to make an early start, and the weather permitted, he would come over to the Administration House in the morning, and go around to the various work-shops with me. I readily agreed to it.

We talked, among other things, of the Coal product, a matter of such vital importance, present and future, to the growing South American Nationalities. I think I spoke of its want in those Countries I visited on the Eastern Coast. It has been discovered and worked in Chili alone, upon the West. Its deposits here are not of the best quality in comparison with English and American, and confined to a narrow area, around Coronel and Lota, and submarine; the strata of the precious commodity dipping under the Sea. There are probably other deposits of it about Valdivia, farther South, yet undeveloped. This, especially, makes the Lota property of such immense value, giving site to its various works.

I spoke of the great import of the projected Trans-continental lines of Railway to this development; one from Buenos Ayres to Santiago *via* Mendoza, of which you know already; one projected from Bahia Blanca, on the Atlantic, ending somewhere in this vicinity; and one from Corrientes, on the Paraná, which, you will recall, I visited, through the Chaco and Tucuman to some, as yet undecided point on the Pacific. These have, of course, all to tunnel or surmount the Andes; but what has not, and will not enterprise and money do? Mr. Perry said the advantage to the possessions was not so vast as I supposed; the Coal is of inferior quality to the English by twenty-five per cent., and the better, and better organized labor there enabled them now to put down Coal at Coronel as cheaply as these mines can, and rival or undersell them at their own door; *a fortiori*, they could outdo them on the Atlantic Coast, several thousand miles nearer; the Coal could not, under such circumstances, bear the transportation across the Continent, and the Road would avail nothing. This seems strange, and hard to be credited.

My friends determined to go to the Theatre in Lota; I chose my usual better part and went to sleep.

I forgot to say that the delay of the Launch necessitated our probable stay all night in Lota, and Brown telephoned from Coronel to Mr. Van Ingen, that we could not get to Talcahuana in time for Breakfast; but if he had no objection, we would change it into Lunch, which we would be enabled to accomplish on our return from Lota to Concepcion, there being a midday train from that City to Talcahuana.

CONCEPCION, CHILI, HOTEL GRAND CENTRAL,

Monday, October 1, 1888.

Brown got back from the Theatre, he told me, at two o'clock this morning, sorry he did not follow my example and, like a man of sense, go to bed, rather than be bored for hours at a village show.

Early, before Sunrise, things betokened bad weather; soon the rain began to fall, and it was quite manifest our friend, Mr. Perry, would not be on hand, and our visit to the Shops would have to be given up. We had a good early Breakfast spread for us by the servants of the Administration House, and by the appointed hour, seven and a half o'clock, were on the Launch and steaming back to Coronel; not like our voyage yesterday in a brilliant sunshine, but in a watery downpour. I crept into the little Cabin and avoided getting wet, but the closeness of my quarters was not enjoyable, and had I not been a good sailor, would have had to report another case of English Channel experience, like that which afflicted me on my Second Tour. We landed in Coronel and walked through the town to the Station in a shower, but my umbrella and overcoat kept me dry.

My friend, Mr. Hicks, welcomed me there, and in a few moments we were on our way to Concepcion. Mr. Burroughs and a young man from Devonshire, England, also engaged on the Road, were aboard, and stopping at the terminus on the River side in a flood of rain, Mr. Burroughs took us again to his Shanty and gave us a Lunch. There was only one covered Boat, and that full of passengers, and to attempt to cross the wide River in such a storm would have been folly. We, therefore, with the patience of good travellers, sat down and waited. Here was another *contretemps*. We could not get to Concepcion in time to take train for Talcahuana, and Mr. Van Ingen's Lunch would share the fate of his Breakfast; indeed,

the hour for leaving Concepcion passed before we crossed the River. Whilst sitting in the office we heard a rapid transit of something along the porch or shed in front, and on going out, I found that a sudden gale of wind had carried my umbrella, which I had opened out to dry, along the floor, and clashing it against the slats and posts, broken one of its ribs. I mention this seemingly trivial incident because the old umbrella has become to us a memorable thing, having been with me in all my world-wide travels, and had its wounds and broken limbs mended in many a city, thousands of miles apart.

After waiting an hour or two, the storm abated, and we crossed in an open row-boat with four oarsmen, first dragging it up the banks by cable, and then diagonally striking with oars for the opposite bank, which we reached in safety. Mr. Valliant escorted us to his Shanty on the hither side, and sent his servant boy for a Horse and Carriage, which, upon its arrival, we took and drove to the Hotel, a mile distant.

Mr. Brown then telephoned to Mr. Van Ingen, and told him the reason of our non-arrival in Talcahuana, and inviting him to come up and dine with us, which he agreed to do. He gave me his own boy, named Theodore, a nice lad, son of a native of Connecticut, to go with me to get my umbrella's rib repaired or replaced. With an instinct and knowledge worthy of an American gamin, he took me to an out of the way tumble-down on the suburbs, at whose door a shabby, venerable umbrella hung, and whose walls, we observed on going in, were adorned with numberless skeletons of those which had lived their day—perchance, which had suffered like mine, and whose bones awaited revival in some other frame, cherished more than theirs had ever been. I soon saw my boy had brought me to the right place, and a contract was speedily made to put my friend and fellow-wanderer once more in travelling trim. We then went to the Bank to have my English Gold, with which I had had my Letter of Credit cashed in Montevideo, converted into Chili money, which rates now at about sixty cents in the dollar of our American Gold; and then I bought a map of Chili, and paying my nice, bright boy enough to make him think he was of some service, and feel the day was not misspent, dismissed him. His father is dead, he told me, and he lives with his widowed mother, her only child. I think he will not desert her.

Mr. Van Ingen came according to promise, and we spent a pleasant evening together with two engineers and architects of the new Rail

Road Bridge; cultivated Englishmen, who gave me advice with regard to my coming travels in Peru, and with whom I talked on such matters as pertained to their Profession, gathering knowledge for myself whilst we talked.

Brown said he would go to the train with me in the morning, and help me with my Ticket and Baggage, and introduce me to any gentlemen who may be going to Santiago, whither I am next bound.

[I parted from Mr. Van Ingen with many thanks for his courtesy and attention, and told him I would write to him on my reaching home. I did so, and received the following response, which is worth preserving with the Letters of the Tour.

TALCAHUANA, *March 17, 1889.*

Hon. F. W. M. Holliday,

Winchester, Va.

My Dear Friend,—Your very welcome favor of January 4 came safely and afforded me much pleasure. I was glad to hear of your safe arrival at Home, and much interested in the account you gave me of your travel, and I should really have liked to be with you. I am tired of South America, and would gladly go to California to-morrow, if I could do so; but I am tied down here in many ways, and cannot easily get away. I don't know whether the New Administration will make a change in the Consulate or not.

* * * * *

We want a Navy badly, and I hope the new Secretary of the Navy will be as good as Whitney has been.

Our Dry Dock here is in process of construction, under a French Company—Dussand and Lavegue. We have Tramways along the Beach, and the cornerstone ought to be laid next month. Mr. Lord, of N. Y. R. R. Construction Company, contracted for an all-Government R. R. Line in Chili, and goes to New York temporarily, and will doubtless soon have a good force on hand.

Chili seems to have waked up; still, it will take a Century to get Spanish ideas out and Modern ideas in. The longer I live among, and the more I see of, the Latin Races, the less I think of them.

I gave your Message to Mr. J. Stewart Brown; he said he had received your Letter. Brown is expanding; besides the Life Insur-

ance Company, he has the Water Works on hand. We had on the 22d of February—Washington's Birthday—a Ball at my new House. Brown came down with others from Concepcion; we had, also, Santiago friends and the Officers of the Chilian Men-of-War—Esmeralda and Huascar—with a number of pretty Girls. I would have been delighted if you could have dropped in. I am sure you would have been entertained at least for awhile.

I was at the Mineral Springs, in the Andes, in February, with my Daughter for several weeks, and am now enjoying good health. By the way, I wrote you at Mollendo, telling you of a person who would be able to further your ideas in going to Bolivia. He has been United States Consul, I think. Did you receive the Letter?

If you propose coming this way again, please advise me beforehand, and I will give you a better reception than I was able to give you, by reason of your unexpected arrival.

I have a nephew at the Virginia Military Academy, who bears my own name. If you ever fall in with him, please let me know. I shall be happy to hear from you, and hope you will write me. Some day you may see me in Old Virginia.

Wishing you health and every earthly blessing,

I am, Dear Sir,

Very truly and sincerely your friend,

JOHN F. VAN INGEN.]

SANTIAGO, CHILI, HOTEL ODDO—pronounced Odo—

Tuesday, October 2, 1888.

My friend Brown was faithful to his promise; and was up by half-past six o'clock to escort me to the Station; whence at seven, I left in the train for this City of Santiago, distant three hundred and fifty-four miles.

The fare was fifteen dollars in Chilian money, not an extravagant price at the rate I have already quoted; but my Trunk was weighed, and they charged for every pound of that, allowing me nothing but my Satchel. They have a Pullman Palace Car, with handsome and comfortable revolving chairs, one of which I took, and for which I paid four dollars extra; richly worth it to the traveller, not only on account of the comfort on such a long journey, but for the finer means of observation through its broad, clear win-

dows. And no ride I could take in any Country could receive from these advantages greater benefit than that through which I travelled to-day.

Brown introduced me to the Conductor, on this Car, a Californian—Captain Adams—who was very polite during the journey in pointing out the objects of interest; and also to Mr. Alfred Ball, an intelligent young man from Valparaiso, and Mr. Bunster, who was born of English parentage, and has lived in Chili all his life, now on his way with three children to put them at school in Valparaiso. These gentlemen, too, were very polite and useful, and agreeable in helping me with information. Several of the Officials I talked with at the Station.

Our route was first Southeastward, along the Banks of the Bio-Bio; and then Northeastward, the entire distance to Santiago; your map will show. The River, though still flushed, you could see had fallen; the uncovered banks and shallows showing its characteristics; the offspring of near Mountains rapidly shedding, and rapidly ceasing to shed their waters from rains—ever flowing in smaller channel from the perennial snows of the more distant Ranges. We passed some Granite Quarries of seemingly good quality, at which workmen were engaged. But there was not much cultivated land, and the habitations were such as I have already described.

We Breakfasted at San Rosendo, and soon after the snow-clad Cordilleras opened along the East, and continued to adorn the Landscape the entire day with their glorious heights. Beginning with the beautiful Antico, on the South, Mountain after Mountain followed, sometimes of solid white as the driven snow, each with its own peculiar summit, often with clean-cut cones, which the most famous of these objects everywhere love to assume. The Sky was not altogether clear; but in the early morning the clouds lifted themselves like curtains and uncovered in limpid atmosphere the caps of Mountain after Mountain in serried order; the nearer and lower ones setting their sovereigns off by their deep blue lines. After awhile the white crowns began, under the Sun's rays, to cover themselves with vapor, and there being no wind to waft it, the scene lost some of its brilliancy and beauty. But towards the evening, approaching Santiago, the Sun, in recompense for the injury done, threw back his light upon the scene, converting the blue into softest purple, and gilding

the white with aureate hues. We were welcomed to Santiago with a welcome worthy of the scene in which it dwells.

The Valley we traversed is bounded by the Cordilleras, of which I have spoken, on the East; the Coast Range rims the West—the latter sometimes bulky, often sinking to the plain. Progressing Northward, these lines of Mountains draw more closely toward each other, presenting on either hand a striking Landscape; the one simply bounding the Western line like any other Mountains; the Eastern lifting themselves in indescribable majesty, and towering to the Skies. I am agreeably disappointed in this famous Range; from my reading I inferred, that the foot-hills are so high, that their lofty fellows are obscured. Not so; whatever the altitude of those foot-hills, behind them and above them, with intermissions now and then, the royal Peaks look forth.

But in the Valley between, I have been disappointed. I expected to see one continued stretch of improved and cultivated land. Vast reaches of it have never felt the hoe or plough, and where reduced to Cultivation, not of the thorough kind I thought. I expected, too, to see Haciendas, or Farms, everywhere, with handsome homes indicating a degree of Civilization no other portion of South America sets claim to like Chili. On the contrary, few of these appear. The miserable habitations continue the whole way, such as I have described, showing a grievous fault somewhere, either in the character of the Government or of the people—for the land does not look poor, and now, under the frequent rainfalls, is luxuriantly green. I saw few fields of grain—mostly in grass, with stock. The Farmers were using implements like those I told you of in India, which carry you back to primeval times. Chili has not yet waked up to the fact that invention has supplied Agriculture with improved Machinery, as in every other Department of Industry, and Chili must put it on, if she would keep abreast with that Progress along whose path she loudly proclaims she is bravely treading. We are told that her cultivators of the soil are rapidly adopting our Machinery; I confess those I saw at work were not using it.

Many Vineyards were in view along the Road, some cultivated in the manner of those I saw and told you of in Mendoza, others cut closer to the ground and clumped like those in California. Chili hopes to become a wine-producing Country, and many of her people are laboring to that end. On every hand the Lombardy Poplar is

growing, in lines, in avenues, in groups, in quite extensive groves, planted and cultivated for their lumber—a poor kind, and only fit to be used in protected and inferior work. It is said to grow rapidly, and this I should infer, for they cut it down and saw it into planks when the trunks are not more than four or five inches in diameter.

The properties are divided sometimes by morticed Fences, of rarely more than three Rails, or of Wire. The large areas where stock is raised, and what are styled Estancias in Argentina and Uruguay, are here called Haciendas; smaller areas, where grain is cultivated, are called Fundos. The spirit of Communism and the like is said not to be wanting here any more than in other Countries where human beings live, and some have possessions which others want. We had a manifestation of it to-day, in the throwing of a stone at our Car, and the breaking of one of the large plate glass windows, and the narrow escape therefrom of one of Mr. Bunster's daughters. This, however, might have occurred in any country on the Globe. I do not mention it as a charge against Chili.

On arrival in Santiago, about Sundown, Mr. Ball helped me with my trunk, and got me a Carriage, having the time before the departure of the train for Valparaiso, which he proposed to take, giving me his address and inviting me to visit him in that City.

On my arrival at the Hotel, I had an excellent Room assigned me, opening on one of the principal streets. It is probably a couple of miles from the Station, and in the heart of the City. I took Dinner and then strolled out for an hour, looking into the lighted windows.

*
SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Wednesday, October 3, 1888.

The first thing this morning, at the proper hour, was to call upon the United States Minister, Mr. Wm. R. Roberts, and his Secretary of Legation, Christian M. Seibert. Mr. Roberts, I had heard, before I left the Eastern Coast of the Continent, was very ill, with a serious stroke of Paralysis. I inquired of the Proprietor, Mr. Flindt, about him, and was informed that he was better, though still confined to his chamber. He, also, informed me that he and the Secretary of Legation lived together, and I determined to go at once to see them. The Proprietor gave me a boy, and he conducted me to the Legation, from a half to a mile distant.

The Secretary came in and welcomed me. I had a Letter of introduction from Judge Bacon to him, and one to the Minister from Governor Jarvis. I was received most cordially. Mr. Seibert informed me that the Minister was still poorly, though better, and was sitting up, and he was sure would be glad to see me. I went to his Chamber and was cheerfully greeted by the Sick Man. I soon found he was worse than his appearance indicated; his right side was paralyzed, but his face was unaffected, though I soon found his memory and mind were. I did not stay long, being satisfied he could receive no benefit from further talk and excitement. It was a melancholy sight: for he is a large, fine looking man, and in health must have had a robust constitution; Mr. Seibert says, he doubts not, seriously affected by the exciting political life he for some years led in the City of New York.

The Secretary said he was at my command during my stay in Santiago, and said he would go out at once with me and see some of the sights of the City. I thanked him for his kindness and accepted his tender of service, telling him we could visit a few places, and returning to the Hotel, take Breakfast together, and resume afterwards our investigations. This he acceded to, and we walked first to the River Maipu, which flows through the City, and is sometimes converted into a mountain torrent. This lately happened, and washed out a span of the old Spanish Bridge, more than a hundred years of age, and did other damage in and about the City. The flood has run out now, and the waters are confined to their natural channel, though we could, from our position, see how it had washed away the Ancient Viaduct a short distance down, and how it could disport itself when it tried, and the Mountains furnished the force. The River is crossed by several other Bridges of modern construction.

Turning thence, we visited the Acropolis of Santa Lucia—pronounced Luceea. This is a natural Butte of Porphyry, springing more than six hundred feet from the midst of the City—a most conspicuous and imposing object, where Tradition says the King of the Araucanians had a stronghold which the Spaniards supplemented with a magnificent Fortress. Benjamin Vicuña McKenna, you observe from the surname of Irish descent, is regarded as one of Chili's best authors and most valuable and patriotic citizens. At his instance this Rock was terraced and stepped and railed, and resting places and works of Art provided—and on one terrace a small Chapel erected to

his memory, and a Summer House built upon the summit of the Acropolis, whence, as well as from the stairs and terraces, extensive and exquisite views can be obtained of the City, the mountains on either hand, and the intervening country. It is a landscape worth lingering over: the Mountains on the East, not far off looking down upon you, clad in perpetual snow; the Coast Range much less conspicuous and more distant; the sweep between them of Vegas, a level plain, part of which the City occupies; the residue divided into Haciendas and Fundos. You have observed what a nomenclature various nations have for the same thing—thus: Prairie in the Mississippi Valley, the Plains farther West, the Steppes of Russia, the Pampas of the Argentine, the Llanos of the Orinoco, the Vegas of Chili, are with slight shade of difference the same thing.

From this elevation the City lies like a Map beneath you—every house distinguishable; and Mr. Seibert called my attention to several Haciendas owned by Madame Cousiño, of Lota fame, whose reputed wealth is twenty millions. She has, I understand, the finest House in the City, whose appointments and furniture are palatial; and yet with all of these possessions in this country, she spends of late her whole time in Europe.

After enjoying this extensive view for a good while, we descended and walked to the Hotel, where we had our Breakfast, and then strolled out for other observations. We walked to the Ancient Bridge, and then through the Market Place, and then visited the Congress Building, which has two fine Halls and numerous Committee Rooms for the respective Chambers of Senators and Deputies. The Bodies are not now in session. This fine building is situated in tolerably good grounds, on a part of which, just back of the Cathedral, stood the Jesuit Church, which was burned down in 1863, when three thousand people perished, either in the flames or crushed to death in the frenzy of the crowd. Near by is the National Library, which we also visited. It contains a large collection of Books and an octagonal Reading Room, not unlike in its site and arrangements to that of the British Museum. One of the Librarians conducted us through, pointing out the objects of interest, among which is a large Room containing Books and Manuscripts plundered by Chili from Peru in the late war—a piece of vandalism which will have to be atoned for, like such monstrosities have been before in History. These valuable things doubtless contain many priceless treasures

toward making out the story of Peru's Conquest and the establishment of Spanish rule on the Continent. They are carelessly and shamefully thrown into heaps, covered with dust, and liable to destruction and decay. The Library is not equal to the one I told you of in Rio, either in the number or value of the volumes, or their condition and care. Then we visited the Building containing the residence of the President and the offices of the Government.

This finished our wanderings for the day, and parting with the Secretary on my return to the Hotel, I made the acquaintance of Col. Lord and Mr. Whitford, gentlemen from New York, here on an effort to construct Railroads in Chili. They speak hopefully of the sympathy of the Government and of their prospects. Mr. Foster and Mr. Charles C. Green, both for many years residents of the Country, the latter a native of Rhode Island, called to see me at my Room. Mr. Green urged me to go with him to the Theatre to-night; I told him I usually preferred resting to the Theatre when I was travelling, a much more agreeable and healthful occupation, unless there was something in the House or upon the boards especially to be seen. He said there was a good Italian Opera here and I could see some of Santiago's beauty; and I agreed to go.

At eight o'clock he called. The Opera House is a fine one, the Troupe and Opera were good, the gathering fair, and the Evening passed without ennui. But I saw little or no beauty: indeed, I have been disappointed in this among the women of Chili, here and elsewhere in the Republic. Their style of dress is trying—generally in black, with black shawls, used both for wraps and hood, which are drawn tightly over the head, exposing only the oval of the face. This is the usual dress I have seen upon the streets. At the Opera their dress was, of course, different; but in neither have I seen any beauty.

Mr. Green introduced me to a Mr. Heisler, a native of Baltimore City, who has been a resident of Chili also for more than thirty years. They both, when the Opera was over, escorted me back to the Hotel.

. SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Thursday, October 4, 1888.

After taking my Coffee, and Bread and Butter, I determined to walk out and see more of the City. I went first to the Cathedral, a

large structure on the Street with the Hotel, and in sight, fronting on the chief and central Square of the City. This Plaza is Colonial, and was founded with Santiago; in the beginning, of course, paved in Spanish style, with stone, where the soldiers and people rallied in the hour of danger or of public necessity, and its four sides bordered with Civil and Religious Houses. This was the style of all Spanish Cities on the Continent; modern taste has converted the hard, hot pavements into areas set with trees and flowers. Thus it is with the grand Plaza in Mexico, done by the ill-fated Carlotta; thus it is here, done by McKenna, the designer of Santa Lucia.

The Cathedral, now a little over a Century of age, and the Archbishop's Palace cover one side of the Plaza. They are built of stone, the only houses in the City, save the Dominican Church, constructed of that material, I am told; the others are of adobe or brick—stuccoed. But the stuccoing is generally remarkably well done, and face many handsome Mansions, public and private. Another side of the Plaza is occupied by the Post Office and Municipal Building; the third by a structure of Modern build and architecture, occupied above by two Hotels, and below by a handsome Arcade, with stores; the fourth by Arcades, also, utilized for the same purpose.

I stepped into the Cathedral; it was the hour of Morning Prayer, and several of its Chapels were occupied by worshippers engaged in that devotion. The edifice is very large—the largest Church I think I have seen in South America, and in some of its appointments, and those of its Chapels, elaborate and costly. Here, and in all the Churches I have visited on the Continent, the worshippers were women; exceeding few men were ever engaged or present. The Romish is beyond all peradventure the dominant Denomination everywhere, certainly in the number of its Ecclesiastical Edifices and adherents—indeed, is favored by the Public Authorities, and Protestantism is literally nowhere, save in a few little Meeting and Mission Houses. But all tell me that its hold upon the people and their superstitions, is passing away, and not Protestantism, but infidelity and indifferentism are rapidly taking the throne it once occupied. Without the women, it would speedily decay.

I walked on to the Market Place desiring to see it in full occupation: when there yesterday, the hour of its chief gathering had passed. I found a good many people, sellers and buyers, and abundant supplies of Meats, Vegetables, and Fruits. The House is an admir-

able one, worthy of the City. I met with a Mr. Hoge, whom I came across on the Street yesterday, and was introduced to by Mr. Seibert. He is from California. He says he may be of the Virginia Hoges. His mother was a Miss Cannon, certainly from Virginia. I had some pleasant chat with him. I was not struck with the common people, men or women, in the Market, any more than I have been on the Street. Though a Republic, the difference and distance between them and the upper classes is very great. How could it be otherwise? How could vigorous human life of mind or body be born and reared in such wretched hovels as that class of people occupy?

Not far off, I could not help going again to the Centenarian Bridge. Such old things interest me. It was a grand piece of Brick Masonry; the arches, now standing, are without a break or crack. The spans washed away, fell, not from any imperfection of them, but because in late years some Engineers foolishly removed the tables which protected the foundations of the Piers. The Bridge, if let alone, would have survived for Centuries longer—much longer than the spider, spindling structure of Modern build, upon which the River is now crossed at several places. The style of this old affair, too, is interesting; like the Ancient London Bridge, a regular street, on either side of which were shops and stores, making a traffic thoroughfare. From it is an extensive view of the Mountains, whence flow the waters which it spans, and which looked lovely enough in the fresh morning air.

Continuing my wandering through the Streets, I observed the people and their modes. Again was I struck, as I have constantly been since my arrival in Chili, with the brutality to animals, which everywhere prevails. The Horses are indifferent, in Carts and Carriages and Street Cars, and shamefully maltreated. The oxen are yoked by the horns, and tortured from morn till night with heavy blows and burdens. Will the Romanic Races ever learn, that animals have sensibilities, and that Bull Fights, for simple sport, and cruelty in the daily work of life, are evidence neither of refinement, nor of strength?

At one o'clock Mr. Seibert called to accompany me to some places of note in and about the City. Before doing so, he consented to go with me to get a Silver piece for your Collection; but without success, they were unwilling to sell a single article, and thus break a set. In the effort, we visited many stores. These are often located in the

form of Arcades or Portales, of which there are more than I have ever seen in a City the size of Santiago. They are not only very convenient in warm weather, protecting against the Sun, but are, some of them, very pretty, with their rows of showy windows, and greatly resorted to by the better element of the population, either for purchase or promenade; and good places in which to meet and observe them—at certain hours of the day, presenting quite a showy procession of Fashionables.

We then took Street Car and went to Quinta Normal, the Agricultural Department and Grounds of the Republic; not very large, but highly and tastefully improved. Here, a few years ago, an Exhibition was held; the Building, a permanent structure, still standing. The area in which it is located is laid out in walks, and set with trees, and shrubs and flowers, well cared for and adorned with pretty Lakes and fountains. Madame Cousiño has erected a fanciful Building, constructed entirely from the products of her own vast possessions. There is, also, adjoining the Grounds and Office-admission an admirable Zoölogical Garden, of well selected and well kept specimens of South America, especially of the Western Coast. Here I saw admirable LLamas—pronounced Yama—Guanācos—pronounced Wanāco—and Vicuñas, better than I have seen elsewhere. The LLama is a noble animal—the Camel of America—of powerful yet graceful make, and living among the high Mountains, valuable as beasts of burden. The Vicuña lives in higher regions still, and from his hair is manufactured the softest and most costly of textures. It is a light and graceful creature. The Guanāco lives lower down, and flourishes over a wider range of Country, of larger and more vigorous structure than the Vicuña, though much the same in shape; its hair or wool, too, though not so fine, of great value. There were half a dozen Condors here, the largest of Birds, whose haunts maybe I will reach in Peru, among the lofty Andes. But I have not time to enumerate any but those of marked and peculiar interest. I must name, however, one interesting collection more; that of Ostriches—the huge African, the Emu of Australia, and the Ostrich of this Continent, of which I have several times spoken on these travels. It is curious to see how much alike they are in structure, and yet how different in their proportions.

In these Grounds I had an opportunity of seeing a large gathering of men, women and children of mingled Nationalities; and how

inferior are the mixed and native to the purer foreign blood, in type and size. The truth is, these South American Countries will have to be occupied by a superior Race before they can play the rôle which fills the aspirations of the better and more ambitious of their citizens. In the Argentine, with the rapid and bulky tide of Immigration and boundless Country, this may be one day done, and the inferior blood will be eradicated or swallowed up in the higher and better strain. In Chili, by reason of its limited area, and narrower field of enterprise, that day will be longer postponed. Though for some years Chili has been the most progressive, and the Chillanos have earned the name of the Yankees of the South, of which they are very proud, yet her blood cannot yet fill the demands of our Civilization, in its broadest and highest spheres.

My friend and I returning, tried to hire a Carriage to go to the Park; but all had been gathered up to attend a race of a man against a horse, for a run of eighteen miles. I should like to have witnessed the crowd, had my friend thought of it in time; for at Dinner, Colonel Lord and Mr. Whitford told me the throng probably amounted to ten thousand people. Not being able to get there, we took Tram and went to the City Cemetery, a place worth seeing for its elegant and numerous Tombs, and Monuments, and Mausoleums, some of them choice works of Art, manifesting great wealth. It was at one time purely a Roman Catholic Cemetery, where everything was Catholic, and, of course, so-called Holy Ground. The Government passed a Law that every one, of any creed, should find Sepulture there; whereupon the Priests were offended, and since that day no one of the Order has been within the bounds, or officiates in the last rites, even of the faithful. The Roman Catholic has been a wise Church in worldly wisdom through the Ages; but now they seem to be at fault. When their world of Faith was supreme, they could be thus domineering, for they occupied almost exclusively the field; but now that Nations have equally asserted a right to rule, if they persevere in their narrow courses, what was once regarded as wisdom, will be regarded as folly, and before they are aware, their sceptre will be broken, and that noted "Traveller from New Zealand" will sketch ruins of Churches and Establishments both more Ancient and younger than St. Paul's. To be all things to all men is quite as applicable to Civilization as to individual men, and Romanism has now a more difficult and more dangerous enemy than ever confronted her before.

It behoves her to be circumspect. This applies equally to any Faith that attempts to carry too high a head and hand.

We took a Carriage at the Cemetery and drove through the City to the Alameda. This is a wide, magnificent thoroughfare, two miles or more in length, with rows of trees along its middle for promenades, and roads on either side for drives, where the people gather in the afternoons and indulge their choice of locomotion, to the Music of an admirable Band. This evening, numbers were abroad, and the lines of splendid Turnouts were to be admired, and shows what a space, in this Republic, intervenes between the top and bottom strata of Society. Along this Avenue, too, on either hand are palatial homes, in striking contrast to the wretched shelter of the poor in the Country or in the purlieus of the City. The Secretary and I walked to and fro and looked at the display, he with extensive knowledge evidently, pointing out the Homes and Turnouts of the Celebrities. The hour we thus spent, I much enjoyed.

Coming back, I dined with Colonel Lord and Mr. Whitford, and we had much talk of Chili and her affairs, and of our own bigger Country, interesting and instructive; which I have not time to tell of.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL.

Friday, October 5, 1888.

The Secretary of Legation called at nine this morning, and we made arrangements for a drive in the afternoon. Mr. Green, also, called, and invited me to spend the evening with him, which I declined, having promised the Secretary to be with him; but, having fixed the hour at eight o'clock, I told Mr. Green I would go to his house before, that I might make the acquaintance of his Wife and Daughters.

During the hours before twelve, the time I usually Breakfast, having my bread, and butter, and coffee at seven, I wandered about the City, observing things and streets I had not before visited.

At one o'clock Mr. Seibert came and went with me to the Valparaiso Bank to draw some money on my Letter of Credit. I could not succeed there; they not doing that kind of business. I told the Officials it was the first instance in all my travels in any part of the world that it had been declined, and it was funny they should

thus refuse business in the crack City of South America. Mr. Seibert then took me to the firm of Grace & Co., of New York—the head is the man who, you remember, was Mayor of that City, and the concern has branches through Chili and Peru; one here, one in Concepcion, one in Valparaiso, one in Lima. The one here is engaged in selling American Agricultural Implements. Mr. Simpson, the head man or Manager, said they were not in the habit of advancing money in that way; but he would let me have a Hundred Dollars, the amount I wanted, which I could return to the Branch of the firm on my arrival in Valparaiso. I asked him what security he wanted? He replied, none whatever. I thanked him for his kindness and expressed my full appreciation of it.

We then got a nice Carriage and drove to the Park, which lies upon the suburbs of the City. On our way we stopped to see the mansion Madame Cousiño has built for a town residence, and well worth a visit it is, not so much the house itself, as the superb furniture and appointments, all of which were sent from Paris, together with the Artists and Artisans to place them. We were received with great cordiality by the person in charge. For the Madame, I have told you, is in Europe, and though she has forwarded these elegant things from Paris, and the Manager says is sending them by every Steamer, she has never been in the house herself. The seats of the chairs and sofas, and the curtains of the windows, are of satin and silk, and the embroidery of the most tasteful and brilliant patterns wrought by hand; the floors are inlaid with various designs, and the wainscoting and wood carving simply superb. Works of Art in marble and on canvass abound—some of them very fine. I have seen nothing to surpass it for many a day. The Grounds are not large, but highly improved and kept in order.

Going on to the Park, the afternoon being favorable, we spent some time there in driving and walking about. This was a donation of Madame Cousiño's husband, and is called Parque Cousiño, and has been improved highly by Landscape Gardening. From it is the most extensive and best view I have had of the snow-clad Mountains. But no great Peaks, only the general Range is visible from Santiago and the vicinity—Aconcagua and Tupungato are both hid by intervening Mountains. Driving thence to the Race Course, not far distant, the same view is repeated from the Amphitheatre. The

Course is an excellent one, and much resorted to by the Chilians, who are fond of the sport. The horses on the track exercising—a dozen or more—were, most of them, of English stock.

Returning we passed by the home of the late Henry Meiggs, who built the wonderful Andean Roads in Perú, and some of those in Chili. The Grounds are very large and highly improved; the centre occupied by a handsome frame and weather-boarded mansion, built in the form of a Greek Cross, and surmounted by a Dome in the centre at the meeting of the arms. It is now owned by Madame Cousiño, and rented to the French Legation. I wonder she did not build her own Mansion on these Grounds; they are more extensive than where her's stands, but I believe in not so fashionable a part of the City. Of Henry Meiggs there seems to be a diversity of opinion. His undertakings and works in Peru were regarded in his day as wonders, and he was a man of surprising audacity and enterprise. He was not educated, and whilst his undertakings yielded him immense sums of money, his spendthrift and extravagant habits threw it away; and the inability of Peru to meet her obligations, and his own dissolute habits left him a pauper and a wreck, in which condition, worn out, he died. It is his younger brother who is operating in Argentina and building the great Road from Corrientes to Tucuman, which proposes to cross the Andes—of this, I think, I told you on my trip up the Paraná. The Meiggs family are from the United States—I think New York. Henry must have been no ordinary man; though of the extent and character of his abilities, I have above remarked, there are diverse opinions.

We then returned *via* the Alameda to the Hotel. After Dinner, Mr. Whitford went with me to Mr. Green's. We were hospitably received by him, and Mrs. Green and his Daughters—three pretty girls. They were dressed for the Opera, and are much handsomer than any I saw there the other night. After a pleasant chat, we walked to the Secretary's, and there spent the rest of the evening with him and his two grown daughters—bright, intelligent girls. Mrs. Seibert, unfortunately, was sick in bed, and sent to me her many regrets, hoping I would come again and see them before I left the City. The Minister, Mr. Roberts, continues in the same condition—he can hardly recover.

When we reached the Hotel it was ten o'clock.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Saturday, October 6, 1888.

I had several visitors in the early part of the day : among them, Mr. Horace Myers, he said, from Darkesville, West Virginia, who has been for a number of years a Rail Road Contractor and Builder in South America. He is a man of huge proportions. He knew all the people in and around Berryville, Martinsburg, Winchester, Newtown, Front Royal, &c., and we had much talk about them. Mr. Turnbull, whose father is from New Haven, Conn., and a graduate of Yale, and has been our Consul at Talcahuana, and maybe other points, called. He is a young gentleman of education, also, a Yale graduate, and now a member of the House of Deputies, which corresponds in rank with our Congress. He invited me to dine with him, which I declined. These visits consumed several hours. I am getting to know too many people, and must move on ; though all I see give me much information with regard to Chili and her people, Institutions and prospects. I wish I had time to relate some of these talks.

After Breakfast I went on tram to visit the Recoleta Church, a new structure of brick, the front ornamented with eight massive Corinthian Columns of white Italian Marble ; the arches of the interior supported also by Marble Columns of the same color and style. These were brought here on wagons and carts from Valparaíso before the Rail Road was built—a big undertaking. I think altogether, in its elegant and chaste simplicity, it is the most beautiful Church I have seen on the Continent. On my return I stepped into the San Dominican Church, also handsome, not far from the Plaza, and the only edifice, I am told, in Santiago, built of Stone, save the Cathedral and Archbishop's Palace : this, I think, I have before remarked upon. I then continued my stroll, gathering knowledge of the City, its people and affairs, until I feel quite satisfied I can leave with the assurance that I have not idled my time, and have acquired all that a traveller is expected to know of strange places.

Mr. Whitford and I, at four to five o'clock, promenaded the Alameda, enjoying the fresh, cool air, and the people doing like ourselves. It is an uncommonly handsome affair of its kind, much superior, in itself, to the Unter Den Linden of Berlin ; on re-observation, much larger in its entire length than I at first thought ; it is

between three and four miles, I should infer, maybe more. We walked till six o'clock, our Dinner hour, and then returned to the Hotel, where I found Mr. Green awaiting me ; come to call upon me and tender his services to-morrow morning to escort me to the Station, get my ticket, label my Baggage, or do any other thing to help me—very kind and considerate. I accepted his offer gladly, and told him to come early and take his coffee with me in my room ; and being my Dinner hour, insisted upon his staying and dining with me, which he did.

After Dinner Mr. Whitford walked with me to inquire after Minister Roberts and Mrs. Seibert, who was too sick to see me last night, which was agreeable, and I thought incumbent on me, in consideration of Mr. Seibert's indefatigable and successful efforts to make my stay in Santiago pleasant and profitable. We met Mr. Seibert near his own door, on his way to see and bid me Good Bye ! with a letter of introduction to friends to help me further on. Of course he returned, and his wife, now recovered or better, and his daughters, gave me a warm welcome. She is a handsome Lady and agreeable, and an hour passed quickly. The Minister is no better ; I fear never will be. I am truly grateful for their kindness and hospitality, and parted with regret. I wrote my name in the young ladies' Albums at their request, and promised to write to Mr. Seibert on my reaching home, and tell them how my Tour progressed and ended.

After my return to the Hotel, Mr. Myers called again, and in the course of the conversation let me know that his name is Mayers, and that he is a brother of Miss Mayers at Miss Mattie Wall's, and Frank Mayers of Newtown. He is called by the people here Myers, for such is the Spanish pronounciation of its spelling. He is a rather curious man, and has a good deal of dry humor, and hence kept himself *incog.*, though of course, from the beginning, he knew all about me. He has been an extensive Rail Road Builder in these regions, and I am informed has made a great deal of money, having a large claim now against the Chilian Government, and stands high. I told him I was going to write to Winchester that he is a fraud and is passing under an assumed name, which amused him very much. You must tell his Sister and Frank about our meeting, and of his respectable position here. He said he would go down to Valparaiso with me to-morrow—I think simply to be with and oblige me. He knows the country thoroughly, having constructed part of the road between that City and this. Before we parted for the night

he agreed to come to my Room and take his coffee with Mr. Green and myself in the morning, and start together for Valparaiso.

This ends my doings in Santiago. My stay has been most agreeable. The weather has been fine the entire time. Before my arrival it had been unprecedentedly bad, raining all the time. During my stay we have had no rain, and the atmosphere has been admirable for driving or walking. Santiago, you have doubtless inferred from my story, is an advanced City—one of the most so in South America. It claims two hundred and fifty thousand; it has, I should suppose, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand. The streets are rectangular and well paved, but like all Spanish Cities, the sidewalks are too narrow. The houses are almost invariably stuccoed, but admirably done, and numerous beautiful and costly residences are scattered through the town. Liable to earthquakes, I was surprised to see such a number of two, sometimes three story houses—many more than one usually finds in such countries; when one thinks of the precarious ground on which they stand, he cannot help wondering at the temerity of the builders and occupants. They are almost invariably built of brick or adobe, and stuccoed, and are in the old Roman and later Spanish style—of central Atrium or Patio, sometimes paved, sometimes ornamented with flowers and shrubs. The display of wealth is great in their mansions, and dress and turnouts. I have hitherto remarked, that with the beauty of the women I have not been struck. The custom of adorning their beauty with the artist's touch is not palatable to our taste. It seems here not to be observed.

Altogether, were I asked for a comparison, I would say Santiago is the Paris of South America. Not only in outward show and style, but I am informed that in Political and Social influence it is like the import of that great capital to France: the domineering acknowledged Genius which controls the fashions and the destinies of Chili.

VALPARAISO—Literally, the Vale of Paradise—CHILI,
HOTEL INGLIS, *Sunday, October 7, 1888.*

We took our Coffee together in my Room at the Hotel in Santiago as we had agreed last night; after which we went to the Station and engaged seats in the Pullman Palace Car, of similar make with the one in which I came up from Concepcion. Mr. Green went to the Station with me and fixed me for the Journey, and then we parted,

he making me promise to write and send him my photograph when I got home.

[When Mr. Seibert and Mr. Green and I parted, I told them I would write on my arrival at home and tell them of my journey. I did so, and received the following responses, interesting enough to print with these Letters.

UNITED STATES LEGATION, SANTIAGO, CHILI,

February 28, 1889.

Hon. F. W. M. Holliday:

My Dear Governor,—Your very kind Letter of 2d January was received here on the 19th inst. We were, indeed, all very glad to hear from you and to know that you arrived home safe, after so long a Journey, both in time and distance.

I have remembered you to Colonel Lord and Mr. Lewis, whom I meet frequently, as well as to some others you met at Colonel Lord's, all were happy to hear of your safe return.

Colonel Lord, Mr. Lewis and the Corps of Engineers are kept very busy, pushing ahead work on several Roads, and preparing to begin others.

The change of Administration on the 4th of March will undoubtedly bring our Mission here to a close in a few months at the farthest.

A change would have been necessary any way, I believe, as Minister Roberts has not yet recovered from the Paralytic Stroke of the 18th of May last. He is somewhat better than when you saw him, yet he is not in condition to attend to the work that will have to be taken up soon; the settlement of claims against Chili of some United States citizens.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle are now in Valparaiso. I expect them up any day, as they, no doubt, will want to see Santiago. We shall be glad to meet them, and will tell them of your safe return.

In all probability we shall be in New York about the 1st of July, perhaps before; but will advise you of our arrival soon after.

Mrs. Seibert and the Girls are well. They have often spoken of you, Governor, and have not forgotten the recitals of your Travel Experiences in Foreign Countries, and if the Ladies see you again,

they will ask you many questions about the lands you have visited and the people you have met.

Minister Roberts returns his best regards, and thanks you for your kind wishes.

Mrs. Seibert, Eugenia and Emma join me in wishing you continued good health, and many, many happy days.

Very truly yours,
C. M. SEIBERT.

SANTIAGO DE CHILE, April 5, 1889.

Governor Holliday,

Winchester, Virginia, U. S. A.:

My Dear Governor,—Your most interesting Letter upon your arrival at Home was a great treat to us all. This kindly remembrance by a Traveller is most unusual and, therefore, the more welcome.

I am writing to-day to remind you of the promise to send us your Photograph—not a side view, but looking at us right out of those earnest eyes. Pray bear it in mind.

I also have to say, I send to-day "*Sinopsis Estadística Y Geográfica de Chile*," en 1888, which I think you will be pleased to have in condensed form, reliable facts about this little Republic.

As there was no Index, I made one in English, so that you can easily turn to the information you need. You will find the "*Resumen Histórico*" worth attention, as it gives in few words a good general idea of the History and Politics of Chili. The Bank Statements, p. 93, gives Capital and Notes, and following is an account of Mortgage Banks. These are most useful. The Proprietor needing money for betterments, gives a Mortgage to run a long term of years at five or six per cent. interest, and moderate, but accumulating sinking funds. The Bank gives him the amount in its notes with coupons for half-yearly interest and payable to order. They are deemed the best possible security, and always command a good price, and are largely sought after for temporary investments; more so for testamentary and similar Trusts.

Don't smile at the large number of Generals and Admirals you find on p. 97; these Commissions are given to old and meritorious

Officers, merely to get better pay and pensions. A few only are in active service.

* * * * *

All the family join me in warm remembrances and regards, and

I am cordially yours,

CHARLES E. GREEN.]

The day was beautiful, and our ride pleasant. Mr. Mayers, having constructed part of this Road, as I have already said, and having travelled over it frequently, is familiar with every mile, and pointed out the objects of interest. It is in sight of, and over, and through Mountains the whole distance, and may be called an interesting and scenic Way. Aconcagua is the chief Mountain which shows itself along the Line, and it at only one point, until we approach Valparaiso, when it becomes again conspicuous. To-day its crown was among the clouds. I hope it will be uncovered before I leave this City, and give me another view of the loftiest, it is said, of the Cordilleras. It is a noble Peak, and I hope will unveil itself again before I depart forever from the sphere it beautifies.

The Country is constantly shifting in scene; now opening into valleys and plains, never of very great extent; now the Mountains closing, several times into gorges, their sides bordering the track; now through cuts or tunnels. The Mountains are generally bare and bleak, or covered with the green of the late rains, soon to be burned by the Sun, never with timber; the valleys and plains less extensively cultivated in grain than I expected—most frequently in grass. But Mr. Mayers says the Road has done wonders for the Country in developing its resources. Before constructed, the region was a comparative wilderness; now you see numerous vineyards, cultivated to stakes or stocks, as I have hitherto described; luxuriant orchards of English Walnuts, some fields of wheat, and herds of cattle and villages, indicating in their style accumulated wealth and improvement; but still, through the Country, those miserable habitations of the Peons, of which I have already more than once spoken. The Lombardy Poplar, also, in rows, and groups and groves fills the Landscape.

Santiago is eighteen hundred feet above the Sea; but the Road ascends and descends—at one point reaching twenty-seven hundred in elevation. The distance from that City to this is one hundred and

fifteen miles ; and the Road, similar to the one from Concepcion to Santiago, admirable. A little while before reaching Valparaiso we pass the Village of Viña del Mar, which, from the train, presents an attractive look, both of houses and verdure. It is the home, or the summer residence of some of Valparaiso's best people, and is not an unworthy outlying suburb of Chili's chief Port.

We left Santiago at eight o'clock, and reached here at half-past twelve or one, and came at once to this Hotel, in sight of and a short walk from the Station. I have an excellent Room, looking from the window, near which I am writing, out upon the City's principal Plaza, ornamented with a handsome Monument, and beyond upon the Harbor filled with Ships, and beyond that again upon the Ocean.

Having taken our Breakfast at one of the Stations, and the Public Offices being closed, Mr. Mayers and I strolled about the City, visiting especially the course of the recent flood, which caused such destruction, a few weeks ago, of person and property here. I heard of this in Buenos Ayres from Colonel Tisdale, and maybe mentioned it there. A Brewer had permission to erect a Dam on a lofty site—nine hundred feet above the City. The profuse rains of the Season filled it and its feeders beyond their capacity. It broke, and the waters rushed down with the fury of a Mountain torrent, sweeping everything before it, tearing through the City, carrying houses, and people, and animals, in its resistless current. It was a frightful calamity ; between two and three hundred people were drowned, or killed, crushed, or struck by the timbers and boulders swept down by the flood. Most of the débris has been removed ; but still the deep gorge through the City, where once houses stood, shows what ravages were inflicted. Many stories, of course, are told of the horrors of the Scene. An Apothecary Shop, down in the Town where the current was divided and less furious, is pointed out, whose owner, absent at the time, ran to it to endeavor to save something from the wreck, and, hurrying through the water into the doorway, a body swept in after him, which, upon looking at, he found to be his own wife, brought down from his home, which had been washed away from a higher part of the City. It was apprehended that disease would ensue, but the Authorities have been industrious in removing the dead, and the weather remaining cool, no such additional calamity has yet befallen.

After Dinner, we walked upon the Landing, and along the water wall, looking at the people there, and at the shipping, and enjoying the delightful Evening.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Monday, October 8, 1888.

To-day I have mainly spent in getting ready for my travels to and in Peru. The Offices not being open till after nine o'clock, with Mr. Mayers, I took a Boat, and went to visit my friend, Captain Waddilove, on his good ship *Araucania*. After he dropped me at Talcahuana, he came on to this Port, where, by the regulations of his Line, he remains two weeks, before returning by the same route to Liverpool. When parting, he had promised to run up to Santiago and spend a day with me; and on my arrival there, I wrote him at what Hotel I was stopping, and inviting him to come. He replied, through telegram, that the pleasure was denied him "by circumstances over which he had no control."

The *Araucania* is anchored not far from shore, and we were soon aboard, and received with great cordiality. He told me the "circumstances" were the bad behavior of some of his crew. A parcel of fellows came off shore and made his boys drunk, and persuaded them to go with them on a further frolic, and he had had for several days a disagreeable time looking after and caging them. I was not surprised; for yesterday I saw more drunken sailors staggering about the streets and on the Landing than I have seen in all South America together. There are a great many ships and craft of every sort in Port, and Jack is evidently having a good time in meeting his brother Sailors from every part of the world.

We had a pleasant chat in the Captain's Cabin, and he accepted my invitation to come ashore and Breakfast with me to-morrow, and introduce me to the Captain of the Vessel which will carry me Northward.

Returning, I went to see the United States Consul, James W. Romeyn, of Michigan, who gave me the same greeting which I have received everywhere on my Tour. He lives at *Viña del Mar*, and comes in every day to his office; and invited me to stay with him. This I declined, but told him I would probably go out with him to-morrow and dine, of which I would definitely advise him in the

morning. He gave me what advice he could with regard to my movements, and tendered any other assistance in his power.

I then went to the Firm of Grace & Co., to whose head here, Mr. Duval, I had a Letter from Mr. Seibert, to advise him of my indebtedness for the one hundred dollars advanced me in Santiago, and to tell him it should be paid when I could draw the money from my Bankers on my Letter of Credit. He informed me with regard to the kind of money I would need in Peru, and said he would give me Letters of Introduction to gentlemen in Mollendo—pronounced Mollendo—the Port at which I will land in that country, who would advise me concerning my further progress.

On coming back to the Hotel, my friend, Mr. Mayers, said he would go out with me and see some of his friends, and gather what information he could. He helped to build the wonderful Peruvian Roads, also, but it has been some years since he was in that country, and he could not instruct me definitely concerning matters there now. We spent several hours in the investigation and then went to Huth & Co., my Bankers here, and drew what money I should need—enough Chilian money to pay my Bills here and my passage to Mollendo, one hundred dollars in Peruvian Silver Dollars, and the balance in United States Gold. The Silver Dollars, or Sols, as they call them—the size and much like our dollar—is a bulky and heavy load to carry, but is the only currency now in that country, which, since the war, having no credit, has no paper money that will pass—its Silver floating only on its intrinsic value. If I have not enough of Peruvian Silver, I can exchange the Gold when needed. My Bankers could only give me Chilian notes—worth a little more than fifty cents in the dollar—but the Cashier went out with us to the Brokers and purchased the Silver and Gold. I am ready now with the *sine qua non*, and could start to-morrow; but the Steamer does not leave till the day after, and thus time is consumed which I should much rather spend in travelling homeward. I have seen all that Valparaiso has to show me. In our various walks I have traversed the lower part of the City, and from the Araucania this morning I could see how its houses cover the sides of the high hills in their recession from the shore, surrounding the Harbor like a cusp. I ought rather to say Roadstead, for the inlet of the Ocean on which Valparaiso stands is open towards the North, and when a storm comes from that direction it drives the Ships from their anchorage, which sometimes beat them-

selves to pieces against each other, and on the waterwall and shore. This happened with disastrous effect last winter, and my friend says he has seen the surf thrown above the roofs of the houses in the lower part of the City. Valparaiso is the chief Port of Chili, but is far from being a good Harbor.

There is evidently wealth here. The claimed population is more than one hundred and fifty thousand, and many handsome business houses and residences scattered about the City indicate riches. The signs along the streets are most of them English; and I have not only seen more English names, but heard more English spoken than anywhere in South America. Once our trade was very great in this Port; now few United States Flags float among the numerous vessels in the anchorage.

In the afternoon my friend and I mounted on the top of a street car and rode the circuit of the tram. The Cities of Chili have a good street car service, and have many women conductors on them—Conductoras—who perform their duties well. Before we returned it began to sprinkle rain, and when I retired, promised more.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Tuesday, October 9, 1888.

When the Offices and Business Houses were open I went to Grace & Co. and paid the money advanced me in Santiago, with many thanks for the confidence and courtesy. Mr. Duval had the Letters of Introduction ready for me: one to H. W. Gibson and Company, Arequipa, Peru, and one to Robert Smart, Esq., in Mollendo, requesting them to aid me in my travels, and render me any assistance or advice I should require in my journey through Peru. Mr. Duval himself wished me a prosperous Tour.

I found the Consul in his Office, and told him I would go out to Viña del Mar and dine with him this evening. He did not know the Manager of the South American Line of Steamers, and, therefore, went out to see a gentleman of his acquaintance to go with and introduce us. He was not in, and I told the Consul that Captain Waddilove had promised to come ashore and accompany me to the Office of the Company to procure my ticket, and I would not trouble him and his friend. The Line navigates between this and Panama, and is a Chilean Company. The Pacific Steam Navigation Com-

pany, which Line, you remember, brought me from Montevideo, also extends its run to Panama; but by agreement they run each weekly—one on Saturday and one on Wednesday. I will to-morrow take a Steamer of the Chilian Line. Both have, however, good Ships, and commanded by English and American Captains, promise me a pleasant voyage whichever Line I take. But I cannot, in my choice, postpone my departure till Saturday, thus losing time.

On leaving the Consul's Office, I met Captain Waddilove, who had just come ashore to fulfil his promise. He did not know personally the Manager of the Chilian Line, and got the Manager of his own to introduce us. The former received me cordially and selected a good State-room for me, and subsequently sent me to the Hotel a Letter of Introduction to Captain Moon, the Commander of the Vessel, requesting his courtesies and attentions on the Voyage. Not satisfied with this, Captain Waddilove took me in his Boat to the *Itata*, the name of the Steamer, and introduced me to Captain Moon, and we and several other Officers had a pleasant chat over refreshments, in the Captain's Cabin. Thus the beginning of my new departure looks favorable.

In the meantime my friend, Mr. Mayers, prepared half a dozen or more Letters of Introduction to his friends along the route in Peru. Whilst he constructed much of those Roads, he says it has been several years since he was there, and maybe those to whom the Letters are addressed may have removed from the Country or from their positions; he gave the Letters to me, hoping they may be of service. I received a Letter from Mr. Van Ingen, Consul in Talcahuana, enclosing introductions. Thus you see I go well armed in case I have trouble or inconvenience in getting along routes that are not much travelled.

Captain Waddilove returned to the Hotel and Breakfasted with me, and I was sorry when the time came for us to part, perhaps never to meet again. I shall certainly remember his many acts of kindness, which facilitated and rendered pleasant and profitable my travel around the Continent.

At four o'clock, according to promise, I went on the train to *Vina del Mar* to dine with Colonel James W. Romeyn, the Consul. It is four or five miles distant from Valparaiso. He and his wife constitute his family, and they live there; he coming in daily on the train to his Office. They board at the Hotel.

He had gone out on an earlier train. Mr. Mayers walked to the Station with me, and saw me safely aboard. The run is very pretty, nearly all the way along the Sea Shore, which was beautiful towards the going down of the Sun, the white surf sounding on the rocks, and the Ships beyond, swinging at their anchors. Last night it rained; but the day has been clear and balmy.

The Consul met me at the Station in Viña del Mar, and escorted me to the Hotel, a short distance off. Before going in we walked about the town, and through the Grounds surrounding the Hotel, which are extensive and highly improved; I think, altogether, the most attractive and pleasant place of the kind I have seen in South America. The accommodations are large, and yet not sufficient for the demand; many citizens of Valparaíso either living or coming to spend the Summer. There are also some handsome private residences, and a Sugar Refinery, of considerable import.

He then took me to his Rooms, and introduced me to his Wife; a nice lady, refined, and agreeable. She was a widow, and has two grown sons by a former husband; one, George Trimble Davidson, a Lawyer in New York City, whom I promised to see on my return. They have been here two years, and she told me I was the first person from the United States she had seen since her arrival, and, therefore, I must not think her warm and enthusiastic reception of me remarkable. From her son's name I asked her if she was a relative of General Trimble. She said not related to him, but she knew him and Mrs. Trimble intimately. She, also, knew well Mrs. Thruston, Miss Bess Tidball that was. The hours of Dinner and talk sped rapidly, and I could hardly believe that eight o'clock, the time for my departure, had come. She and the Colonel walked with me to the Station, we having much in common to talk about, though we had never met before. The conversation was cut in twain by the starting of the Cars. In this now much travelled world, how frequent the meetings of those we know, or of those having common acquaintances and friends!

The Colonel and his Wife say they are delightfully fixed; yet there is no place like the United States. The climate here is much more agreeable than ours. This is never, or rarely, either hot or cold; the Thermometer ranging from 45° to 80°—not often the latter. Nothing like such as we have in New York and Detroit,

where they have lived. Yet they prefer the extremes. South America, at its best, is not a substitute for home.

When we stepped out of their rooms to the Portico in front, the young Moon was silvering the Landscape, and the Sea in the distance shimmered in its beams; and when the train moved off, in a little while, Valparaiso came in view, its lights along the shore and mountain sides glowing like a Forest filled with Fire Flies.

I went to Mr. Mayers' Room to have a chat before going to bed, and whilst there, Mr. Van Buren and his Son came in, the former an old chum of Mr. Mayers in his Railroad work in Peru; and we had much talk of Lake Titicaca, Cuzco, the Inca Roads, yet marking, like the Roman Ways, their energy and civilization; and a couple of hours were rapidly and profitably spent.

I intended to have called on Mr. Montt, whose acquaintance, you remember, I made on the John Elder, between Rio and Montevideo. His residence is in Viña del Mar; but, on inquiry, was so far from the Hotel, that I could not go to see him without abstracting too much time from my Hosts. I think I will drop him a line to that effect. He will hear of my being in the Village, and wonder why I did not fulfil my promise.

[When I reached Home I wrote to Colonel Romeyn a Letter of Recognition; he responded pleasantly in the following note.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE,
VALPARAISO, CHILI,
April 27, 1889.

Ex-Governor Holliday:

My Dear Sir,—Mrs. Romeyn and myself received your kind Letter from Winchester. We remember with great pleasure our short acquaintance with you, and Mrs. Romeyn requests me especially to say that she hopes to see you when you come to New York—in which wish I cordially join her.

I had intended to return early to the United States had Mr. Cleveland been re-elected; but under the advice of friends at home, concluded not to do so at once. However, about the 1st of March, I sent my resignation in. Probably I shall be again in New York in a few months. We are so far away that these things take time.

It is gratifying to me to know that you had a pleasant journey, and met with no mishap.

With best wishes, but in some haste,
I remain most truly yours,
JAMES W. ROMEYN.]

ON STEAMSHIP ITATA, SOUTH AMERICAN LINE,
Wednesday, October 10, 1888.

Once more upon the Ocean!

From my window in Valparaiso, I had a fine view of the Harbor and Shipping, and beyond, of the Coast Range and Cordilleras, with their snowy summits—Chief Aconcagua, the loftiest of them all, more than twenty-two thousand feet in height. Since I have been in Valparaiso, it had not deigned to uncover its Imperial head; but kept it till to-day among the clouds. Before Sunrise I observed that the Sky was cloudless, and I hoped a good view would be accorded me on the eve of my departure; and I was not disappointed.

Before Breakfast, Mr. Mayers walked with me to the Bookstores to get some Books on South America, with which to entertain myself at Sea. The Consul gave me Letters of Introduction to his brother Officials Northward, which he hoped would help me on; and the Vice-Consul, Mr. August Moller, called, and left his card, I not being in.

After Breakfast, we took a light Carriage, with three horses abreast, and climbed the Mountain behind Valparaiso, and going thus to the end of the Road, ascended higher points on foot, whence a full view of the City, the Harbor, the Ocean beyond, on one hand; on the other, the Coast Range and the main line of the snow clad Cordilleras; Aconcagua lifting itself superbly over all, with bulky, slightly truncated, cone. It is especially conspicuous because, unlike many famous Mountains, it rises far above the Range to which it belongs, not reaching its elevation by gradual ascent, but breaking away, and towering alone. We walked back to the Hotel, lingering on the way to enjoy the scene, stopping in the descending streets, especially near the home of Dr. Turnbull, from Connecticut, a Missionary, who has been here a number of years, and uncle of the young

man who called to see me in Santiago. He has built his home upon a prominent point, and can enjoy to the full the scenes of which I have spoken.

At four o'clock, I came aboard; Mr. Mayers escorted me to the Landing. He gave me Fifty Dollars in Greenbacks, to hand his Sister on my return. He is going back to Santiago this Evening. I was very sorry to part from him. He has been polite and kind, and given me much information. He is well known through this Country, and wherever we go, meets acquaintances. I tell him he ought to stop hard work, the slight paralysis of his leg is an intimation that the machine, however big, cannot stand the strain it once could. He is six feet four, and weighs two hundred and fifty pounds or more. I don't think, however, he can stop. Other enterprises entice him.

I came to the Steamer in one of the small Boats, the Boatman speaking English, and notifying me a day or two ago that his number was 51, and a man to be relied on in such emergency. He brought me safely, and myself and Baggage were soon quartered in my State Room—most comfortably accommodated, with every prospect of a good voyage to Mollendo—pronounced Molyendo. The cargo is very heavy, and a long list of passengers; but I have my Cabin to myself, and the Captain has put me by his side at table, and notified me that his services are at my disposal.

We did not get under way till after Sundown. I amused myself, as is my wont, in looking at the passengers arrive and the Steamer making ready for her departure. But specially was I enjoying the white, conspicuous Pyramid of Aconcagua. The Sun descending, first purpled the Mountains around, and then flashed aureate tints upon the Andean King. Then the streets and houses of the City were lighted up, and gliding forth upon the Sea, the distance lengthening, one after another of the lamps blazed out, or descended below the waters, and soon only a brilliant Star hung over the site where the City had gone down.

I ought to have told you that Captain Waddilove called again to see me after my arrival on the Ship, and gave me Letters to friends of his, I might find it agreeable and profitable to see.

Off to the West of Valparaiso, about four hundred miles, lies the famous Island of Juan Fernandez. It is mainly a mountain bulk, twelve miles or thereabouts long by four broad. Cumberland Bay

is its Harbor, fairly well protected. It is of little productive value, and only interesting for its story—that Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman, having disagreed with the Captain of the Ship, was at his own request dropped here in 1704, and remained for four years and four months, taking care of himself like any canny Scotchman ought. When he was rescued and taken home, he told the strange story of his adventures, and made the Island more historic than generations would have done by industry and enterprise. It is said he told Defoe of his adventures, and he made it the central thought of his Robinson Crusoe, and gave an immortality to Selkirk and his Island to which they were not entitled. But the better opinion seems to be that the great Story Teller never heard of Selkirk, but wrought the marvellous truth-seeming Tale from his own inimitable imagination and the shipwreck of Peter Sorrano on an Island in the Carribean Sea, off the mouth of the Orinoco, and fixed its site not here, but upon Trinidad and Tobago, Islands of which I wrote you in the earlier pages of this Tour.

ON SAME STEAMER, AT COQUIMBO, CHILI,

Thursday, October 11, 1888.

The day opened finely, and I was out early to enjoy it. A fine Steamer was in sight between us and land—the Matias Cousiño—the property of the Madame of whom I have so often spoken, carrying Coal and her manufactured products to Coquimbo, and to take back Copper Ore to supply her Reducing Mills in Lota.

We steamed not far from shore, which was the entire distance of barren Mountains—now bulky, now sinking into lower elevations, or rifts, through which streams could be seen flowing into the Ocean. A slight green put there by the late long winter rains covers the Mountain sides, which soon disappears, I am told, when the summer comes, and the streams dry up, and then only the naked Mountains stand without tree, or shrub, or habitation, not having to redeem their forlornness, the picturesque outlines of their fellows farther South. They come down generally to the water, and rarely present at their bases any level shore or beach, jagged rocks alone receiving and converting the billows into foam.

At three o'clock we came to Coquimbo, distant from Valparaiso one hundred and ninety-eight miles. Just before rounding the shat-

tered rocky point, which forms one arm of its Harbor, we passed the little Bay of Guayacan—pronounced Yakan—on which the town of the same name is located, composed mainly of Copper Smelting Works. Rounding the Point of which I have spoken, and the City of Serena and its Port Coquimbo open to us, situated about seven miles from each other upon the well protected Bay, which constitutes the Harbor. Serena is the larger, containing fifteen thousand people, but not accessible from the Sea, uses Coquimbo for its Port, connected by Rail. The Harbor of the latter is very good, much better than that of Valparaiso. The principal industry of both Serena and Coquimbo is the smelting of Copper—the ore brought in on Rail and on mule-back from the interior, making the imports and exports quite large. I observed several Launches filled with good Cattle, brought out from Coquimbo to the Steamer to be taken to Northern Markets. But from the smoke-stacks visible here, and at Guayacan and Serena, I should infer that the conversion of ores into metal is the chief industry of this centre.

We have a Consul in Coquimbo, Captain Joseph Grierson, a Scotchman, who is also Consul for Great Britain, formerly a Captain on one of the Steamers of this Line. Having some hours here I determined to go ashore and see what manner of place Coquimbo is; and Grierson's partner being on board attending to loading and unloading freight, I went with him. The Captain gave me cordial greeting, and taking a Carriage we drove through the town and out upon the beach, which was enjoyable in the cool air, with the Ocean on one side, the Mountains on the other, and the City of Serena on the distant border of the Harbor. The shore was solid to the hoofs and wheels. Returning, we walked through the streets of the town, and it was not long before I had exhausted Coquimbo with its five thousand people. The Methodists have quite a Missionary Station here, and the Captain pointed out their Church and School House, both looking in good condition. The town is regularly laid out, and two or three of the streets paved, and some of the houses indicate comfort, if not wealth. But the bleak, barren looking country around, and the uninteresting and quiet looking town, create no longing to linger.

Grierson is from Dumfries, and we talked about his town and of the High Constable, whom he knew, who was so polite to me there on my Second Tour, and enabled me to see the staid town, the haunts

and Tomb of Burns, on the Sabbath day, and the objects of interest in the country around, until he said I seemed to know it better than he did himself. His heart is in the locality where he was born—old Scotland—and he is looking to the day, he hopes near at hand, when he could go “Home,” never more to return. In this he is like nearly all foreigners I have seen. Few of them come to South America to stay, though many of them do live and die here. But whether from the United States or from beyond the Atlantic, they almost invariably talk of the pleasure they anticipate either in going to visit or to live again in their Father Land. The Captain escorted me to the wharf, and we parted.

I met there and was introduced to Mr. Triplet and Mr. Stephens, both from New York, and engaged in the mining and reducing business. I had not the time to talk much with them; but, Grierson says, they have both done well, and are making money in mining for Manganese and preparing it for Market.

Most of our passengers left us in Coquimbo, and now we have only seven or eight remaining to occupy the big Steamer.

ON SAME SHIP, *Friday, October 12, 1888.*

We moved out from Coquimbo about ten o'clock last night, and at eleven this morning reached Huasco, distant ninety-eight miles. The place is small, situated on the rock-bound shore, in the midst of heaps and piles of jagged Lava and other Volcanic offal, in a confusion such as we infer the monster would eject in its convulsions. Not a sprig of green appeared to relieve the barren scene, and the only sign of life was the black smoke of the Furnace which stood upon the suburbs.

Huasco is the Port of Vallenar, which lies within the outer Mountain rim, and is by it shut from view. •That cannot be so desolate; for women came aboard with dried Grapes in boxes for sale, and Strawberries, the first of the season, large and white, and tolerably good, for which they asked a cent apiece; an inordinate price I thought, whether justified by their being the first of the season or their general scarcity, I do not know. The town is called, doubtless, after Huascar, one of the Inca Emperor's sons, between whom and his brother Atahualpa, upon the arrival of Pizarro, there was

a contest for the throne, and which, more than the prowess of the Spaniards, led to the subversion of the strange Dynasty.

Near the town, the Mountains let down, and through the depression a stream flows into the Sea, still, to the eye, through desolate regions, with nothing to beautify and relieve but the snow-clad summits of the high Cordilleras far beyond. Here, some say, begins the great Desert of Attacama, which stretches for many miles along the shore, others say at Caldera, where we come to-morrow,—barren in vegetation, but filled with mineral wealth, not yet, we are told, by any means, developed. The towns we visit on the shore are thus kept alive. A few individuals attain riches; many more, of whom we never hear, lose all; the story which I told you in my wanderings through the mineral regions of our West have been, and are, repeating here.

The same bleak Mountains continue along the Coast; no trees, no shrubs, no grass, only black seams of smooth or jagged Lava, or sand washed up, or driven by the wind in dunes—reminding me of the melancholy sight of Vera Cruz from the waters of the Gulf. The Snow Mountains are shut out, and the only thing of beauty in view is the white surf, which the swelling waves of the great Ocean dash against its rocky bounds.

In the afternoon, we came to Carrizal, twenty-four miles from Huasco, and the same scene was presented; two Furnaces covered the larger area of the quiet village; and they were closed—permanently, the Chief Officer told me. Yet, four Steamers were anchored there, to bring supplies or take ores to distant points to be reduced; showing sufficient mineral wealth, yet uncovered, to induce a profitable trade. The Ore is more abundant in Chili than the Coal, and I suppose the question is, which it is better to transport. One of Madame Cousiño's Steamers was here to carry ores to her Lota Furnaces.

On board we have a young man from Havana, a Commercial Traveller, who speaks English very well, and has travelled much in Central and South America. We talked of Cuba and her prospects. He said they do not hope to lift the Negroes up, but hope rather that they will be extirpated by their own inefficiencies and vices, and that the better Races will survive and Cuba be more than ever before, the Queen of the Antilles and the Garden Island of the world. In Cuba the white man has no idea the Negro can be elevated by

any education they can take; their hope is that he will be eliminated by the antagonism of the stronger, and that the Natural Law of the survival of the fittest will there be illustrated;—a view of things quite Spanish in its phase, and showing that the Forces and the Occasions which carried the Negroes there will be forthcoming in due time to utterly destroy them.

I spoke of young Brown whom I met, you remember, in Pará. He said he had met him in Bogotá, where he was very sick from the hardships and exposures to which he had subjected himself. Of that sickness Brown had told me.

The loading and unloading freight did not finish till after eight o'clock, when we again moved on. A stiff South wind was blowing, and the air was cool, even chill enough for an overcoat; and for awhile the Sea swell rocked the Ship uncomfortably. The Moon shone brightly, and the Southern Cross was out, inclining now towards the Horizon as we travel Northward.

ON SAME SHIP, *Saturday, October 13, 1888.*

At seven o'clock this morning Caldēra—e in Caldera pronounced long—came in sight, spread out on sand and corrugated volcanic rock, with not a sprig of green. It has a few good houses, one a handsome mansion, I was told finely finished. It is empty now. Not far off stands the Furnace which was to pay for and support it—its fires gone out and its promise of wealth gone with them.

The English Consul came aboard—Mr. Beasley. The Captain introduced me, and we three, after Breakfast, went ashore in the Ship's Boat. We have no Consul here; only a Consular Agent—John C. Morong, from Alabama. My friends went with me to call upon him; in doing which we walked the length of the town fronting the Harbor. I had a cordial reception, and we had a friendly chat. He had been here since 1855—time enough to make him forget the State where he was born. I told him he would not recognize it now—the quiet steady times of his young days superseded by the smoke and hurry of New Birmingham. He has recently met with a serious loss, in a fire, which destroyed his property here, leaving a large black area upon the main street, the site of the conflagration; burning also the Official Papers accumulated since the beginning of the Consulate—probably not worth much. Nothing of such import occurred in our conversation that I need put down.

We then, lingering awhile in the English Consulate, looking at some fine specimens of various ores—Copper, Gold, Silver—returned to the Vessel, and by one o'clock were under steam for Antofagasta.

Massive Mountains of igneous rock, sometimes strewn thick with sand scattered by the winds and waves, stood along the shore, with their feet in the waters of the Ocean, absolutely devoid of vegetation, and looking inhospitable enough. The Sky was covered with clouds during the whole afternoon, which hung over and along the Mountain sides, but they carry no rain with which to fructify the barrenness. In this region it never rains; the currents bearing moisture coming from the Sea, are dried up in the air by the hot breath of the uncovered, already arid land, and the savage shore drives away the messengers bringing the gifts it craves. Hence on, along nearly the whole Peruvian Coast Line this condition reigns—the promise of help to the thirsty soil, which never comes. Rocks looking like marble often appear, thronged with Birds, making them white in the building of fresh Guano heaps, which their forerunners did in such amazing volume in myriads of prehistoric years, thereafter to become Peru's boast and Peru's bane.

The temperature is evidently growing warmer.

ON SAME STEAMER, *Sunday, October 14, 1888.*

This morning at nine o'clock we reached Antofagasta, a town of five or six thousand inhabitants—another bleak and barren spot lying on the shore, surrounded by Mountains quite as bleak and barren—from the deck not showing a sign of vegetation. The beach is low, and of scraggy black volcanic rock and sand, on which the waves lazily lapped this morning, breaking into foam. The seemingly low site would indicate that when that lazy motion is stirred by storm, the town would be endangered. But no such calamity is feared; the Pacific does not thus belie its name, unless internal motion, over which it has no control, converts its waters into a tidal wave, and then safety, whatever the site, can not be relied on.

The place was founded and is sustained by manufactories; several very large ones of Saltpetre and Silver, conspicuous from the Ship. I determined to go ashore, and the Captain said he would take me in his Boat, and with me visit the works. I had a card of introduction to Mr. Wheelright from Mr. Green of Santiago. We went first to the Office of the Steamship Company, and whilst there Mr. Wheel-

right came, and when I was introduced to him, said he was looking for me, Mr. Green having written him by the preceding Steamer that I was coming. He insisted that I should go home with him, he wanted me to see Mrs. Wheelright. I consented, the Captain having business to attend to, agreed to join me there.

According to universal custom, the town has a Plaza; here a little circular area, twenty or thirty feet in diameter, in the centre of the Plaza, is enclosed, filled with plants, kept alive by daily applications of fresh water—not an economical process, as the fluid has to be bought or made, the town has not a particle. All here used is transported from a distance or condensed from the Sea by the several Steam Manufactories in the place. This sounds strange to us, where fresh water falls and flows; but here it never rains, and no streams come down from the everlasting snows.

The Plaza is large, and not paved—simple sand and Lava, which must be broiling hot when Summer comes, or when the winds tide by and put it on the wing. To-day it was cool and pleasant. Mr. Wheelright's house fronts this Plaza. When Mr. Wheelright conducted me in, the Parlor looked homelike, with Harper's and other United States Magazines upon the tables, and our National pictures upon the walls. Soon Mrs. Wheelright came in and gave me a most hospitable welcome. We had a pleasant talk of both Continents. He has been here many years; his father preceded him and inaugurated improvements and enterprises on the Coast which made him famous, and in recognition of his services, they have erected in Valparaiso a Statue to his memory.

We talked of Virginia, too. Mr. and Mrs. Wheelright were in Richmond during the Secession Convention, and knew Judge and Mrs. Pendleton, Professor Holcombe and others; and he says when the Ordinance passed, they had to leave in the manner you left Philadelphia—not standing upon the order of their going, the feeling was so intense. He gave me some fine specimens from his little Cabinet, of Silver, and Gold, and Copper, and urged me to Breakfast with them, which I declined. We talked of the Mineral regions of Chili and Peru, and of the result of the movements here as to the accumulation of individual wealth, and his views accorded with those I had already formed here and on our Western Coast.

The Captain came, and we had soon to bid our kind friends Good-Bye! The Captain and I then visited the Nitre Manufactory, and

the Manager—a fine specimen from Caledonia—conducted us through, showing us how the ore or crude substance, sometimes in the form of rock, sometimes agglutinated mud and sand, was crushed, and then by buckets taken to boilers and the Saltpetre washed from it, then conveyed to tanks, where it settled—the whole a mere mechanical process upon an extensive scale. Here, also, the pure water is condensed from that of the Sea, for the use of the town, and sold—the chief means of supply. I forgot to say that whilst at Mr. Wheelright's he had the servant fetch me a glass of pure water, brought on mule-back from some miles inland, as an hospitable offering. It was certainly very pure and good.

By the time we had finished with the Saltpetre the hour for the Ship's departure had arrived, and the Captain and I returned. At one o'clock we moved out, bound for Iquique—pronounced E-kee-kee—distant from Antofagasta two hundred and twenty miles.

Your map will show that a few hours after we left Antofagasta we passed within the Tropics. I cannot say that I am pleased. I do not like the anticipated heat, after the delightful temperature which met me at Rio, and has accompanied me almost without intermission in my long journeys through and around the Continent.

The same bleak Shore Line limned the East during the afternoon, and the same overcast Sky of which I have spoken, but no evidence of rain—certainly not the Indian's sign.

[On my return home I wrote to Mr. Wheelright a Letter in recognition of his kindness, and received the following response.

EL SALTO, *April 10, 1889.*

Ex-Gov. Fred. W. M. Holliday:

My Dear Governor,—Your very kind and unexpected Letter of 10th of January was forwarded to me from Antofagasta, and received a most welcome perusal. Owing to my trip South in quest of health, combined with business, the reply has not been so prompt as it otherwise would have been; which delay I beg you to excuse.

You will remember, that when I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance, I was somewhat of an Invalid, and so continued till change of air and scene was strongly recommended; this has proved quite efficacious, and it is my intention to return with Mrs. Wheel-

right next week. But we do so reluctantly, as Society, etc., render life hereabouts much more attractive than in the Desert.

While in Santiago I frequently saw Mr. Green and his interesting family; all were well. I called at the American Legation, but found Minister Roberts so changed from what he was in passing Antofagasta on his way out, that he did not seem like the same man. It appeared quite doubtful to me, if he would ever recover, though he indulges the hope of soon being well again. I learn from the Papers that a new Minister has been appointed, it is, therefore, supposed the Incumbent will shortly leave.

I also met General Walker, and visits were exchanged at the Hotel, where we all were, which to Mrs. Wheelright and myself were very gratifying. We spoke of your good self, and he informed us that he was also a resident of Winchester. I presume he will have left ere this for the East Coast, as the Papers tell me that his efforts regarding the coöperation of Chili in a proposed Conference at Washington in October next, were successful.

I am pleased to learn that your visit to Bolivia left such an agreeable impression, and as that Route is familiar to me the unusual attractions that delighted you can be easily recalled, till it almost appears that we made the journey together, lacking however your companionship to complete the mental picture. For want of time, when in Lima, I have never been over the Oroya Road, which is to be regretted; but Guayaquil and other parts of the Pacific have been often visited. It must be a great satisfaction to you, that so much travel was accomplished under such favorable circumstances.

While Mrs. Wheelright and I indulge the dream of an early return to our Native Land, we cannot form any plans in that direction, owing to circumstances beyond our control. Should we be enabled to go, as is our present wish, a visit to Winchester will be made to take the hand of one who so thoughtfully and kindly remembered our brief interview, that left with us such pleasant memories.

I trust my penmanship will be found legible; but as my hand has lately been under treatment for what is called "Writer's Cramp," I cannot handle the pen easily, and am advised not to use it much.

With very kind regards from Mrs. Wheelright,
I remain very truly and sincerely yours,
JOHN WHEELRIGHT.]

ON SAME STEAMSHIP, *Monday, October 15, 1888.*

At nine o'clock this morning we came to Iquique, situated much like, in a general way, the other towns we have visited upon the Coast, with a background of bleak and bare Mountains—the Sea lapping the low shore on which it stands. The approach, however, and the site are more picturesque. The Rocks present a fiercer look, and reaching out into the Ocean, form a bight over which the waters foam, and behind which many ships—the largest number I have seen, Valparaíso not excepted—find quiet anchorage.

I understood the Captain to say he would not be able to go ashore to-day, and Mr. Alfredo P. Lacazette and I agreed to go together. This is my new Havana friend, of whom I have already spoken. On my return, the Captain said I was mistaken, and that he inquired for me, wanting to take me ashore in his own Boat and go about with me through the town.

The Steamer was anchored out, probably half a mile, and our row was interesting and pleasant. We had shoals of Seals around us, more numerous and familiar than I ever saw before, though men were after them in Boats, with murderous harpoons. They did not seem to be aware of their enemies and their intent, but sported in most festive mood, leaping out of the water, turning somersaults, and in their easy confidence, coming near enough in their gambols to thump the bottom of the Boat. The Rocks were thronged with Birds, chiefly Pelicans and Gulls, with the same apparent faith that men would not harm them, showing us how the Guano Beds were formed in the past uncounted ages. The water, too, invited our admiration, which, as the skilful Boatman shot his light craft among the volcanic rocks, flashed out in the sunlight brilliant and varied hues, like those of Coral Islands.

When we landed, my friend went into the City to ply his business. I sought my Consul—Dr. Joseph W. Merriam—whose Office was near by. He was not in, but a gentleman standing at the door said he was on the street, and he would go and bring him, which he did. The Doctor received me with the courtesy which has been my fortune on my travels, and being his Breakfast hour, invited me to join him; which I declined, having been to mine, telling him, whilst he was taking his, I could wander about the City, and in an hour meet him at his Office again.

The town numbers seventeen thousand people—sustained entirely by mining operations ; the Silver ore brought here for reduction ; the Saltpetre purified at the mine, and brought hither for sale and transportation. Of fresh water, the City has none ; two Tank Steamers, one condensing factory and the several mills, also, condensing, supply the water used by the citizens. With one or two exceptions, the Houses are entirely of wood, framed and weatherboarded, and almost universally one story ; the streets are macadamized ; the side-walks of concrete or plank. Of course, there is a Plaza, its centre ornamented with a Clock Tower entirely of wood, elaborately gingerbreaded, its lower interior and niches ornamented with some small marble busts of men of whom Chili boasts.

I walked the length and breadth of the City, and visited the Market Place, and observed the stores and shops along the streets. I thought that our Pacific Coast and Colorado could beat the world in Saloons and Grog Shops ; but Iquique throws them entirely into the shade. I do not think that it would be extravagant to say, that in nineteen-twentieths of the stores liquor is sold ; most frequently pure Grog Shops, liquor and nothing else, sometimes with other commodities. In butcher shops, green grocers, dry goods, provision stores, bottles almost invariably adorned the shelves with their enticing labels. Having no water, they vindicate the substitute—like the average American youth who drinks wine when he visits Europe, because the water is not good. The contents of the stores and shops, I think, are quite manifest in the appearance and bearing of many of the people.

When the Consul came from Breakfast, he found me on the Landing, not far from his Office, indulging in my usual avocation in strange places, looking at the people and their modes. I told him I had seen his town, and he said then he would take a carriage and we would drive awhile where I had not been. I responded this would be agreeable to me, provided he let me pay expenses—that this I insisted upon with our Officials everywhere, thinking it was kind enough to give me their company and time. This he would in nowise agree to.

We drove to Cavanche, a little place on the Seashore, a mile out, which has been fixed up as a Bathing Place and Restaurant, with Pavilions and covered platforms, outlooking waterward, ornamented with vines and plants, which, together with the earth, have been

brought here and cultivated. A cozy place, whither the hot, dry people of Iquique come to get cool and wet. We talked much as we rode. The Doctor is from Massachusetts, a graduate of Harvard and was a Surgeon in the Federal Army during the War. He came out here in 1870, and married a Peruvian Lady, then widow of a German. He is now a widower with several children. His father-in-law and he are the owners of a valuable Silver mine, which he says they hope they have sold to a Company organized for the purpose. He has not practised his Profession for many years. He is a sensible, educated and gentlemanly man. In Politics he is a Mugwump, and an admirer of Cleveland and his doings, hoping for his re-election.

Whilst at Cavanche we took a glass of Chicha, the National Drink. This I always do in travelling through strange Countries. Chicha is a kind of cider made from Indian corn, or grapes, or rice or apples. That we drank was made from Corn. It has the color and taste of cider, though not so good. In walking this morning I saw numbers drinking it at the shops and Booths in the Market, and on the street from large punch-tumblers with apparent gusto. I spoke of the inflammable material of which the town is built, and how a fire would soon leap into a frightful conflagration. The Doctor said the fear would be great, but for the admirable organization of the Fire Department and the provision of tanks, some of them elevated, by which fires in their inception have hitherto been speedily extinguished. The apprehension of Earthquakes and Tidal waves are much greater—by the latter of which Iquique has been more than once invaded, and some of the other Coast towns devastated.

He escorted me to the Landing, gave me his card and Photograph, and a Letter of Introduction to his friend, Mr. Brent, the United States Consul in Callao, and bade me Good-Bye! with many wishes for a prosperous voyage. My Cuba friend and I then returned to the Steamer, and by two o'clock we were under way again.

The day has been bright, though not hot. I used my umbrella when walking, but a cool breeze prevailed. The Sun shining on the Mountains, during the afternoon, made them glow with a sheen and prismatic colors worthy the Cañon of the Yellowstone River.

At seven or eight o'clock we came to Pisagua, thirty-nine miles—pronounced Pesawa—the g silent.

[I wrote to Dr. Merriam on my return home, and he responded in the following pleasant Letter.

CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
IQUIQUE, CHILI, *February 21, 1889.*

Hon. Fred. W. M. Holliday:

My Dear Governor,—I have just been very agreeably surprised by the receipt of your welcome Letter, announcing your safe return Home, after your journey through and around the Continent, attended by experiences ever varying and fortunately, as you say, ever pleasant, often charming.

I have often recalled with pleasure your brief visit to the Nitrate City, and was quite recently again reminded of it by the visit of Mr. Carlisle, our Minister to Bolivia, who called upon me a few days ago, when on his way to Santiago, and who told me he had had a very pleasant, though brief one from you.

The people of Iquique are all agog with expectation on account of the projected visit to this City and the interior of Mr. Balmaceda, the President of the Republic. He will probably arrive on the 8th or 10th of March, and a large Ball will be given in his honor at the Philharmonic Society's Rooms. The expenses of the Entertainment will, as usual, be borne mainly by Foreign Residents!

The Chilians are never bashful in asking Foreigners for Festivals of this and similar character, and are never over-zealous in contributing themselves. In this, no doubt, they have an eye to business.

Referring to Nitrate (of Soda), it may be that you take an interest in its manufacture, &c. If so, you will find an article written by me, and published in the Consular Reports, No. 68, of September, 1886, which you can probably obtain, by asking for it, of the State Department.

I thank you very kindly for your courteous invitation to visit you on my return home. I can assure you it would afford me great pleasure to renew my acquaintance with you at home, and I hope some day to realize my wishes in this regard. The date of my return is, at present, very uncertain; I hope, however, in a year from now to visit Germany—by the Straits of Magellan—to bring away my step-son, who has been pursuing his studies there for six

years, preparing himself for a Mining Engineer, and to return with him by the way of New York and Panamá.

I repeat that it would afford me great pleasure to call upon you at your home at that time.

Please accept the kind regards and best wishes of your friend, truly,

J. W. MERRIAM.]

ON SAME SHIP, *Tuesday, October 16, 1888.*

Arica—pronounced Areeka—seventy-two miles from Pisagua, came in sight at nine o'clock. Travelling from the South, it is hid in a recess behind a huge towering Rock, which, with scarred precipitous face, projects into the Sea. Its two or three thousand people live in their quiet City on level ground as usual on the Coast, with barren Mountains rearward.

Arica, quiet now, has had a momentous history. In 1868 a Tidal wave swept it almost entirely to ruin. The waters of the Ocean first retired, leaving the Ships among the rocks and sand, and then returning with frightful impetuosity, beat them to pieces, or carried them into or over the City; on retiring a second time, bearing them off, or leaving them wrecks. The United States Man-of-War Wateree was in the Harbor at the time. It was borne by the returning wave two miles inward and left there. None of the Officers or crew were lost, save a small number who were out in the Ship's boat, and were swallowed up. In 1874 Arica suffered from another Tidal wave and Earthquake, but not so serious; enough, however, to reach our good Ship Wateree, and bring it shoreward and land it on the beach, whence the Sea and plunderers have since by piecemeal carried it away.

Nor are these the only sorrowful stories Arica has to tell. During the savage war between Chili and Peru, like ours in many of its incidents and phases, the Chilian Army, in a Battle near the town, beat the Peruvians, and drove them over the Cliff of which I have spoken, pell-mell into the Sea, or upon the pointed lava beds which line its base, where they were drowned or dashed to pieces—a Western Tarpeian Rock.

The Captain and I went ashore in his Boat, and spent several hours there in wandering around. We saw the Agent of this Line at his

Office, and had a pleasant chat, and then walked around the Roek of which I have spoken, from which they have cut an admirable pathway for a mile or two—a City promenade. To-day it was delightful; the Sun was not tropical in his temper, and a cool breeze came to us from the colder South, which before it reached us, had ruffled the waves into caps and sent them careering and foaming among the splintered volcanic débris below us.

The big Roek itself, along whose side we walked, was splintered too, and overhanging us in threatening crags, whence we could see great pieces had fallen, one forming a tunnel through which the pathway led. There was no mistaking the origin of the wild scene around us. Nature in pleasant and quiet mood did not put it there. The rocks seemed to have been thrown together by some violent convulsion—boulders similar to giant pudding stones joined by seams of molten Lava like cement. The walk is very beautiful, but seemingly by no means safe. A Buzzard, of which we saw specimens of magnificent proportions, rivalling almost the Condor, circling above and about us, might have loosened a fragment in his flight, and my tale would have ended with the haste of that of the three wise men who, once upon a time, “went to Sea in a bowl!”

Returning, the Captain and I walked to the other, North end of the town, and visited the tanks which supply with water the Railroad that runs inland to Taena, and the City, and the Tank Steamboats, which latter, you remember I said, helped to keep Iquique alive. Strange to say, while that City and Antofagasta are waterless, the snows of the Mountains sending them no stream, and the Artesian auger failing in its efforts to reach the precious fluid, Arica has abundant subterranean supplies. Those same snows send down numerous currents under ground which, flowing between strata a short distance under the City’s site, empty themselves into the Ocean; consequently shallow wells reach them, and furnish never-failing quantities of pure and healthful water. Some have pumps inserted, driven by wind-mills; others by hand; and the large one which supplies the Tank Vessels, by steam—a pipe leading from the well to the end of a mole specially built for the purpose.

But how compensating Nature appears to be! Antofagasta and Iquique are deprived of water, but gifted with health. Arica has water in abundance beneath her, but is afflicted with malaria—the proximity of the underground water and the character of the soil

inducing those diseases from which the, one would hastily say, less favored Cities are exempt.

On our return into the town we went to call on Mr. Tuffield, the Manager of the Submarine Cable along the Coast, to learn any news the lightning may have brought him from the North. I wanted to know whether my road was clear of epidemic and other hindrances in Peru and Bolivia, for we had some intimation of Cholera in the former and a Revolution in the latter. He said the former was without foundation, and the latter was ended, and I could safely go ahead.

Mr. Tuffield has Antiquarian tastes. He showed us a large collection of curious things taken from Ancient mounds near Hurst—arrowheads, earthenware, implements of stone or wood, or woolen texture skillfully woven, and a child's dried figure, found in the sitting posture; chin and knees together, with what were evidently its child playthings—all indicating that same condition of life, which seems at one epoch, to have been world wide. But I have not time now to talk of these things: nor you patience to read. He took us to the new Club, just finished, and seemed to be proud of it. What is an Englishman without his Club? and the City born and bred American, too, for that matter.

The town has little business; few ships in the Harbor, and stillness everywhere prevailing. It has its Plaza, and this and the private houses and surrounding Country, show more vegetation than I have seen for many miles. The houses are comparatively new. The earthquakes, tidal waves, and war, having destroyed the old; and the streets are well paved, where paved at all. The water enables the people to have more greenery about them. For the first time I see a good many Negroes. Farther South there are few, only scattered specimens; here the Race, in numbers, begins to show itself, and that amalgam of Races starts, which has had much to do with Peru's doom—a feeble progeny to meet the forces with which it has to fight.

It was three o'clock before we returned to the Steamer, after our pleasant ramble. The afternoon passed without incident, and at eight o'clock the propeller was at work again. My door opens on the shore; and I ought to say I sat in my Deck chair and watched the high snowy Mountains showing themselves finely beyond the Coast

Range, uncovered from the clouds towards Sunset, and as welcome as they always are to me, whenever and wherever seen.

ON SAME STEAMSHIP, *Wednesday, October 17, 1888.*

The Sea during the night was billowy ; there was no wind, but the long waves coming, no one can say, how far hence, tossed the Vessel at their will and pleasure.

By six o'clock this morning we were at Ilo—pronounced Elo—eighty-six miles from Arica.

Ilo is our first Peruvian Port ; those hitherto touched at are Chilian. The Chilian and Peruvian War necessitates a new Geography of the Pacific Coast of South America, for it made a fresh distribution of National lines. Before the war Iquique and Arica were Peruvian Ports ; now they are Chilian. The Chilians were completely victorious over the combined powers of Peru and Bolivia, and at the end of a four to five years' bloody struggle were masters of the field, and dictated terms of peace. Bolivia had a Seaboard Line and the Port of Cobija—pronounced Cobeah—now she has none, and is shut out from the Ocean, her territory being entirely inland. The shore is divided by agreement between Chili and Peru : the former extending Northward to Arica ; and the further port of Puerto Sama at the mouth of the Sama River, about half way between Arica and Ilo, being subject to future convention. In addition to this great Conquest, Chili has possession of nearly, if not all, the Guano and Salpetre deposits as indemnity for the War ; though already much used, supposed to be a source of Revenue, that will enable Chili to cancel her large debt. The war began in 1876, and closed in 1884, and already her Revenues indicate the value of her Conquests. Peru and Bolivia were left desolate and impoverished ; showing to this time no sign of recuperation. The population is not vigorous enough to lift their Countries up. It is reported that Grace & Co. offer to enter into an agreement with the poverty stricken Government of Peru, by whose terms the assets are to be taken charge of, and her obligations guaranteed. We will learn more of this agreement, perhaps, when we reach Peru.

Ilo once had a Railroad penetrating to a wine-growing region inland. This, too, the Chilians destroyed in the War, and you now

only see the empty unused Station near the shore, and the Line where the track once ran upward along the Mountain face.

I did not go ashore—there being nothing to entice me. The whole town lay before me from the Deck, similar in its site and structure to those of which I have already written.

In a few hours we will reach Mollendo—pronounced Molyendo—where I leave the Steamer and take Rail for Lake Titicaca, and thence to La Paz, Bolivia, a journey of not many days. I will, therefore, close this Letter now and give it to the Captain to carry on to Panamá, or mail it with my Consul when I go ashore—that whilst I am making the detour, it may be hurrying homeward.

I write now in special haste. Therefore, with God's blessing on you, every one.

Affectionately,

F.

I am longing to get to Lima and receive your Letters there ! I trust Dr. M., and M. and M. are all well. Did Charles get up during the Summer ? How are they all ?

[No. 15.]

MOLLENDÓ, AT MR. WM. R. GRIFFITH'S,

Wednesday, October 17, 1888.

My Dear Mary,—

I closed No. 14 to your Uncle Taylor on Steamer Itata, between Ilo and Mollendo, this morning, and mailed it in three envelopes with the Captain, who promised to speed it to the utmost of his ability.

The mountains showed finely ; many of them on the Coast Range covered in streaks and patches of white sand, or some say with the ashes from the Volcano Misti, nearly a hundred miles distant. At two o'clock Mollendo appeared on a bluff, with its Church of two towers rising conspicuously. The landing here is bad—only the open Sea, which when rough, renders it difficult, if not impossible. To-day things were favorable. Soon the Officer came out, and the Agent of the Line, Mr. Smart, to whom the Captain introduced me, and who

gave me information with regard to my further movements. He said there was only one through line a week to Puno on Lake Titicaca, and the train on that left yesterday. This deterred me from going, and I almost resolved to give up my detour, and continue in the Steamer to Callao. But this was a serious matter: the excursion to the traveller being one of the most interesting and important on the Continent, and if passed, I was sure would hereafter cause me regret. Mr. Smart suggested my going ashore with him in his Boat and consulting the Consul and Rail Road men, and determining then what I ought to do; I could leave my Baggage on board, and if I resolved to go on with the Steamer, he would row me back; he had to return in any event to despatch the Ship, and would bring my Baggage ashore.

I bade Captain Moon Good-Bye! with much regret. He had been untiring in his efforts, you have seen, to accommodate and interest and instruct me, and seemed to take pleasure in it, and expressed equal reluctance with myself to part, giving me Letters to his friends whom I might meet in my travels.

[When I reached home at the end of this Tour, I wrote to Captain Moon a Letter of recognition, to which he responded in the following—valuable enough to preserve.

STEAMSHIP ITATA, TAMBO DE MORA,

March 8, 1889.

Hon. F. W. M. Holliday,
Winchester, Va.

My Dear Governor,—I was very much pleased on my arrival in Valparaiso on 22d ult. to receive your kind and welcome Letter, and I need not tell you how gratified I was to hear that you had reached your home safely after your long journey. I sincerely hope you found all your friends well, as I did, I am glad to say, upon my return, after my last two voyages.

You ask for news of the Coast. I will tell you something in that way and of the friends you met. Mr. Lyon arrived in Valparaiso after his trip to Panamá very well, but without having come to any arrangement with the English Company. But he found that some alteration could be made in the running, to save one of the Steamers,

the result of which is, I am pleased to say, that the Steamship *Itata* will not continue the run any more North of Callao. On his arrival in Valparaiso he had an interview with the President of the Republic, and now, according to report, the Chilian flag is to float over a new Line of Steamers running between Liverpool and Ports in Spain and Brazil to Valparaiso. They are to be full powered Steamships, to carry from four to five thousand tons cargo, to speed at least sixteen knots, and to have a large space for Emigrants.

Mr. Lyon is going to England in a short time to superintend the construction of these Ships, and it now seems to us that we will soon have strict opposition all along from Panama to Liverpool. It is a delightful idea for us poor unfortunates who have been on this Coast so long, that a chance thus opens to us now and then to get home and see the dear ones there.

I suppose you heard of the loss of the "*Gulf of Guayaquil*," a Steamer belonging to the Gulf Line Company from Greenock. She left home on the 24th of December on her first voyage, and has not been heard of since. It is a heavy loss of the Company, as they are running against the P. S. N. Co.

We have been bringing a number of American Engineers down from Panamá in our Steamers to work on the new Chilian Railways, and as the Panamá Canal has stopped, a good many are leaving the Isthmus, and as they get a free passage to Chili, our Vessels are fairly full. We had eighty-five of them last trip, a good many of whom were sick. We buried one at Sea between Panamá and Guayaquil.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle, whom you met in Bolivia, went to Valparaiso with us on last voyage for a pleasure trip. As his term of Office will soon expire, I expect you will before long see him again in the United States. Mrs. Carlisle is a very nice Lady, and I was much struck by the way she held up for the *Lone Star*. I thought at the time it was no wonder the Southern Armies fought against such odds, if the sisters and wives of the men held bravely such opinions. I was to have seen them again in Valparaiso, but we had to go South to Coral. I think when we came back they were in Santiago; and having so little time, I could not look them up.

Valparaiso has been having visitors. The first was an Argentine Gun Boat or Corvette, called *La Argentina*, on a cruise along these Coasts—the first I believe that Government has ever sent. You no

doubt know there has been, in fact is at present, some ill-feeling between the two Nations regarding the Boundary Line in Patagonia. But anyhow they came, and were made a great fuss over, with Banquets, Dinners, and the like, until one evening in the Club, after being entertained by the Argentine Consul, one of the Officers, a Señor Barraza, got up and asked permission to make a speech, which of course was granted. He began by eulogizing some one as the bravest, finest, most glorious Sailor the world had yet seen, whose deeds in the last war on the Pacific would be ever remembered and honored in History. The Chilian Officers present were greatly flattered and elated, thinking it was their hero, Admiral Prat, of Esmeralda fame, whose Monument is on the Landing place in Valparaiso, when the Argentine said: Señors, I drink to the health of Admiral Grau, the Peruvian! If a Bombshell had fallen in their midst, there could not have been more noise and confusion—Champagne glasses and bottles broken on the floor, and shouts of indignation and wrath. The Captain tried to make things right and said, he means Prat; but no; the Orator said, I mean Grau! The assembly dispersed, and after this, of course, things were exceedingly cool; and when the Argentines got to Iquique they had a chilling reception. But in Callao the Señor was made a hero of. Mrs. Grau gave him the Gold Watch of her husband, who died when the Huascar was taken. The Club gave him a Gold Medal, and in fact things had gone to such extremes and so much bad temper aroused, that the day we left Valparaiso telegrams were received that the Ship had been recalled.

That was the first excitement. Whilst Chili was foaming over the insult, the Brazilians sent a Corvette out with one of their Princes on board. He was just the opposite of the late visitor. He took everybody by storm. Even one Conductora was heard to say to a friend: How is it we cannot have Princes like this in Chili? What do you think of this for a Chilian Republicana? The Prince has gone overwhelmed with good wishes from all.

On arriving in Antofagasta on Sunday last, there was a large fire just finishing, which we found was caused by the burning of the block of buildings in which was my friend's Office, you may remember—Mr. Bennett, the English Consul. He lost every paper he had in the world, consular and private; indeed everything, he told me. He had little insured, as the premium was four per cent., and he felt safe. As he was building a new Office, things were not arranged so well as they should have been.

I think I have given you pretty much all the news. It is not a great deal, but in this out of the way place very little satisfies us. I have often thought of the pleasant Voyage I made whilst you were on board. Although it is not probable, for some time, that I will leave here, still if ever I should be fortunate enough to get to the United States, I shall most certainly try and see you.

Thanking you much for all your good wishes for my family and myself, and hoping you may be spared in health and strength for many years, and that I may have the pleasure of hearing from you now and then,

I remain, Dear Governor,

Yours very sincerely.

JNO. C. MOON.]

When we landed Mr. Smart introduced me to Mr. Turner, an employee of the Road to Puno, to whom I had a Letter from Mr. Mayers, and also made me known to Mr. Wm. R. Griffith, who is Acting Consul instead of Mr. V. H. McCord, the Consul, now absent in Arequipa—pronounced Arekeepa. They kindly and with interest undertook the investigation of how much time I would consume in the trip to La Paz in Bolivia, and concluded it would take a little upwards of two weeks, and I resolved to attempt it. After all my fatigue and expense in seeing South America, to pass this, one of its most interesting and its most historic scenes, would be folly.

I therefore requested Mr. Smart to bring my Baggage ashore. Mr. Griffith insisted on my going to his house. He is now occupying the best residence in the town, built by Henry Meiggs, the Architect of the Road, but now owned by Mr. John L. Thorndike, who is in Europe, and the home of the Consul when here. It is on a lofty site commanding a grand view of the Ocean, and surrounded with tropical plants kept alive by artificial irrigation. I at first declined, giving him my reasons, which you know are stereotyped. He said he was merely occupying the house, taking his meals at the Hotel, and I would have a more comfortable chamber than there, and not incommode him in the least. Under these circumstances I consented.

After we had dined, my Baggage not coming, we went to look for Mr. Smart to see about it. He had ordered the Boatman to bring it ashore and deliver it; and he forthwith sent his son to inquire into the cause of the delay. He returned and said the Boat arrived after

dark, and the Guard of the Custom House forbade its being landed till morning. This would not suit, for it might interfere with my departure by the train at that time, and we went at once to see the Chief of Customs, who received us with profuse politeness and ordered the Baggage to be delivered immediately. He could not speak English, but told Mr. Griffith to inform me in Oriental style that all he had was at my disposal, and he meant it without mental reservation—every word of which I believed, honest traveller that I am; and to seal his sincerity, he had Champagne brought, and we each took a glass in token of it. The Baggage accordingly, under young Smart's superintendence, came ashore and was delivered at Mr. Griffith's.

Whilst waiting for it, Mr. Griffith gave me some account of the condition of things hereabouts. The house, as I have said, was built by Henry Meiggs, when he constructed the remarkable Road from Mollendo to Puno. At his death the Road passed into the hands of Mr. Thorndike, one of his Administrators, by whom it was managed till last May. The understanding and contract with the Peruvian Government was, that Meiggs was to have the Road till Peru was able to go on and finish its construction, according to the contract. Thus things continued till May, when the Peruvian Government, without any legal process or trial, took forcible possession of the Road and its Stock, and since then has been running it. Thorndike proceeded to the United States, and, being a citizen, laid his matters before our Government. In September last, the Peruvian Authorities took forcible possession, also, of this building, occupied by the U. S. Consul, pulled down the Eagle and ordered the Official to vacate. Our Government, through Mr. Buck, the Minister at Lima, demanded the surrender of the property and an apology. Under this demand, the property has been surrendered, and the Eagle put up again. The Railroad remains with the Peruvian Government, which now operates it. This is all that Griffith knows. Negotiations are now going on between the Authorities of the two Countries.

AREQUIPA, PERU, HOTEL AMERICANO,

Thursday, October 18, 1888.

I had a good night's rest, and this morning, at six o'clock, Mr. Griffith and I took our Coffee at the Hotel, and by half past seven, were at the Station with my Luggage, and had bought ticket for

Arequipa, one hundred and seven miles from Mollendo. He insisted, when we parted, that I should again stop with him upon my return.

The ride has made this a notable day of my travel experience. I was introduced by Mr. Griffith to Dr. Hunter, a Scotchman, who has resided here for many years, and who, knowing the Country, was of great service to me, by giving me constant information along the line.

I had supposed that the Road was in bad order from the long pendency of the War, and the little travel. But not so. It was in admirable condition throughout its entire length. There was one first class car—American pattern—and it was nearly full, and a second class one, entirely so. I expressed surprise to find such a number of travellers, and was told that it was unusual. The trains, however, run from Mollendo to this point three times a week—the one through to Puno, on Lake Titicaca, only once. Hence, I am compelled to remain here till next week before I can continue my journey.

The entire distance from Mollendo is made in rounding and ascending Mountains, or crossing Pampas, or plains, “dry as Summer’s dust”; a desolate region, where rain rarely falls, and when it does, only enough to simply increase the craving of thirsty Vegetation. During our ascent for thirty or forty miles, whilst arid sand and volcanic rock are about us, without a single tree, the sense of desolation is now and then relieved by small plats of greenery, induced and kept alive with water drawn from the Pipe which Henry Meiggs laid from the River Arequipa, not far from this City, to meet the demands of the Stations, and supply his terminus, Mollendo—an enterprise worthy of the Genius which designed the Road. Then, too, receding from the Ocean and ascending, wedge-like Valleys open on the shore—puny, however, in comparison with the arid wastes around them—and beautify the Landscape; and in the far down distances, looking prodigally rich in verdure, present the most admirable definition of an Oasis I have ever seen. We are told that thus the many miles of Peru’s Sea front is divided: alternate narrow valleys, and stretches of waste. If so, it can hardly be called, in proportion to its area, a valuable agricultural Country.

These valleys are, it is said, sometimes watered by surface streams, which fructify as they flow; sometimes the water from its sources comes to them underground, similar to that of which I told you in

Arica. Lake Titicaca, like our Humboldt, and the Caspian, and Dead Seas, has no surface outlet to the Ocean. But whencesoever, and however the water is supplied, it always forthwith makes a garden of the desert.

Reaching the summit of the first ascent, the Ocean disappearing in the distance, the rearward view of Mountain upon Mountain, presents a scene in grandeur, though of a different kind, not unworthy of comparison with that of Gorner Grat, of which I told you in my Second Tour. We then came to a wide extended plain or Pampa, or Plateau, of sand and scattered rocks and stones. This covers an extensive area, about one half the distance between Mollendo and Arequipa. Not a shrub or tree, save specimens of dreary Cactus, presents itself. The Mirage offers far off along the Mountain's base enticing sheets of water, only to deceive. The careering winds, putting the white sand in motion, of it fill the plain with huge crescents, with long extended horns, their corrugated convex surface facing the current, and of mathematical proportions; and in front of us, rise glorious summits, among the loftiest of the Andes: the Volcano of Misti, quiet now, in some views with truncated pyramidal contour, sometimes with cone almost rivalling Fuji Yama, the Japanese sacred pride, in symmetry, save that this wants the snow of that, and the smoothness of its Crater rim—Misti is eighteen thousand six hundred and fifty feet in height, and has not much snow upon it now; Charchani, with more of snow, and ridge shape, nineteen thousand feet; and Coropuna, a well rounded dome of solid white, claiming an altitude of twenty-two thousand eight hundred feet, higher, if so, than Aconcagua, and the loftiest of the Cordilleras—certainly a noble Mountain in height, in shape, and in the quantity of its snow. These, seen from the Plain, are strung in line, seemingly of the same Sierra; but Coropuna belongs to a more distant, the other two to a nearer, Range.

Passing the Plateau, which has an elevation of from four to five thousand feet, we begin again to ascend, often with heavy grade. The Stations, however, still watered from the pipe, present trees, and fruit, and flowers, and Indians appear with baskets of Figs and Guavas, and Strawberries, or done up in bundles made of withs or leaves. Going higher and higher, now through cuts, and now on fillings, and now again along terraces, hewed from the Mountain's side, we frequently look down from beetling crags into dark and

dangerous gorges, and approaching Arequipa, for several miles, a lovely vista is afforded, hundreds of feet below, of the River, flowing with rapid, foaming, glittering current, through a valley full of vegetation. As we approach the City, we have in full view beneath us, the works, by which the waters are gathered and sent through pipe to induce the cultivation we have seen at points for many miles along the Road, and at the Station by the Sea.

I don't think I have ever seen fiercer manifestation of Volcanic forces than these Mountains show. The Rocks of which they are composed, have since their formation, been tossed and heaved till they are splintered into fragments; and the earth itself in many places looks as though it had once upon a time been boiled in a monster caldron and then suddenly cooled. There is no mistaking that fire has been here.

Ascending we could see below us the winding way we had climbed, and off like a thread across the plain to the Coast Line Mountains, the track we had just travelled. Everywhere the Road was in excellent condition, and the smoothness of our run relieved of any sense of danger. Certainly those who had charge of affairs for so many years did their duty to the Road. This must be said, however, that once put in place, it is far more easily kept than one would suppose. No rain falls to disturb it. Did it, the pulverulent soil would require never-resting, never-ending care, or it would soon be washed into a common wreck.

The City and the suburbs cover a large area, the former alone contains thirty thousand people; with the latter, probably fifty. It comes in view finely before we reach the Station, for several miles, in the midst of verdure, and the background adorned with the grand Mountains, of which I have spoken, makes its name appropriate to the weary traveller and significant—"here we rest"—for such does Arequipa mean, not unlike, for a different reason, the meaning of Alabama in the dialect of the North American Indian; because the Appalachian Mountains there gently pass into the Plain.

Mr. V. C. McCord, our Consul, as I have said, in Mollendo, now here, and Mr. Beaumont, learning of my coming by telegram from Griffith, met me at the Station. The Proprietor of this Hotel, also, there, took charge of my Baggage; and we came in the street car, probably a mile. These gentlemen were very polite and tendered their service in any way to make my stay here pleasant.

I have a nice comfortable Room, and can make out in some way quietly to consume the time I am compelled to stay. The elevation of seven thousand and five hundred feet warns me that I must not be too lively.

The day has been very fine, with a cloudless Sky and a cool breeze, with no sense of heat, save in the Sun's direct rays. Last night at Mollendo, from Mr. Griffith's Portico, it was lovely; above, the Moon and the Stars doing their best; and below, the Sea rejoicing in their presence and rolling in heavy, graceful swells, and in white foam, thundering shoreward. The scene at Arequipa, lifted thousands of feet above the lowland mists, though different, was equally brilliant and enchanting.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Friday, October 19, 1888.

When on getting up this morning, I opened my Satchel, I found a thief had been before me, and taken an under flannel and an over flannel shirt, together with nearly all my handkerchiefs wrapped in them. These are the first things I have ever lost by theft on my numerous and extensive travels. A fortunate man, you will say, I have been; I think so, too, and even in this loss, for the thief might have taken the Satchel itself and its contents, with them my Portfolio, and how could I ever have had time to restore the manuscript of these Letters? the wonder is how they are written at all in the midst of my constant motion; they certainly cannot be re-written.

I, of course, have no idea who stole them; whether the boy who served my State-room on the Steamer, the Boatman who brought the Luggage ashore, or the servant at Mr. Griffith's, I do not know. If any one of them, he was an ungrateful fellow, for I gave them each remembrances when we parted. Doubtless, each one thought, having so much, I could easily afford to make him comfortable out of my abundance. It is, however, a bad beginning for Peru; not to be wondered at in the battle-scarred, poverty-smitten Country; yet to be guarded against during my future travels in it, for I can hardly afford to restore its waste things and places.

I determined to take Arequipa at its word, and make it a resting place during my enforced detention. Last night I fired one of Taylor's Bombs, not that I was sick, but rather as a prophylactic, and with their usual efficiency. And to-day I did not wander much.

Mr. McCord called to see me twice during the morning, bringing me Books and papers to read. I wanted him to get me a History of the late Chilian and Peruvian war ; but he has not been able to obtain it in the City, either for sale or loan.

We had much and interesting talk of Peru and her condition. He was connected with Mr. Thorndike in the management of the Road, and was in that employ when the Peruvian Government took possession of it, and is now waiting the solution of the matter. The general statement I have given from Mr. Griffith was confirmed by Mr. McCord. The arrangement now pending between this Government and Grace & Co., with regard to the management of Peru's resources, will settle this, also ; for Peru could do nothing to consummate the negotiation till it had possession of the property, and maybe Grace & Co. are behind the action of the Government ; and Mr. Thorndike would do well to have an understanding with them, and through them, secure his rights. The United States Government, I thought, would demand redress for the insult to the Consulate and the restoration of that Office ; but would not engage in a contest with Peru over purely private matters of Contract between it and Henry Meiggs, or subsequently with Mr. Thorndike, his Administrator or Trustee. They had trusted the Peruvian Government, and must abide the consequences. It is a hard business upon him and Mr. Beaumont, too, who by this unexpected action, are not only thrown out of employment, but in addition incur heavy pecuniary loss.

But Mr. McCord has another grievance to redress. Being in possession of the Road, after the War had ended, there was a struggle between contending factions for the control of the Government. The Prefect of the one, then and now in the ascendant, ordered him to deliver to the authorities a certain Locomotive and Train then at the Station, and he immediately did so. The Engine Driver or the Fireman traitorously ran the Locomotive on to Mollendo. The Prefect arrested McCord and confined him in Prison, and threatened to have him shot. Under this threat he was conducted to the field of execution and the squad drawn up to shoot him. But in the midst the order was countermanded and McCord led back to prison. Here he was detained, and by cruel treatment—the furniture of his damp cell taken away, food denied him—ten thousand dollars forced from him, and he was then discharged. J.

W. Thorndike paid this money, he regarding McCord as suffering in the defence of his rights. McCord did not appeal to our Government for intervention in his behalf, because his friend, Thorndike, desired him to refrain. He has recently, however, had his Petition presented in form, and now awaits results.

In the afternoon I walked out alone to view the town. Not many steps distant is the City Plaza, a large area paved with stone, save a circular centre piece, railed in with iron and adorned with plants and flowers. The Cathedral fronts, and covers one side of the Plaza, an imposing structure built of a whitish stone, indigenous here, soft and easily cut and chiselled. It is a long square building of two stories, ornamented with handsome columns, neatly set in the wall, the interspaces elaborately carved. It has two Towers, also handsomely finished and provided with chimes, and at either end an arch springing at right angles to the building, one base resting on its massive walls, the other on columns similar to those in front, and opening towards each other on a broad white marble pavement, across which the Church is entered. It is an exceedingly imposing edifice.

The other sides of the Plaza are surrounded with Arcades, under which are shops and stores. Standing in front of the Cathedral towards Sunset, the scene was worth lingering over—the white walls lighted up against the background of the snowy Mount Charchani, and farther to the right the burnished cone of Misti.

I wandered till night had come, and the bright hues of the Sunset were changed for the deep blue of the Sky, which, in the pure atmosphere of this elevation, when the Stars trooped out, did indeed seem to be “thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.”

On my return my friends, McCord and Beaumont, called and sat with me. McCord offered to lend me one of his horses, and we would ride into the country. I told him I was doubtful of the propriety of riding on horseback, having for such a long time been unaccustomed to it. It would not only be very fatiguing, but might stir up the slumbering bile and incommode me. I much preferred walking. He and Mr. Beaumont said they would call at eight o'clock in the morning and walk with me, and by that time conclude about the ride.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Saturday, October 20, 1888.

My friends came at the hour appointed, and we walked out to see the City and what curiosities it had to show the stranger. Most naturally I wanted to go to the Market Place, for there are congregated both the products and the people of the country. It is quite a large affair, and though the hour was rather late, it presented a busy scene. Around and in the streets adjacent the peasants and the Peruvian beasts of burden were gathered—no wagons or conveyances of any sort; everything brought on the backs of Mules and Donkeys and LLamas—the LL pronounced *Lyamas*, the L glided slightly over—in hampers and packs. There were very few horses. The Mules and Donkeys I need say nothing of. The LLamas were very interesting, standing in groups, in good condition, evidently kindly treated, with their strong, compact, well set bodies fitted for bearing burdens, and long, graceful necks, and well formed heads and gentle eyes: an attractive and beautiful animal. They can easily and will cheerfully carry one hundred pounds, I am told; but when overburdened they recognize the imposition, and will not move a peg.

Their owners are by no means so interesting. I have observed the Peruvians from the time of my landing in Mollendo, and at the various Stations on my journey up, and since my arrival, on the streets of the City. To-day I saw numbers collected in the Market Place as buyers and sellers. I do not think in all my travels over the world I have seen a more indifferent and apparently worthless people. If these are the descendants of the Race which Pizarro conquered, and have not greatly degenerated, and are a sample of the Nation Chili lately overran and subjugated, she does not deserve much credit for her vaunted prowess. They are small and insignificant in appearance, and wonderfully like each other. I would know a Peruvian and pick him out from the midst of any nationality on earth. They are not altogether unlike our noble Red man, but whilst not so hideously ugly, are a much feebler and more pusillanimous looking set. Their color varies with the mixture of blood, but is generally a dirty copper, shading into the Negro or the white. Of such a people absolutely nothing can be made; and if Peru is ever to recover from her fall, or achieve any progress, that disposition must

be made of her people which the United States Officer and Soldier on the Plains say must be made of the North American Indians—kill them.

In the Market Place and on the street they presented a sorry, dilapidated appearance—always dirty, often a bundle of filthy rags. Saturday is called beggar-day, and I should have so inferred. The streets were full of them, meeting you with outstretched hand at every step. My window opens on the streets, and seeing me within, petitioned me through its iron bars. Evidently great and wide-spread poverty prevails, but also great and wide-spread worthlessness.

There is a streak of the Chinaman in their phiz: not put there recently by a cross, but planted far beneath the skin in prehistoric ages; similar to what I observed on my First Tour, at Victoria, Vancouver's Island, among the Indians gathered, from our North-western tribes. But if their sires found their way across in the unnumbered ages gone, a different fate and fortune betided them, from that which befell their brethren in the Celestial Empire. There, Confucius, by intellectual and moral training, moulded them into a wondrous people; here, no such Sage appeared, only mysterious Incas came, claiming their origin from the Sun, and just the reverse of Confucius, destroyed their individuality, and formed them into a servile, but to them a paternal and doubtless a happy Government, till the Spaniards arrived, in armor, and destroyed it. They have had no chance to grow; but are feeble and ineffective to-day as their fathers were, when first we hear of them in History. The Chilian has had a better fortune. The Araucanians—the Autochthones of Chili—were a wilder, stronger, fiercer Race; and the Spaniards, when they attacked them, found more resistance than the feeble subjects of the Inca Empire had ever offered. The Chilians, too, in later times have had less of bad, and more of better blood, than their sister adjacent Country, and a more invigorating climate; and, therefore, their appearance on the field of recent History gives assurance, that they may, perchance, fulfil some of their boastful promises.

For Peru, I see no hope till the stronger stranger comes, and taking her resources, by force or contract, lifts her up from the present slough of National Despond. This seems about to be done by Grace & Company: the exact character of whose intention I have not yet learned—a good thing doubtless for Peru in her present hopeless state. It would be well for Grace & Co., however, to know who is to hold

Peru to any bargain she may make. Certainly, my limited observation and knowledge would deter me from having anything to do, in the way of faith, with a Country, whose people are such as I have seen. If I ever expected them to keep a pledge, it would be only on condition that some more reliable and stronger power was to hold them and enforce it.

In 1868, the same Earthquake which played such havoc in Arica, with its upheavals and tidal waves, well-nigh destroyed Arequipa. The houses here are almost invariably of one story, but they are nearly all built massively of stone—even the roof of some are arched with the same material, rendering their occupancy most dangerous in such a visitation. Much of the wreck has been repaired; yet, though twenty years have gone, on every hand you see how walls have been toppled into masses of stone and rubbish, or cracked from top to bottom as if struck by Lightning—there being no inclination or ability to restore or to repair. Some, once fine Churches, are partially rebuilt—others partially or entirely in ruins. We stepped into one or two, but there was nothing of special interest I need detail.

The filthiness of the people and their habitations is excessive. In the City, as I have said, the houses are usually of stone, but looking in when passing, we saw were nasty hovels, with dirty floors, dirtier than the dirt. On the suburbs and in the Country, they are built of small sticks and reeds, like those I told you of in Chili, through which the wind finds entrance in drafts worse than the open, uncovered air, and passing through, carries thousands of young lives to, surely, happier homes. For this remarkable filthiness there is no excuse; streams of fresh water flow down narrow channels on one side of almost every street. But they even befoul this precious boon, and send their nastiness upon the current, to be used or drunk by their unhappy neighbors lower down.

We crossed the Stone Bridge which spans the River Arequipa—here a broad rocky bed, but the water now a narrow, shallow stream, flowing near the farther bank. It was shattered by the Earthquake, but has been restored. From it a fine view is presented: the Earthquake's work on every hand, in broken, shattered walls; and in the distance the Iron Railway Bridge on the Road towards Puno; the cultivated ground around the City, wherever water can be induced to help the arid soil; the massive, exquisite forms of Charchani and

Misti full before us from top to base, on whose wide, extended, treacherous flanks the City and its suburbs now seem trustingly to rest.

We visited the Wool Establishment of Mr. H. W. Gibson, to whom I had a Letter of Introduction from Grace & Co., of Valparaiso. Mr. Gibson is absent, and I had no opportunity of delivering the Letter; but my friends knew the person in charge, and we had every facility afforded for inspecting the work. He had hands, mostly Peruvian women, employed in sorting the various kinds: LLama, Alpaca, Vicuña, and Guanaco; and afterwards baled by steam power to be sent to foreign markets.

Returning to the Hotel, Mr. Beaumont took Breakfast with me; after which we walked to Mr. McCord's, where I was cordially received by him and Mrs. McCord, and spent an hour in pleasant chat. She is a fine looking, pleasant lady, and with all the Americans I have seen out here, is afflicted with a never resting desire, like Stonewall Jackson's men, to go home. They are nicely fixed. I went then with my friends to their Office, and had further talk concerning their troubles with the Peruvian Authorities, in which their fortunes were wrecked, and what relief could probably be obtained by the intervention of our own Government. In the afternoon, later, they called for awhile again, Mr. McCord bringing me half dozen Handkerchiefs he had procured for me from the Orphanage here, to supply the place of those which some Peruvian inhospitably appropriated to his own use, of which I have already spoken.

Mr. Simpson, a gentleman from Valparaiso, who came up on the train from Mollendo with me, called and informed me that we would probably go together to La Paz. In the afternoon I again enjoyed the Plaza, and the Cathedral, and the Mountains, by the light of the Setting Sun. In the evening there was a continuance of the feast of the Church, which has been going on since my arrival, amid the ringing of Bells, the firing of Guns and Crackers, the sending up of Balloons, and the wastage of much time and money, which had far better be applied to the invigorating the energies and restoring the fortunes of a ruined people.

It is easy, I know, to find fault, and to place blame; but it is quite apparent to the most casual observer, in these Countries, that upon the Catholic Church rests a heavy responsibility. The people are feeble, ignorant, and superstitious. Their weal or woe rests in the hands of the Romish Priesthood, and they can further abase, or

lift them up. In this high trust they are recreant. Independent of any charges brought against them individually, and believed by the world to be well founded, they are certainly to blame, if not grievously criminal, in encouraging these weak, childish people to parade the streets with silly, tawdry images, in wild fanaticism, and to spend their own, and most frequently, others' money, in powder-works, bon-fires and balloons, teaching them that thereby they are doing God service; instead of buying soap to wash their dirty faces and clothes to cover up their naked hides, and that cleanliness and industry are the prime duties inculcated by the teachings of our Christian Faith. I in no sense underrate the good done by that wonderful and long-lived Hierarchy, but it is high time they were putting away many childish things. They would do much good by ceasing to offend common sense, and the proprieties of life, by their mummerly and nonsense, in these ignorant, stricken Lands. The Romish Church does not tolerate such doings in higher Countries like our own; and I have often wished I had with me some of its cultivated Officials, whom I know, to ask them why it tolerates them here?

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Sunday, October 21, 1888.

I visited the Market Place again this morning, going alone, and earlier than before. The same scenes presented themselves, and what I observed gave me no occasion to change my views with regard to people or things. I saw more of both, and they rather intensified the opinions already expressed. The costume of the peasant and market women is quite uniform, even to the rags and dirt. Their hair is long, black and coarse, which they wear in two plaits, hanging down behind the ears. The head-covering is a hat generally of straw, like those worn by the men; frequently their heads are uncovered.

The streets were full of women of the same or the better classes, on their way to Church. These were invariably in black mantles, covering both the head and shoulders, such as I told you of in the other Countries of South America. Some of them were accompanied by a servant carrying a chair for the Señorita to use at her Devotions—kneeling on the seat, the top round of the back cushioned for her Prayer Book. I looked into several Churches, and the Cathedral, and found them well attended by women, and with apparent devo-

tion—but few men. The Romish Church of South America is, as I have I think from time to time remarked, giving up many of its superstitions and losing much of its influence; but Peru, I am told, is still one of most fanatical Countries on earth, especially in this City, and it is inconvenient, and frequently dangerous, for the stranger not to conform to their ideas of reverence, in Church or on the streets, when Religious Processions are passing by, in the removing of the hat or even kneeling upon the pavement, which has given occasion to not a few disturbances in past times. But this, too, is weakening from year to year, and it will be unsafe for the Priesthood to rely much longer upon credulity to preserve its power.

In my stroll, which was quite lengthy, after leaving the Market, I met with a few Negroes and Chinese—not more than four or five—the latter invariably in our costume, coat, pantaloons, and shoes. They may have had the sacred Pigtail coiled up under their hats. The Negroes were a much more vigorous looking people physically than these puny Peruvians, and the contrast between the latter and the Chinese was very striking in the indescribable blending of the intellectual and physical, which gives the Celestial such quiet assurance of strength. And I am told, that John easily dominates here, as he does everywhere the inferior Races, and hesitates not to join issue with those who claim to be the flower of human growth. I will meet more, both Negroes and Chinese, in Northern Peru, they tell me.

It was Breakfast time when I returned to the Hotel; after which my friends, McCord and Beaumont called, the latter to invite me to dine with him at six o'clock, which I accepted. In the afternoon Beaumont and I took a walk to the suburbs of the town in the direction of the Mountains. The view of them was fine. Misti, with Charchani and Pichupichu on either side—the latter of which, seventeen thousand eight hundred feet, I don't think I have hitherto named. It is not nearly equal in impressiveness to either of the others. Snow still rests in quantities on Charchani, whence the natives bring it on Donkeys to Arequipa, and with which at Dinner Mrs. McCord told me she cooled the wine. We saw several droves of LLamas standing in the streets, apparently waiting for their master. The more I see of them, the more interesting they become—beautiful and showy, too, in their gentleness and grace, and looking well treated and cared for.

I was not unobservant of the people either, in their Sunday attire. Many had none, or if they had did not put it on, but were just as

dirty, and in as dirty houses as on any other day ; there is no feminine beauty among them, and what there may be is covered up with flour and paint. Their foreheads are narrow and recede into a peak with a uniformity which is absolutely astonishing—those you meet being constant duplicates of each other.

The water interested us, flowing everywhere through the streets, but not cleansing, in its flow, the people rather befouling it. On every hand we observed the Earthquake's work, in tumbled or shattered walls, which in the twenty years had not been repaired. Some, however, had been, and were ready for another shock. Mr. Keller, the Hotel Proprietor, gave me some of the incidents of the dread affair. It happily occurred in the afternoon at 5 o'clock, before the inhabitants had gone to bed. For a second or two there was a tremor, which in warning rushed the people from their houses, and then a thug—and the horrible work was done—leaving the wreck of which I have spoken. This Hotel suffered greatly ; most of the damage has been repaired, but loose walls or breakages, here and there, tell what has befallen.

Nor do internal fires alone disturb the denizens of Arequipa. There is trouble, also, in the air ; the Nevada—breaths from the Mountain snows they think—bring dormant weaknesses into life, whether of function or of organ. And the Aire—pronounced Eire—the meeting or crossing of the upper air with that which comes from the hotter lowland, brings serious, sometimes fatal ailments. I have felt neither of these. My experience of the climate is delightful. The direct rays of the Sun are hot ; the shade is always cool. It is wise to avoid their contrast, in the drafts which follow. About the elevation of the City of Mexico, the climate of Arequipa is very similar. Much of the disease attributed to the mysterious influences just named, are doubtless the result of imprudence in tempting extremes, aided by an active fancy, stimulated into unwonted exercise by the fearful agencies slumbering beneath them in the bowels of the earth. Though it would not be unreasonable to suppose that those agencies send out from their infernal Laboratory exhalations which taint the atmosphere with germs hurtful to health and life.

The Dinner was handsome and pleasant ; a quiet affair, only Mr. Beaumont and Mr. Myers, a German, who speaks English well, lives in Mollendo, and Don Mariana Bustamente, a Peruvian of Spanish descent, a Civil Engineer, educated in Europe, and now engaged in

the investigation of flushing the River Arequipa from upper Mountain Lakes, and thereby extending its capacity for irrigation. He is a well informed, intelligent man, and several hours passed of profitable, pleasant talk with regard to Peru, her condition and resources, which I have not time to tell of.

When we came away Mr. Beaumont and I walked up and down the Arcades, or Corridors, or Portales, as they call them here, where the Élite of the City of an evening congregate and promenade to the music of a Band. Not many were abroad of the natives—mostly foreign and mixed, in, or of whom I saw nothing specially worthy of comment.

I met at the Hotel Mrs. Rogers and her Son of Valparaiso, just returned from La Paz, whither they had gone for the young man's health. I had a Letter to them from Mr. Green of Santiago, and they gave me much information with regard to my projected trip to Bolivia, and a Letter of Introduction to Mr. Samuel S. Carlisle, our Minister there.

The Bells of the Churches, it seems to me, have been ringing all day. What a religious people these must be, if I am to judge of their piety from the numerous calls to duty they receive from morning till night—indeed in their feasts and fanfaronades from night till morning!

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Monday, October 22, 1888.

My young friend, Mr. Rogers, came in to bid me Good-Bye! before his departure homeward. He has consumption, and has been to La Paz to see what that climate could do for him. Though he is hopeful, like all whom that disease affects, it is quite manifest that it is only hope which sustains him, not any benefit he has received from his sojourn in that lofty site. Nor does my judgment tell me that any such ought to have been expected. The purity and tonic of moderate elevation might do good. The thinness of the air of such a height, it takes strong lungs to stand.

Dr. Hunter, whom I met upon the train coming up from Mollendo, called this morning, and we had pleasant talk about the people and things around us. Whilst standing at the front door, a drove of LLamas passed—their quiet tread, their mild eyes, and well formed heads borne upon willow necks, with conscious pride of beauty—and

we could but comment on the sorry figure of the man whom they recognized as master, and followed with implicit faith. The Bell of a Church near by tolled, and I observed a gentleman passing on the other side of the street remove his hat, and the Doctor took his off and remarked, that it indicated the elevation of the Host ; and people wherever they might be at the time, were expected to uncover. I forthwith took off mine, which I then observed all persons on the street had done, remarking that in Rome, as Rome. Whatever my religious or other views may be, when travelling I pay respect to the Institutions, Civil and Religious, of the Countries I visit, if I expect to be treated with courtesy and consideration. I am not compelled to trouble them with my presence, and if I do not like their doings I had better go away—to all of which my friend assented.

McCord and Beaumont called to bring me Books and Magazines to read. In the afternoon I walked out to the Plaza to see the Sun-set, and then across the Bridge over which I took you the other day, and standing on it, felt comfortable by myself, in the balmy air, enjoying the scenes around—the River's rugged gorge, through which now only a streamlet ripples ; the people passing to and fro, looking exactly like themselves ; the houses of the City on either side ; above all the towering Charchani and Misti, gleaming in the Sun's rays with the semblance of burnished metal, without the sign of living thing upon their ridgy surface.

While standing there I could not help recalling the story of a recent dreadful accident about which I heard to-day. Two young men ascended Misti—one a resident here, who had several times before been up ; the other, his friend and guest, who greatly desired the experience. They were successful in the ascent. Returning, the novice fell over a precipice and was dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath. His friend followed more carefully, hoping to rescue him. In the effort he, too, slid down a steep incline, but with presence of mind caught upon a projecting rock, after a descent of not more than twenty feet. Looking around, he saw that his only escape was to climb to the point from which he fell—no relief on either hand—thousands of feet of precipice below. In the effort he met with only treacherous sand, which afforded him no hold. Rescuing parties were sent out, and found that one had met a speedy fate ; the other a death of lingering agony, sitting on the ledge of rock he had grappled in

his fall, an empty Sardine box upon the sand, and the flesh worn from his fingers to the bone, in his frantic efforts for his life.

I walked up in the evening to spend an hour with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. McCord, and then came to my Room and went to bed.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Tuesday, October 23, 1888.

I have not much to tell to-day. I walked out with Mr. McCord, and strolled awhile looking at the droves of LLamas on the streets, admiring the beautiful animals more and more. I wanted to buy one of the ropes made of their own hair by the Indians, with which they bind the burdens on and lightly link them to each other—apparently an unnecessary proceeding, for the gentle creatures stand together in the street, with a lofty head and a proud recognition of duty that is marvellous, never moving a step astray ; but at the word of command from the dirty bag of rags they recognize as master, moving off with a stately tread, in most striking contrast with their lord. They seem, like a high-bred horse, to be conscious of their beauty, and like the horse, to recognize the supremacy of the human kind, however bad a specimen may have fallen to their lot.

We went to the Club, where my name had been entered and its privileges accorded me ; but I did not stay long. Clubs do not attract me. You are aware I am not of those who think them of value in any community. The time spent there can be more profitably spent in the social circle, and the gossip usually indulged in can be advantageously dispensed with. When travelling I cannot afford to visit them and waste time in fugitive talk, which usually brings no knowledge. These views, however, render me none the less obliged for the courtesies extended, for admission to their privileges.

A Mr. Sands, from Philadelphia, called to see me, and sat an hour or two. He came here more than thirty years ago, and has been in the employ of the Railroad from Mollendo to Puno as a Blacksmith. He is a good looking and intelligent man, and talked well of his experiences here in that long time. But I have not time to detail the conversation.

Mr. Beaumont and Mr. McCord and I took a walk in the afternoon, and resaw things already seen. The review of them was

pleasant enough ; a re-recital would be a bore, to which I will not subject you.

I paid Mr. and Mrs. McCord a short visit of adieu in the evening, where I again met the Spanish Civil Engineer, who escorted me back to the Hotel.

Mr. Beaumont will go with me part of my journey to La Paz.

PUNO, ON LAKE TITICACA, PERU,
HOTEL DEL COMMERIO, *Wednesday, October 24, 1888.*

The time from Mollendo to Arequipa I called a notable day ; this journey from Arequipa to Puno has been none the less remarkable : the continuance of travel on a Railway which in daring of conception and success of achievement has not been surpassed, if rivalled, on the earth. The distance from Arequipa to Puno is two hundred and eighteen miles, and an ascent of more than seven thousand feet.

We left Arequipa at seven o'clock, a. m. I got the Proprietor to keep my trunk, and I took with me simply my Satchel, and Poncho, and Overcoat, in case of necessity in my climb into cooler regions. A great throng assembled at the Station, and I feared we would be pestered with a crowd on the train ; but I was agreeably disappointed ; the throng had gathered because they had nothing else to do. There was only one Car each of first and second class, and things began and continued comfortable the entire distance. The Car is after the American pattern, and the Locomotive of the Baldwin, Philadelphia, Works, which the Engine Driver, whose acquaintance I made, an Englishman, said was admirable for mounting heavy grades and for rounding sharp curves.

Soon after leaving the City we passed through well cultivated fields of Wheat, and Barley, and Alfalfa, covering considerable areas of ground, of course irrigated and promising good crops. But I am told that the outcome is not usually equal to the promise ; the grain not rivalling ours in color or weight. In a little while we crossed the River on an Iron Bridge nearly two thousand feet in length, and forthwith began our ascent of the Mountains, without appreciable intermission, for one hundred and eighteen miles to the Station of Crucero Alto, where we reached an elevation of fourteen thousand six hundred and sixty-six feet—the highest, I think, in the world, unless that out of Lima, on the Oroya Route, surpasses it ; which, if

I do not fail in my designs, I will test before the end of my Tour. Crucero Alto is the Summit point on the Line, and a descent is thence made to twelve thousand five hundred and forty feet at Puno. You will recall my travel on the Denver and Rio Grande system in Colorado, where the ascent of eleven thousand feet was made at the Marshall Pass. This being in Tropical Regions does not manifest the same change of temperature.

I anticipated trouble in making this great ascent—nearly three miles of perpendicular height above the Sea. I had never been so high before, and did not know how my lungs would stand it. I was warned of the trouble I might anticipate, and how Soroche or Puna might attack me, and I might suffer as many do, with nausea, difficulty of breathing, or even bleeding at the nose and ears. They call this affliction Soroche or Puna—the latter word being a term applied to a Plateau or Pampas of these high regions. I remembered the warning and looked out for the trouble; but it did not come. I felt no nausea, indeed no inconvenience whatever, save now and then, an inclination to thoroughly empty and fill my lungs; and when I got out at the Station and walked, an abnormal lightening of the outer pressure on my skull, and apparent swelling of the brain, but not enough to even call a headache. But in this freedom from annoyance I observed that I was almost alone. Nearly everybody, men and women, in the Car complained, and some were very sick; among the latter, my friend Beaumont, who has lived and worked in this region for four or five years. I astonished him with my powers of endurance; indeed my absolute freedom from serious inconvenience, he said, had rarely come to his knowledge before in any one.

The rounding of the great Mountains which adorn the landscape of Arequipa, and of which I have spoken so much, was of exceeding interest and beauty. The circuit of the Road in struggling higher and higher up, passed completely around them, and enabled us from the train to see them in reverse. It was hard to tell which was the more imposing, the front or rearward view. There they stood—Charchani, Pichupichu, and Misti, noble and majestic when at their base in Arequipa, none the less imposing and lofty when we had climbed from five to six thousand feet higher. These, however, though so high, are only streaked. Coropuna was donned with an unbroken sheet of everlasting snow, the only one of all in sight thus clad, presenting, I have no doubt, the highest of the Andean

Range, and an object of grandeur inexpressible. Indeed this journey for two hundred miles, over this wonderful Plateau, ranging from ten to twelve thousand feet above the Sea, sometimes higher, rivals the Thibetan Plateau of Central Asia in elevation, but of more congenial temperature, by reason of its greater nearness to the Sun. Steaming on this admirable Road, often making twenty-five miles an hour on down or level grade, you scarce realize that you are travelling in the home of the Clouds—now climbing, now descending, with heavy grade, now speeding across extended Plains, whilst around you Mountains higher and higher rise.

The Road is laid with wonderful skill—only one short Tunnel and three Bridges along its entire run of three hundred and twenty-five miles, from Mollendo to Puno. Its solid bed and gentle curves give sense of security whilst you speed across the levels, or descend, or ascend the Mountains; above and below you the spiral road in sight for miles, like a huge coil. The Mountains are bleak and barren, and sometimes from their flanks, out of which the Road is cut, you look down into deep gorges bleak and barren, too; and now and then, though rarely, upon pocket valleys where, like those of which I have hitherto spoken, a subterranean or surface flow of water has made things fresh and green, though I do not believe there is a single tree of natural growth from the Sea to Puno.

Whilst the Country, high and low, looks forlorn and barren, species of Sage and Bunch Grass abound, now sere and dry, appearing like that which covers our Western Plains; and hundreds and thousands of LLamas, and Alpacas, and Sheep, in herds and flocks abound, and must find living there. The two former are tamed and bred as beasts of burden, or for their meat, and hides, and wool. The Vicuña roves wild, and we saw them in the distance bounding from the train, timid but fleet, like our own swift and graceful Antelope. The Vicuña lives in more elevated regions than the others, and with the Guanaco has not been made a beast of burden. The Guanaco is more wide-spread in its range than any of them, and lives from the Equator to the Straits. He, too, like the Vicuña is of lighter make, and whilst easily distinguished has yet a likeness which binds him with the LLama and the Alpaca in the same generic bond. The Alpaca is like the LLama without his size and strength; yet when crossed the offspring becomes a beast of burden, with more abundant and finer

wool. Certainly I do not know nobler, more graceful and more attractive animals.

These regions, beside the sage and bunch grass, produce a species of Bog or Peat, which is very useful in a Country devoid of fuel, and quantities of it are brought in on LLama, Mule and Donkey-back, for domestic use and for the Locomotives; and everywhere small round holes appear, especially in the Railroad cuts, which Owls have picked, and where thousands of them congregate, though I have not heard they make one of a happy family, as with the Prairie Dog and Snake. Towards midday a strong wind sprang up, which is quite usual, they tell me, and of the loose sand formed whirlwinds, which careered across the plains, and then in vaulting spirals, passed into the clouds.

Everywhere the Mountains showed their origin and the turbulent time they had suffered since their birth; all splintered into pieces, and mixed with elements which fire alone can make.

Forty or fifty miles from Puno we came to a region of cultivation. The Lands are ploughed and planted, relying on Nature to send its rain in proper season. The sides of the Mountains show wide reaches which have in generations past been cultivated, often terraced, showing a greater population and greater industry than now prevail. When the Spaniards came, more than three centuries ago, they found a laborious and contented people, who, under their Paternal Government, had terraced these great Mountains; a species of husbandry, in their dialect, called Andenes or Terraces, hence the origin of Andes. The ploughs I saw to-day were doubtless no better than those then used, and the people who use them not so elevated, or happy or numerous; the savage civilizer destroyed whatever he put his religious mailed hand upon, and making a cruel Desolation, called it a holy Peace. The natives are, it is said, diminishing in number; evidently this is true, from the work done by those who occupied before them. The products must be, at this elevation, limited in kind—they tell me the chief are Barley and Potatoes. They, of course, rely in the Mountain sides cultivation entirely on rain, which, passing the arid plains below, falls here; the watery breezes of the colder Ocean currents are absorbed by the hotter air of the Coast, and thence rising towards the heights, are condensed and fall in rain. Nothing, of course, like the agencies on the Eastern side

of the Continent, where the world-famous Rivers are formed and flow, of which I have hitherto said enough.

At Juliaca, twenty-nine miles from Puno, a branch runs Northward to Cuzco, the seat of the Old Inca Empire. Of that, eighty-two miles are finished. Its completion is proposed by Grace & Co., under the new arrangement for Peru's resuscitation. One would hardly think such Roads could pay. They do not on the investment; but I am told do to simply run them. The cost of their construction is already swallowed up in the Maelstrom of Peru's disaster.

It was half-past seven o'clock, and dark when we came to Puno, a place of probably eight or ten thousand people. Forthwith a noisy crowd of boys and men thronged the cars to help us to a Hotel. My friend and I speedily selected the one which heads to-day's record, and a boy or two to carry our things, and under the guidance of the Proprietor, walked here, good half a mile distant

It is not a first class place, by any means. But good enough for South America, for Peru, for Puno, and better than I expected. The Room I have has a loop of a window opening on a back-yard, not odorous; a door opens farther in, on a dark passage. The Room had the funky odor of a place long shut up; and I had to decide whether I would close the door and suffer from asphyxia, or leave it open, and risk another inroad on my Satchel. I chose the latter, on the ground that the thief could only rob me of "trash," in comparison with what my shut-up chamber-vault would "filch me of."

I forgot to say that about sixty miles before getting to Puno the Road passes between two Lakes of beautiful contour and color, lying beneath the level of the track on either hand, North and South—Saracocha and Cachipascana by name. These are the Lakes with which Señor Bustamente proposes to flush the Arequipa River and extend the area of productive land by many thousand acres.

ON LAKE TITICACA, STEAMER YAVARI,
Thursday, October 25, 1888.

This morning early I was up in Puno and out of my Chamber Cell, thinking that, however the tenuity of the air at an elevation of twelve thousand five hundred and forty feet, it was purer and better for me than the exhalations of my own body and lungs in the apart-

ment where I had passed the night ; and yet with my adaptability I slept well.

I strengthened myself with a couple of eggs and a cup of coffee, and strolled out to see the town. The so-called Hotel is on the main street, at one end of which I observed stood a stone gateway, quite ornately arched and pillared, and on higher ground than the town itself. I walked up to it, and from it had on one side an extended view of the famous Lake, and on the other the houses of the inhabitants and the background of Mountains which closed them in. These Mountains are in the main bare, though now and then cultivated grounds appeared upon their sides, near by which, buttes of rugged rock sprang up as if torn from the earth by a Cæsarean operation—the whole presenting a scene, wild it is true, but of uncommon attractiveness.

Returning along the street by a steep, well paved descent, I looked into the houses and faces of the people, abroad at that early hour in numbers, and stopped in the Market Place, which I had passed without halting on going up. It is a simple open Plaza, paved with cobble stones, and without covering—nearly all the traders being women, and presenting a much more decent appearance than those I told you of in Arequipa. They were generally well dressed in fancy colors, the skirts and bodies of their dress differing—the former short and all of woolen material. Their hair was plaited and hung behind the ears ; their head dress generally broad-rimmed hats like men ; sometimes a framework covered with black cloth, built up in style worthy the turretted Coiffures of England in their palmiest days. Standing off and looking at them in the distance, in flashy colors and picturesque appearance they, in comparison, did no discredit to the denizens of the Alps. They sat upon the ground, their commodities for sale around, many of them knitting and spinning yarn from a little reel.

At the farther end of this long street is the Grand Plaza, on which the Cathedral fronts, a large affair for a town the size of Puno. I went in and found a good many people there ; the Church, though capacious, plainly finished, with no lavish display of any sort. Coming out, I felt the Sun too hot, even at this early hour, to expose myself to its rays ; though in the shade the atmosphere was cool, but of such thinness that my gait had to be slow and steady to avoid oppression.

On my return my friend Beaumont was up, and by eight o'clock we were on our way walking to the Steamer Landing, bound for Chilacaia, at the Southeastern extremity of Lake Titicaca, on Bolivian territory, distant one hundred and eight miles. Mr. Beaumont introduced me to the Captain, who forthwith ordered a good State-room to be given me to myself, and tendered me every civility. This was especially kind and considerate, as the Steamer only had four State-rooms, and there were eight or ten passengers. The Vessel was built by Mr. Beaumont when in the employ of the Company, and is suitable for her purposes. It was a good thing having him with me. He, and the Captain who spoke some English, kept me advised of the objects of interest, and pointed them out on the voyage.

Whilst waiting the hour of departure, I was observing things around me: the bags of Cow and LLama manure brought in for fuel—it is used on shore as that of the Bullock and Buffalo I told you of in India, and also furnishes the motive power of our Steamer; the LLamas and Donkeys coming in with the Cargo or carrying it away; the peculiar Boats which navigate the Lake, shaped like a Canoe, made of straw, or bulrushes, or reeds, thick woven and padded together, called Balsas Totoras—Balsas meaning Rafts; Totoras, Bulrushes. Balsas proper are made of logs fastened together, upon which the Indians ride the heavy swells and breakers of the Western Coast, similar to the Catamarans with which, as we have seen, they brave the Atlantic waves upon the Eastern; and in the hands of skilful men, safer than Boats—not liable to be broken or submerged by heavy seas.

At nine o'clock we were off, and from that time till night fell a scene of wonderful beauty was around me, vivified by the associations of one of the most curious episodes of History—the origin and continuance of the Inca rule, till the coming of the Spaniard to destroy it. The Lake is of pure, clear water, and sparkled in the Sunlight; waterfowl in flocks disported themselves above, and upon and below its surface; never out of sight of land, Mountains girdled its irregular contour, not high, but of varied outline, and burnished by the Sun, under a cloudless sky, into aureate hues.

Soon after leaving Puno we came in sight of a little rocky Island, in which two small Pyramidal Monuments appear. I thought probably they were ancient; but Mr. Beaumont said they marked the graves of two Englishmen who died in the employ of the Company.

Near by them, unmarked, however, lie the remains of Professor Orton, an eminent American, who died upon the Lake, having made the ascent of the Amazon for the second or third time in the enthusiastic pursuit of Science. This I knew of before, as one of the sad stories with which Science has illustrated its History. The Island is called Estevan. Soon after passing it we steamed through a narrow Canal, which Mr. Beaumont, when Superintendent, dug; cut from the sand and soft rock by dredging, of several miles in length, giving outlet into the deeper waters of the Lake. In 1875 or 1876, Professor Alexander Agassiz surveyed and charted its waters, and found a depth in some places of more than nine hundred feet.

Titicaca, I think I have hitherto somewhere remarked, has no known Ocean outlet. It flows Southward through the River Desaguadero into the smaller Lake Poopo or Aullagas, which in turn with smaller outlets is soon lost. Doubtless the vast body of water finds a subterranean channel to the Ocean, appearing now and then with the drippings from the Perennial snows, as at Arica and the blooming valleys along the coast, of which I have already told you everything, doubtless, you desire to know.

In the afternoon the Island of Titicaca came in view, lying in front of a Peninsula of the mainland, and towards the middle of the Lake. This is the famous birthplace whence, tradition says, the Incas issued to found their strange Empire. It is called the Island of the Sun, as they claimed to be his children: a pretty story and worthy of the traveller's faith. No Roman Legend ever came with greater weight of truth, which the Poet and Historian told, firing noble youths for the World's Conquest. It now contains, the Captain tells me, several hundred inhabitants, and is cultivated. I stood with him on the bridge for several hours, to watch our approach and passage through the Strait between it and the main. The land is high on either hand; the Strait is narrow and the water deep. For some time, drawing nearer, the lofty snow-crowned Sorata loomed above the Island—a solid mass of snow, a worthy introduction to each other, the Mountains and the Island of the Sun; a fit inspiration, too, for an Inca's birth. Passing through the Strait we came to the lower lying Island of the Moon; sacred, also, in Legendary Inca lore. By this time the Stars were studding thick the Heavens everywhere, and I bade my kind friend, good-night!

LA PAZ, BOLIVIA, HOTEL LIEUTAUD,
Friday, October 26, 1888.

Here I am in La Paz, in the heart of Bolivia, and of the South American Continent! Doubtless it sounds to you very far away; it did to me before I came. The manner of my reception has taken that sense of farness from it. The continuance of my story will tell you.

At daylight the Steamer fulfilled her promise, and landed us at Chilacaia. I arose with the stoppage to see about my seat in the Stage which, with a run of forty-five miles, was to bring me to this City of La Paz. My friend Beaumont was not up, and the Captain went ashore with me to engage my seat. I found it a well preserved old Troy Coach, for nine inside, with other appointments you know of. The seats would certainly, the agent said, all be taken. I chose the middle one, next the window, on the left, that I might have the outlook towards the Mountains most conspicuous on the ride.

I then returned to the Steamer and took my bread and coffee. Mr. Beaumont, I regret to say, here left me, he having to go down the River Desaguadero on business will remain on the Steamer. But he went ashore and continued with me till eight o'clock, the hour of leaving, wandering around among the Indians, the Llamas and the Donkeys, and looking at the town of several hundred inhabitants, built mostly of adobe and thatched with straw; the Custom House and a warehouse or two roofed with tiles. I was truly sorry to part with Beaumont; he had been, from the time of our meeting, most attentive and kind, and on this Tour from Arequipa, exceedingly useful. I certainly wish him all good things.

As I have said, the Stage was full outside and in. They presented a crowd, some of them by no means attractive for such a ride. There was a German Lady, whom I don't think I have mentioned before—a Miss Cassons, I caught her name—who came up from Mollendo, and was on her way to join her brother in La Paz. She spoke English "just a *leetle*." She was tall, but not willowy; but it affords me pleasure to say, was agreeable, and did whatever she could with her "*leetle*" tongue to be useful to me. Not one of the rest spoke my language, who were all men, save a woman and two dirty ill-conditioned children. The little creatures had not been washed for many a day, and were covered with sores; and having infants'

usual habits, the Stage was not so fragrant as a flower garden. I was glad my seat was by a window. One of the men was a black-gowned Priest, not much cleaner than the babies. Altogether, in the composition, I have not been with such a lot since my ride, you remember, by Nauders into Landeck.

But the outside drew me from the in. We had eight fine horses, two abreast, spirited, all well broken, with a skilful driver; and we sped wonderfully, considering our great altitude, for the whole distance is over a Plateau of more than twelve thousand feet above the Sea. Indeed, from the time we reached that elevation, about forty miles this side of Arequipa, we have never descended below; often ascended greatly above it—at Alto on the Rail, 14,666; at Puno, 12,540; on Lake Titicaca, 12,505; La Paz, 12,270.

The Sorata Mountain I saw yesterday over the Island of the Sun; to-day the Sorata Range opened to me strung along the Eastern Sky for a hundred miles or more—Sorata dominating its Northern end. This is a noble Mountain, but I have seen its equal. But nowhere on the earth have I seen the equal of the Sorata Range. It is now said that Sorata is more than twenty-six thousand feet in height. If I am to judge by the Latitude and the weight of snow covering, I would not contradict the statement. You have seen how, from time to time, I have had to correct the stated altitudes of these Andean Peaks. Geographers and writers will have to similarly correct their maps, and charts, and declarations. I would not deny the greatest altitude that has been ascribed to Sorata, for its Range stretches mile after mile with grand and varied Sierra—a heaped up line of snow, seen from the Plateau more than twelve thousand feet above its base, yet still magnificently high, unrivalled by any I have seen; and you will say I have seen nearly all the famous Mountains in the World.

The wide Plateau, reaching from Mountain to Mountain on either hand, looks sterile enough; but now and then are towns seen in the distance, and houses scattered everywhere, built in humblest style, of stone, or of adobe, and roofed with thatch. Over large areas the stones have been gathered, making huge mounds, and the intervening spaces cultivated, but I should think with scant return—from both aridity and elevation. At the Stations, where we stopped to exchange Horses and Breakfast, I had an opportunity of observing the great care with which the grain is treasured, and its indifferent quality. The stacks were beautifully built and rounded, and the straw was

golden ; but the grain, called Barley, was more like shrivelled oats. Such products may keep the Indians, and their flocks and herds alive, but cannot be with utmost labor, sources of wealth or food for numerous populations. The farming implements I noticed were, like those in India, of primeval times.

In the afternoon, Illimani hove in sight, another celebrated Mountain. Soon, however, it covered its crown well with clouds, and thunder rumbled overhead, and we were driving in a storm of rain, and, snow and hail, which covered the Mountains and the plain speedily with a robe of white. A little longer, and one of the passengers gladly pointing forward, exclaimed, "Alto !" and a Column came in sight, on reaching which, a valley opened precipitously a thousand feet or more below us, on the farther edge of which stood this City of La Paz with its red-tiled Houses, surrounded by villas and cultivated fields, and presenting a scene of exceeding beauty. Our Driver gave his horses rein, and down we whirled along the rapidly descending spiral Road, with a speed, and as the result proved, a safety worthy Hank Monk's skill and fortune. Driving pell-mell through the City's cobbled streets with the pride a Driver feels behind good steeds, and exciting the admiration of the lookers on, about the hour of four, he pulled up at the Station.

Soon we were surrounded by a curious crowd, of which I was as speedily relieved by Mr. Samuel S. Carlisle, the United States Minister, introducing himself to me and bidding me welcome to the City. Mr. McCord had telegraphed him I was coming. He also introduced me to Mr. Houston, a gentleman from Maryland, now engaged in lighting La Paz with electricity, and giving my Baggage to the servants, escorted me to this Hotel, and soon I felt perfectly comfortable and at home in the nice Room they had ready for me.

Mrs. Carlisle usually takes her meals here ; but she is now confined to her Room with sickness ; for which she sent me her regrets. After Dinner, Mr. Carlisle came and brought me American Papers to give me latest news ; and we sat and talked for several hours until, as I have remarked, the sense of distance was obliterated and together we felt at home.

My Room windows open on the Grand Plaza, beyond and full in front looms up Illimani, twenty-four thousand eight hundred and twelve feet in height ; the rain and clouds passing away, the Sun for my benefit circled his head with light. Before I went to bed I

walked out with Mr. Houston to see how his Electric works were doing on the Public Square. It was curious to see them flashing in the antique place—now silent and deserted, where an hour or two before I saw the Indians—men and women—with their Ponchos and Papooses, tending their Donkeys and their LLamas. Surely in this active age of electricity and steam, the manners and modes of Raees do strangely cross !

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Saturday, October 27, 1888.

It has rained off and on during the day, sometimes with thunder and heavy pour-down ; and then ceasing, the clouds breaking from the Mountains, which completely surround the City, would promise, with blue patches of Sky, the coming of clear weather. But the promise was not fulfilled.

The day, however, was not lost ; Mr. Carlisle brought me some papers with which I amused myself, and my large and well furnished Room opening with two windows upon the Plaza ; that, with its contents and environment afforded me occupation. On it stands the Barracks, and the so-called soldiers of Bolivia paraded themselves now and then to the music of a Bugle, wearing caped-overcoats that reached almost to their heels, walking with slow and measured tread, whether from indolence or the thinness of the atmosphere I cannot say. A fountain occupies the centre of the large stone-paved area, said to be the design and workmanship of an Aimara Indian, if so a worthy work, whither people were incessantly coming to get water, which they carried away in earthen jars, that have been used somewhere or whither, of the same form and portage since Jacob met Rachel at the well. The unfinished square, twenty feet in height, of an immense Cathedral, stands facing one side the Plaza and running back several blocks. Bugun by Bolivia in National pride, like many another house, without counting the cost, fifty years ago came to a stand-still for the want of funds, and from present appearances will not soon be finished. Evidently, from the work already done, it would have been, when completed, a splendid Edifice, probably the finest Cathedral in South America : of granite, the doorways and openings elaborately wrought and adorned with Corinthian Columns of skilful workmanship ; thus often do the highest aspirations fail. Across the Plaza without cessation moved droves

of LLamas and Mules, and Burros or Donkeys bearing their burdens in or out.

After Breakfast Mr. Carlisle brought Mr. Todd to see me—a young gentleman from New Hampshire, who was invited here by the Bolivian Government to organize a Public School, under a contract for four years' service. He is a Presbyterian, and soon after his arrival the Priests stirred up opposition to him, and before the end of his first year had succeeded in their efforts, and ousted him. Mr. Todd was notified his services would be no longer needed as Principal; a Priest was installed in that position, and he was informed that he would be employed as an Assistant, which he declined; and thus he is left in the strange country with a wife and child and without occupation. Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle have been very kind to them, and they have called their child after her. He is an intelligent man, and has the sympathy of those who are acquainted with him and the circumstances of his bad treatment. But who can be surprised, who knows anything of this people, or has even seen them?

Mr. Stumpf, a German Miner and Engineer, called, and we had much talk in regard to Mining and its pursuit and future in Bolivia. He says its mineral resources are wonderfully great. The mines have been worked by the Indians and the Spaniards, and the evidences of it show that in the generations millions of men have been employed. The Indians worked them, for how long a time no one knows. The Spaniards came and wrenched from them the fruit of their labor, and when that was exhausted, seized them, and making of them slaves, continued the search by sacrificing the lives of thousands in their wild greed. He says the surface stone and boulders of Rivers have been bodily removed down to the bed rock, requiring incalculable expenditure both of time and men. His observations on this and the area of land, once cultivated, satisfy him that a much larger population was at one time here than now exists. This I have already remarked upon.

He is investigating the Mountains around Lake Titicaca, and thinks them rich in Lead and Silver—the former especially. This was well known to the Aborigines, who with their usual custom in their vocabulary of giving names significant of characteristics, called it Titicaca—"Lead upon High Rocks;" not significant, however, of the fascinating stories which have made it famous in Romance and History.

After Dinner Mr. Houston, and Mr. Groil, his Chief Engineer, took me to the Headquarters to show me the machinery with which he lights La Paz by electricity. It is some distance from the Hotel, and was a pretty long walk ; but in taking it I had an opportunity of seeing how admirably he had fulfilled his contract in illuminating the up and down, narrow streets of the City, and enabled pedestrians to traverse the cobbled thoroughfares with safety. The streets are laid upon the uneven contour of the ground on which the City stands, of cobble stones ; the principal ones with good smooth pavements—the smaller, cobbled clear across, or with sometimes a row or two of smooth flat stones for sidewalks.

The affair seems most admirably conducted, and everything in order ; and I had much satisfaction in looking into the manner in which the light is generated. The Engine is fired by LLama manure—the cheapest fuel to be obtained in this timberless-coalless country. But the waters of the La Paz River will soon be utilized, and they are constructing Machinery, by which, through a turbine, its rushing flow will be made to economize both expense and labor. This will be an important point gained, for the enormous consumption by the Engine, and the limited supply of the fuel used, make it a serious matter, not only to the enterprise, but to the poor people who use it for domestic purposes.

The story of the introduction of the strange force among this primitive and ignorant people is very curious. They could not understand it. And in the midst of their wonderment, there was an Eclipse of the Moon. The Indians were terrified, and imagined some dreadful calamity from this sacrilegious invasion of her prerogatives. They gathered in crowds, excitedly to discuss the situation, and threatened to destroy the Devil's infernal work. They rushed out and built propitiatory fires upon the hill-tops ; and to the Cathedral and Churches and rang the bells. The Priests, instead of allaying, added to the frenzy, by encouragement ; and lent their Churches and Services to increase it. Of all the improper things I have heard of the Romish Priesthood in these Countries, this was the most impious and most infamous. Is it possible, that the portion of the Church, which is in the forefront of intelligence and learning among civilized peoples, knows of these things and tolerates them ? Surely if it does, it is counting in this advancing age upon future

strength and progress without its host. It becomes Rome to look into the doings of her servants here.

IN SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Sunday, October 28, 1888.

This has been a busy and interesting day, to which the fineness of its weather contributed. Illimani was uncovered, and from my window in the early morning, greeted me, and during the day in my wanderings was from different parts of the City conspicuous.

Mr. Carlisle came at nine o'clock by appointment, and we started out. First thing on our way, the hem of my pantaloons having ripped, I sat down on a stone upon the sidewalk and got a street Tailor to stitch it up, which soon gathered about me a curious crowd of Indian children, big and little. The workman did his job speedily and well.

We then went to Mr. Grundy's, the Agent of the Steamer and Railroad Line, to get, if possible, a Ticket through to Mollendo, my intention being to leave to-morrow on my return. He informed me he could give it. Then we went to the Stage Station to engage my seat; the Office unhappily was closed. Subsequently, Mr. Houston sent his servant and engaged me passage.

And then we visited the Market and some Curio shops. The Market is the largest and most extraordinary I have ever seen in a City the size of this—fifty thousand people. The Place itself is large; but many streets, for hundreds of yards, leading to it, this morning were thronged with sellers and buyers: the former, generally, women, squatting on the sidewalks, in the midst of their commodities; these commodities representing every production almost, natural and artificial, of Bolivia.

Being Sunday and, also, a Feast Day, the crowd was greater than usual, and the people were in their best attire, consequently more respectable looking than those I saw in Arequipa; but I cannot say presenting apparently an essentially more vigorous Race, giving promise of a brighter future for their Country from any promised outcome in them.

I bought some small earthenware utensils, representing those in the domestic use of the people, as I saw them on the Plains or in the houses of the City; and also a representation of those used by their

ancestors during Inca rule, centuries ago, which was made manifest to us on our visit to the Museum an hour or two later. Strange, but no change has come to this feeble Race in the intervening generations. I also bought a woollen cap, well woven and embroidered, and of bright colors, which both men and women wear, and a few charms which they carry about their persons to ward off danger or invite power, and a pair of Raw Hide Slips, used for the protection of their feet, and other curiosities to add to our collection. I forgot to mention some Gold Embroidery, done by the natives, which will make a handsome ornament for the wall.

By this time it was our Breakfast hour, and we returned to the Hotel. In the afternoon Mr. Houston, and Mr. Groil, his Manager, joined us, and we wandered again in the Market, finding curious things and people among the immense throng; and everywhere, whatever the seeming poverty, apparent contentment; then to the Museum, a small, ill-prepared and badly-cared-for collection—the most interesting things being those belonging to the Inca age; then to the Alameda, quite a pretty spot, improved with walks and trees, but few people out this afternoon. I regretted this, because I wished to see some of the better class, if there be any such. On our return we stopped at the hither end of the Alameda, and in a small enclosure fenced off from the public Promenade, found a Cock Pit, and went in—not so much to see the fight, but the crowd which had assembled to witness it. It was a small ring, like that of a Circus, with seats around, uncovered. The crowd was not great, and such as you would expect to see at such a place in such a country; though there was no disorder, there was intense interest. Strange to say, I never saw a Cock Pit before, and never saw a regular Cock-fight in private or public in my life. The President of the Ring was an old stager, who sat with stolid but attentive observation, watching the scene, with a small bell on the table by his side, to regulate the game. Neither of the Cocks were good looking Chickens—a white and a red; the former rather the smaller, though evidently the more skilful; they fought without gaffs.

The battle lasted an hour or more, with alternate promise of victory, both chickens thorough game and evidently in for it to the death. I did not understand the rules of the Ring; once the more vigorous Red Cock knocked the White flat of his back; immediately his owner crossed the Ring, and taking him by the wings lifted him

upon his feet. On probably a half dozen occasions, towards the end of the contest, when the Cocks were fronting each other nearly exhausted, their mouths full of feathers and blood, their respective owners would step in and, lifting them up, clean their bills and put them in the attitude of battle again. They both fought with desperate courage and fortitude, neither thinking it possible or proper to get away from his antagonist by flight. The Red Cock had but one eye towards the end; the White's eyes were intact, but his head a mass of wounds and blood, both panting for breath, though the Red the more vigorous. Now they would cease and stand looking at each other, and then summoning all their strength, renew the battle. After awhile the White sank upon the ground through sheer exhaustion; the Red looked down at him, but disdained to strike a fallen foe—simply shook himself and crowed. Without a word of exultation or sorrow, the owners lifted up the Cocks and carried them away, and the stakes were distributed by the old man with the bell.

We came away; this one exhibition was enough for me. The impression made was similar to that of the Bull Fight at Matanzas on my first Tour. The Chickens were the noblest creatures here, as the Bull was there, and I included myself, though only a spectator, among the non-noblest, for having witnessed it. But I went simply to see a custom of the Country—so universal and approved that they are held under the auspices of the Church, the admission fees devoted to religious and charitable purposes. It did not spoil me, nor make me anxious for another. And when we left the brutal place whom should we meet but Mrs. Carlisle and some friends walking in the Alameda! I forthwith assumed the whole responsibility of being there, and beguiling her husband, and telling her that however low and criminal the proceeding, she could have this consolation, that it would never be repeated by either of us; and if we had been afflicted with a curiosity amounting to disease, the offence itself had worked a radical and permanent cure. How long will these bestial exhibitions of Bull and Cock fights survive among the Romanic Peoples as National Pastimes!

I walked home with Mrs. and Mr. Carlisle, and sat awhile and talked of Bolivia and our own Country; she is a New Orleans Lady and a superior woman; he a soldier in the Southern Army, and she a warm Confederate. They have gathered many curios of the Country. She gave me a small Balsa Totorá, the curious Bulrush Boat of which

I told you on Titieaca, and a beautiful square Rug, made of Vieuña and Alpaea and LLama skins, that will make another handsome ornament for our walls.

Thus ends an interesting day, of which I wish I had time to write you more.

I forgot to tell you in my wanderings how La Paz is sewerred, and by the torrent of the River of its own name, flowing through the City, is eleansed of its refuse. Nor have I told you how in coming here I have crosseed the Andean watershed, and how this River is an affluent of the Madeira, whose waters we saw some months ago swelling the Amazonian flood.

IN SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Monday, October 29, 1888.

Mr. Carlisle came this morning, and finished with me the securing of my Ticket in the Stage and through passage to Mollendo. I found I could not get the seat I desired—the middle one on the right, that I might see the Mountains again towards the East; it had been already taken; but Mr. Houston sent his servant to learn who had taken it, and being informed that it was by a Lady of the City whom he knew, readily got her to echange with me, she having seen the Country many times. I got what money I wished from Mr. Grundy, a Merehant and the Agent of the Line, advanceed on my Letter of Credit.

Mr. Carlisle and I then wandered about and amused ourselves in the shops and stores, and looking at the people. I bought a pieee of Gold Embroidery done on white silk, similar to my own, and sent it to Mrs. Carlisle as a present; a slight token of her generosity to me, and of her and Mr. Carlisle's unremitting kindness and attention since my arrival here. We Breakfasted together at the Hotel, and in the afternoon I went to their Rooms and sat awhile. Mr. Carlisle had taken the trouble, in the meantime, to get me a Silver Spoon for the Set, of eurious Bolivian workmanship, and a full assortment of Bolivian coins now in use; they showed me a young Vieuña they have, which they hope to take with them to the United States; but in this I fear they will be disappointed—the timid thing will die. It is slender, and graceful and gentle as our Antelope when vaulting over the Pampas. The LLama and the Alpaea have

been tamed ; the Vicuña and the Guanaco, not, I think I have remarked before, and hunted, as they are, for their valuable hair or wool, and skins, will soon be utterly exterminated—especially the Vicuña whose sphere is limited, and whose wool and skins are most precious. The Guanaco ranges to Patagonia and the Straits, and will longer survive ; though the fate of both, sooner or later, is sealed, and like our own Buffalo will soon be only Historic. The LLama and Alpaca are domesticated and will survive till Railroads dispense with their services, and speedier modes of transportation be required. It is a pity that the Romance of Labor should be thus destroyed !

I called on Mr. and Mrs. Todd and saw the young baby representative of the United States—born under the Stars and Stripes on foreign soil, and named after the wife of their Representative. His treatment here has been very harsh ; but how could he have expected other, from the Church, jealous of his presence, and intolerant of foreign elements, especially in the education of the young, the seed corn of its future harvest ? and so I told him.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle returned to the Hotel, and we—including Houston and Groil—all took our final dinner together, and sat an hour or two in pleasant talk and then adjourned to Mr. Stumpf's, by invitation, where we spent the evening till eleven o'clock—an hour, you will say, beyond my time ; but I could not break away and spoil the entertainment. I met there a young German Professor of the Leipsic University, travelling in South America, studying its Geography and Archæology. We had much pleasant talk, he speaking English, about his own Country and this, and the hours passed pleasantly.

Mr. Stumpf gave me an Inca earthenware plate,—found among the ruins of Tichuanaco—an exceedingly valuable present, as my friends said, and hard to obtain. I will try to bring it home with me, though my purchases and donations are growing bulkily on my hands, and our collection will be more than we can handle. Our friends can't get through our Rooms, in one sitting or promenade.

ON STEAMER JAPURA, LAKE TITICACA,
Tuesday, October 30, 1888.

The Stage left La Paz for Chilacaia, on Lake Titicaca, this morning at seven and a half o'clock. Last evening all parties escorted me

to the Hotel to bid me farewell! And among the many delightful experiences, and hospitalities, and kindnesses I have received everywhere on this extensive Tour, none will linger longer in my memory and recall more untiring efforts to add to my pleasure and profit, than those in such unmeasured quantities poured upon me by my friends in the far away and antique La Paz—not one of whom I had ever seen before, but who seemed to know me and treated me with the affection of a life-long friendship.

Not satisfied with escorting me home last night, Mr. Carlisle, Mr. Houston and Mr. Groil went with me at half-past six to the Stage Station, a good long walk, and especially to be appreciated, as it was raining quite hard. Mr. Houston introduced me to the lady who had exchanged seats with me, and I thanked her in best Romanic style, which she said was nothing to the gratification it gave her to add to my pleasure and profit in travelling through her country and observing the beauties and grandeurs of which she was very proud. In courtesy, I was resolved that the rude Anglo-Saxon should not be outdone by the mannerly Castilian.

At the appointed hour the whistle sounded, and the eight fine horses moved off to climb the winding road, down which we had a few days ago descended so royally into the big cusp where La Paz nestles, reminding me in some respects of my descent into the Rhone Valley by the Furca Pass.

The Stage was full again, inside and out—all men and boys, save the lady who had been so courteous to me. Several bottles of Aguardeniente circulated to avoid the Soroche. The remedy turned out worse than the disease. The boys, five or six of them on their way to their homes in Lima and Arequipa, from school in La Paz, partook more than their young brains and nerves would stand, and were declamatory beyond the normal rules of Declamation in well-ordered schools. Their seniors were none the less eloquent, and Soroche was overcome at the expense of silence. But I cannot say that a single one of them, though they would have done credit to young America, violated the rules of propriety; and though crowded, and only one spoke English, I had a pleasant ride.

But the Sky nearly the whole day was overcast, and came down often in rain. The Mountains I desired to see again during the ride were hid—Illimani, Potosi, Illampu, and Sorata and its marvellous Range, only appeared now and then. The wind blew and the thun-

der thundered, and promised us a rough time on the Lake. I observed, however, that the rain was very partial, and in the ride of forty-five miles there were four or five alternate sections of wet and dry—now the wheels throwing mud in their revolutions, now filling the air with dust. I shall not bother you with another description of the country.

The apprehensions of a stormy time continuously was not realized. When we neared Lake Titicaca the clouds lifted, and Sorata and its Range came out to greet us with a brilliancy quite equal to its first appearance. The Sun helped them all he could, and seemed to inspirit our eight fine horses, as they at full speed hurried us, with much rattle of wheels, into the village of Chilacaia.

Forthwith we were surrounded by Indian boys and men to help us with our Baggage. I chose two of them and at once proceeded to the Pier in search of the Steamer which was to carry me to Puno. On arrival at its Landing, I found to my regret it was not the Yavari, which had borne me outward so pleasantly and safely, but another, called the Japura. I forthwith looked around and found the Second Officer, who gave me cordial welcome. He is a Peruvian, who speaks English. After awhile, the Captain, Juan Salaverry, came and renewed the welcome, and I found that I had not gone amiss, though lighting upon another Steamer and Officers from those I hoped to have.

The Steamer is about the size of the Yavari, one hundred tons the Captain told me, and much of the same build. It has two inner and two outer State-rooms, accommodating two each; and the Sofas around the Dining Saloon can be converted into Bunks. The Second Officer gave up his Room to me. I protested; but he insisted, that he would be up half the night, and could spend the residue in the Saloon. And thus things were for me most comfortably arranged.

I found the Engineer was English, and we soon made each other's acquaintance, and had much pleasant talk. The Captain, too, speaks some English, and at the Dinner we talked for several hours and exchanged knowledge, in which I was satisfied with the portion I received. He is an intelligent man, and anxious to learn, and whatever was imparted beyond his sphere, received it thankfully, which I did, with equal appreciation, from him in turn.

Not long after Dinner I went to Bed, anticipating a rough time. The wind which howled over the Pampas, it is true, had lulled, but I hardly thought would sleep all night.

ON SAME STEAMER, AND AT PUNO, PERU,

Wednesday, October 31, 1888.

My apprehensions of last night were not realized. It was calm, and the little Steamer puffed along without moving me in my Berth. But in the morning the Captain told me that whilst it did not blow, it otherwise misbehaved, and caused him much trouble and delay by darkness, fog, and rain. But when the morning came, it brought all that could be desired, and we passed through the Canal, and by the Monumental Island, where the young Naturalist rests, and came to Puno, in its cusp of terraced Mountains, in the brightness of a mid-day Sun.

I was, as usual, up early. The little Steamer has only one place for washing and fixing up, and that in the common Saloon. When I was done, and was sitting on one of the unoccupied Sofas, the boys, of whom I have spoken, were looking at some pictures. Thinking they were Photographs, I went and examined them, and found they were Sacred pictures, well done and colored highly, of the Virgin and Infant, in various forms and attitudes, and many of the Romish Saints. I was greatly impressed with this exhibition, and the unswerving diligence of the long-lived Hierarchy, which never loses sight of its high aim, guarding not only the old, but carefully tending the fortunes of those who are to follow, and keeping before their eyes the images around which not only its ceremonials, but its fundamental doctrines centre. The boys, I had seen, were like all other boys: yet they handled these emblems with apparent reverence. The Church of Rome, though now guilty of many follies, in some measure counteracts their effect, by many wise and worldly prudent modes.

Before we landed, remembering my Hotel experience in Puno, I resolved to remain on board till to-morrow morning, when I take the train for Arequipa, and saw the Officers to obtain their consent; which was most cheerfully given. This will not only be more comfortable, but much more convenient for the taking of the train.

When the Passengers had cleared out, several came and spoke to me, who had met me before, and offered their services; among them

Mr. Dallas McQuistan, of Cleveland, Ohio, now an Engineer on this Line, living in Arequipa, where I met him ; and Charlie Newcomer, an Agent at the Station here. The Second Officer said he would go to town with me ; but not liking to take him from his work, I went with McQuistan, who assured me he could absent himself without inconvenience.

We had a pleasant stroll together among the shops and people on the streets and in the Market, and I bought some little curiosities—among them a breast-pin quite common with the Indians, made in the fashion of a spoon ; a raw hide whip, which the Aymaras ride and drive with, which will do to keep company with the Lasso I bought in Santiago : a rope made of LLama wool, with which they bind the burdens on the gentle creatures' backs, or indicate their duty to stand by simply throwing it upon or about their necks. I bought one in the Market Place, but I wanted one from the girls who drove them, as having more interest. This my friends said I could not get, because there was a superstition forbidding such sale. This was rather confirmed by my experience in several efforts before ; for I had tried, and on each occasion failed. I determined to try again. On our return to the Station there was a large and beautiful drove in the charge of three girls. One of them had a fine rope in her hand, which they carry coiled and whirl about their heads in commanding their obedient herd, and I indicated my desire to buy it. She declined. I insisted, and produced the money—ten times the value of the rope. She looked wistfully at it, and then called her sisters into council, and after consultation, though seemingly refusing, evidently consented : holding the rope loosely in her hand, and allowing it to be replaced with money. This was no sale—a simple robbery—and the money was a gift. Thus the evil omen was averted, and no bad luck could follow. I will carry these things home with me. I was anxious to buy a curious Pin of Silver for you, which one of the Market Women wore, but no inducement I could offer had any effect upon her. The thing had a charm about it too strong even for lucre to dissolve, though she evidently wanted and needed the lucre badly.

Charley Newcomer said he would get me a Vicuña Poncho in Puno better than I could buy it myself ; and in the afternoon one was sent to me on the Steamer ; but I did not think it handsome enough, and declined to take it. Captain Gamaro of the other Steamer had a beautiful one which he had never used—entirely

new—together with a Scarf, which he said to gratify me he would let me have for what he gave—fifty dollars. But, unfortunately, we may not meet again, and I will lose the opportunity. I want to get one to take home with me as a curiosity ; not only as a simple Poncho, but also of the Vicuña wool. The Poncho is worn all over South America, but is absolutely universal on these lofty Plains with every class of Society, high and low—to the latter, a mantle with the capacious covering of Charity ; to both, a shield against every kind of weather—hot or cold, wet or dry, protecting them in the midday heats from the the Sun's fierce rays, and at night from the searching chill coming from the ever-abiding snow, like whiskey, of universal application, making one warm when cold, cool when warm. Everybody, everywhere and when, wears a Poncho on these heights—of course, most of them made of common wool. The beautiful Vicuña suffers for the fine ones. It is the Camel's Hair of the Western Hemisphere, and as valuable and costly. The former will survive because the beast which bears its raw material is useful to carry men's burdens ; the latter, I apprehend, will soon disappear, and the beautiful robes and textures woven from their flecce, be only preserved among curious and precious things.

The Second Officer went to town to make arrangements to send his wife to Mollendo ; the Captain and I took our meals on the little Steamer alone. After Dinner we sat some time and talked of Peru and of her sad fortunes. He could not penetrate her future—dark enough it seemed to him in all conscience. He did not want her resources sold under the Grace Contract, by which foreign Capitalists take possession of her for simple speculation ; yet he could not see how the broken Country could lift herself from the desolation in which she sat. Peru's History has been full of romantic interest, and the Captain's talk this evening, he so serious and sorrowful, brought to my mind more than one story of fallen Empire, about which Epics have been, or may yet be written.

AREQUIPA, PERU, AT HOTEL AMERICANO,

Thursday, November 1, 1888.

It rained all last night ; but I was snug enough in my puny State-room in the Steamer at the Landing, on the famous Titicaca. The arrival of the Stage at Chilacaia, day before yesterday, gave me a

glorious parting view of the magnificent Sorata and its Range, and the Lake was at its best till the night-time fell. This morning another lovely day came, and continued to Arequipa, where we arrived at Sunset.

We left Puno, on Lake Titicaca, at half-past seven o'clock ; at six, an hour and a half before, the Steamer Yavari came in. I went aboard of her and obtained from Captain Gamaro the Vicuña Poncho of which I have spoken, and had a pleasant chat with him. By this time I knew all the Officers of both Steamers, and at the Station and Landing, and when the train came down to the Boat to take on passengers, there was quite a gathering to bid me Good Bye ! and when we moved off, a waving farewell of hats.

The first class Car was quite full ; all of whom I knew and all of whom knew me, but from talking with whom I was forbidden by bar of tongue ; the Lady who gave up her seat for me, and the wife of the Second Officer, who introduced me to her, but with neither of whom I could talk, only enabled to offer little civilities by pantomime, but which they, woman and Spanish like, aptly appreciated.

I will not worry you with a reverse view of what I saw the other day on going up. The great Plain over which we travelled, lifted high above the Sea ; the Mountains terraced and cultivated once upon a time from toe to tip, telling of populations now gone into the Land of Shadows ; of the droves and herds of Donkeys and LLamas moving hither and thither across the Country, blending the practical and the beautiful, in greater harmony and with more striking effect, than when to our imagination, the Camels transform themselves into "Ships of the Desert." The men and women cultivating the land with implements which carry us back to the far off days of primeval husbandry ; their quaint costume and habits, the women's black hair combed back and hanging in two plaits behind the ears, the men's hanging down over the temples and below the chin in straight, flat locks ; their habitations scattered over the plains, built of stone or adobe, with thatched roofs ; inside dirty, and to our eye uncomfortable enough ; flocks of sheep here and there, tended by girls and boys, with faithful dogs, they say ; and around all this vast Plain of hundreds of miles, from twelve to fourteen thousand feet above the Sea, picturesque Mountains stand, often gleaming with varied color like burnished metal, sometimes streaked with snow, and dominated by the ever white crowned Domes, whose names you already know. At

the Stations, women and girls gather, with heads bare, or wearing hats like men, or towered head gear, built up with extraordinary architectural skill, bringing some of their handiwork for sale, or lower down, where water can be obtained, Figs, and Guavas, and Strawberries, done up in rough baskets, with leaves to look the better, to last the better, or to hide the quantity or the quality of the commodity for sale, an art well known to wood haulers not far from where you will read this Letter.

On going out, I observed these things with busy thought; coming back, I simply sat upon my cushioned seat in the gently gliding Car, and let the images pass across my mental vision, in sensuous revery. Which is the pleasanter and more profitable mood for travellers to visit strange Countries?

A little more than forty miles from Arequipa, we begin the descent into the Valley, where it stands surrounded by its luxuriant areas, guarded by the noble Mountains of which we have talked, till they are to you familiar names. On our arrival at the Station, my good Host, Keller, of the Hotel Americano, was there to greet me, and with a servant, to ease me of my baggage, and conduct me to his House. There I met my friend McCord awaiting me; and after taking dinner I walked up to his house to see his wife. She had ready for me, done up nicely in a box, the fac-simile of a LLama, freighted for the march, with a hundred pounds in boxes tied across his back; knowing how I admired the creatures, she had one made for me, to help me preserve the cherished memory, and, as she said, her name and good wishes associated with it.

We spent an hour together, and then I came back to the Hotel and went to bed, bidding her Good Bye! with many pleasant recollections of my stay in Arequipa.

AT MOLLEND, AND ON STEAMER MAIPO,

Friday, November 2, 1888.

McCord was down early to aid me to the Station, and see me safely off. Standing on the street waiting for the Tram to carry me to the Depot, Mr. Manuel S. Larrú—pronounced Larue, like ours—came up and said he would go along and help me with my trunk, and in getting seated. I forgot to say, in writing hastily yesterday's doings, that Mr. Larrú made himself known to me on the train soon after

leaving Puno, and we had a great deal of, to me, valuable talk, till we arrived in Arequipa. He is one of the Superintendents of this Railroad, and could give me much information, which he kindly did, with regard to it and Peruvian affairs in general.

To resume: he and McCord accompanied me to the Station, had my baggage passed free of charge, and saw me comfortably fixed. The crowd was great—every seat occupied. Near me sat a gentleman who introduced himself as Mr. Beaumont, brother of my friend whom I left, you remember, in Chilacaia, on Lake Titicaca. He, also, has been here many years, and is living in Arequipa. His wife was with him, and their children; he introduced me, but none of them could speak English. She is a pretty woman. He entertained me pleasantly during the entire journey. They were on their way to Mollendo to enjoy the Sea air, and baths.

My accommodating Lady friend from La Paz, and the wife of my friend the Second Officer of the Steamer on Lake Titicaca, were aboard; and though they could neither of them speak English I was not unmindful of them, but at the Stations, when fruit was offered—Figs, and Guavas, and Strawberries—presented them with some, which they recognized in true Castilian style.

You remember how we crossed a great Pampa, dry and barren, where the winds had moulded the sands into crescents, and the Mirage had in dishonest freak apparently put water, where no water ever flows or rests; how this Pampa is lower than the elevation of Arequipa, yet higher much than the Seashore; how they want to irrigate it, from Mountain sources, and convert the arid sands into blooming fields, which they, doubtless, would be, were their thirst quenched; how we climbed up to this Pampa from the Ocean Level, by winding courses, with distant views, hundreds of feet below us, of Oases, and beyond—the Ocean.

To-day these visions were reversed. When we reached the brow of the last descent, having crossed the Pampa under the brilliant sky, the second vision was quite equal to the first. The repetition brought no satiety. Far below us we saw the winding Road, and in the distance, a train climbing up to meet us, yet so many and curious are the curves, it seemed at times to be running parallel with us, and in the same direction; the Tam region lay below, opening in larger or smaller reaches, through Mountain rifts, with enticing vegetation, and with the bleak surroundings, amounting to the enchantment of

the Happy Valley ; beyond and bounding all, the deep blue Sea, making for itself a border of white foam, where it beat upon the shore. No wonder the shout of Xenophon's Ten Thousand, the Sea ! the Sea ! has, independent of the relief and safety it brought, inspired succeeding generations as it inspired them. To add to the magnificence of the vision, two Condors, the first I have seen upon the wing, circled over the scene in Imperial flight.

When I arrived at the Station in Mollendo, four hundred and seventy-eight miles from La Paz, Mr. Griffith met me, and with the information that the Steamer which heads this day was in, having been delayed two days on her passage Northward. I had designed staying all night in Mollendo, and taking the Steamer expected to-morrow. But I at once determined on my course, and told Griffith, in answer to his pressing invitation to stay, that, however much pleasure it would give me, my anxiety to get home had decided, and I must hurry on. The Vessel was near the hour of her departure, and he facilitated me in every way he could, and had my Baggage taken to the wharf, ordering my Deck Chair to be brought from his house, where I had left it on my trip to La Paz. I then went to Mr. Smart, the Agent, and procured Tickets, who offered me his Boat.

On our way to the Landing, we met with Señor Fernando Ramos Pachaco, the Chief of Customs, the gentleman who so courteously ordered my Trunk to be brought ashore on my arrival in Mollendo. He saluted me warmly, and tendered me his own Official Boat and Crew to take me to the Steamer. In a few moments all things were ready, Señor Pachaco accompanied me to the Landing, then my friends, Griffith and Mr. Taylor, Superintendent of the Road here, the latter of whom saw my Luggage put aboard, joined me and with uniformed crew, and under the Peruvian Flag, I rowed bravely through the Breakers and out upon the swelling Pacific : swelling so grandly, that when I reached the Steamer, I found I could not mount the stairway to the Deck with safety. The Captain ordered the chair to be lowered, and I was easily put aboard, where he and his Officers kindly welcomed me, and assigned me a first-rate State-room. I bade farewell to my friends, Taylor and Griffith, and thanked them heartily for their kindness.

When my things were comfortably fixed in my Room, and I walked out on Deck, whom should I meet but Colonel Guinness, my fellow-

traveller in Paraguay and the Argentine. I have occasion more than once to remark, how curious are these meetings! We had our seats together at table, and he told me of his adventures. He had delayed longer in the Argentine, and had come thither by the way of the Falkland Islands; and is now bound, on this Steamer, to Panamá, homeward. We will part again at Callao.

[I wrote to Mr. Griffith when I returned home, and received the following Letter, which contains information worth preserving.

MOLLEND, PERU, *February 17, 1889.*

Hon. Fred. W. M. Holliday:

My Dear Governor,—I received your kind Letter of 4th January, and I assure you I was much pleased to hear from you, and to learn that you had reached your home in safety, which no doubt seemed doubly dear to you after your long absence in Foreign Countries; and I will venture to say, that in all your travels you saw no place you liked near so well.

Our life here is just about the same as when you were with us, with no material change one way or another. The Grace Contract is the all-absorbing topic, and until it is disposed of, accepted or rejected, no change can take place worth mentioning. It has now a decided majority in its favor in Congress, but the Obstructionists are fighting it desperately, and have already absorbed the time allotted by Law to two Extra Sessions in antagonizing its passage, and it is generally feared, that when it comes to a vote, the Minority Party will to a man refuse to attend, and hence leave the House without a Quorum.

As the Government is strongly in favor of the Contract, and as Military Despotism here is unsurpassed even in Russia, it is supposed that strong measures will be taken to prevent their desertion and force them to a vote.

In relation to our troubles, incident to the violation of the Consulate, the particulars of which are familiar to you, I have to announce the amicable termination of all Diplomatic differences; and though Peru refused positively to apologize for the outrage committed—a demand formally made by the United States Government, still our

Minister, Mr. Buck, upon the simple disclaimer of intent to offend, concluded to drop the matter, and call it ended. I do not know what influenced Mr. Buck's action on the Question, but evidently his motives must have been very powerful to induce him to close in so unceremonious a manner a Question so deeply affecting the dignity of the United States. Of course, you can understand, that Mr. McCord and myself are much dissatisfied at the stand taken by our Government, as it compromises us greatly, and will render our stay here more difficult than ever.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle stayed a few days with me recently on their way to Chili, a Country they desired to see before returning to their home in the United States.

Hoping that I may hear from you occasionally, whenever your time will permit, believe me to be,

Very truly your friend,
W. R. GRIFFITH.]

ON SAME STEAMER, *Saturday, November 3, 1888.*

A good quiet night's rest followed the busy proceedings of my trip to La Paz. The Ocean continued to roll in big billows, breathing heavily and tossing the Ship like a cork upon its bosom. Some great trouble had befallen it, far off perhaps in other Latitudes, and it had not gotten over the annoyance. But these manifestations of temper do not disturb me now, and I slept soundly.

Looking back over the detour to Bolivia, it seems to me one of the most pleasing episodes of my long travel. I trust, in the rapid story of its doings, I have been able to impart to you some slight impression of the scenes and experiences I enjoyed.

On going out this morning, the same bleak and barren shore line presented itself, which you have seen Peru delights in; Mountains abutting on the shore, without a sprig of vegetation, and with arid gleaming fronts. A mist hung over and about them, and out, too, over the Sea, and hid the Sun; and thus continued for many hours. Indeed, during the entire day it was not perfectly clear, and though now a good distance within the Tropics, there was no sense of heat; a delicious breeze came from the shore, and being on deck to enjoy it was a delight, whether the ship was in motion or at rest.

We stopped at Lomas—one hundred and eighty-six miles from Mollendo—about midday, and remained till six o'clock, loading and unloading freight. It is a wretched looking place of ten or a dozen houses, seated among the rocks and sand, nothing to relieve it, save the Ocean putting on the attractive by the conversion of itself into foam upon the tempestuous looking shore.

From eighty to a hundred cattle were here taken on. The creatures brought out in Barges, and lifted aboard by their horns, a cruel proceeding, which they resisted, but what could they do against the power of Steam? In South America, what a misfortune are horns to the poor brutes! By these, they are worked; by these, they are lassoed; by these, they are transported; by these, they are hauled to the slaughter. The Captain and I were walking the deck, and he agreed with me in regard to the brutality of the proceedings; but he could do nothing—custom justified it—admitting, that if he took them for unloading to a British Port, a heavy fine would follow, were he to attempt it there, under laws against cruelty to animals.

Whilst resting at Lomas, the Steamer Bolivia, of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, came, bound from Panamá, Southward, laden heavily with Tropic fruits—a part of which she put off here.

When the hour of our departure came, the mists had gone, and the Stars, one after another creeping out, I stood long upon the Fore-castle Deck, enjoying the summer breezes, and the Sea and Sky, the brave ship ploughing her way resistlessly onward.

ON SAME STEAMER, *Sunday, November 4, 1888.*

A beautiful day this has been, above and below, both Sky and Sea. The latter has breathed out its discontent and has been unruffled, and the former has been rejoicing with it in its peacefulness.

Early I was on Deck, enjoying both. Soon we came to the Chinchá Islands, on our East, a short way off. At first, seen obliquely, they look like a single low-lying Rock; moving past them, they develop into three. These are the famous Guano Beds from which such wealth came to Peru, and, when philosophically considered, such disaster also. Chili conquered, and owns, and holds them, as indemnity for the War; but they have been used up and are virtually worthless now.

The Birds which made them have gone, too, leaving comparatively few representatives; of course, millions of them came and went for many thousands of generations—numerous as those which I saw thronging Scandinavia's Northern shores. Their successors still are here, and a good many, especially Pelicans and Black Divers, scud flapping across the water, in long lines, following a file leader; but the Captain says, exceeding few in comparison with the thousands which he saw abounding in these Seas a few years ago. Driven from the roosts and nests of their ancestors by the Robbers of their Heritage; the wings and smoke of Commerce constantly disturbing their repose; the wonder of Chíncha will never again be repeated, and its architects will perish or fly to other and more quiet and safer homes. The Islands look deserted now by both birds and men.

At nine o'clock, in the distance we saw a long stretch of luxuriant vegetation upon the flat shore; behind it, the same bleak, barren Peruvian Mountains. This is Pisco, one hundred and fifty-seven miles from Lomas. In an hour more, Tambo de Mora—thirteen miles—comes in sight with similar exhibition of Tropic Life. By irrigation, these seemingly sterile regions have been made to bloom, and from the Sea they look like men's prosperous habitations. The Captain and others on the Ship tell me, that these two places and surroundings contain probably one hundred thousand people; their chief products for Exportation are sugar and wine—much of the latter in Barrels came aboard. It is astonishing how, in these Tropico-Volcanic Countries, water will convert the burning soil into garden spots. But we have seen how, in parts of Peru we have visited, the precious fluid cannot be had, or if available, the elevation is too great for valuable products.

It would have gratified me to have gone ashore and looked around awhile; but whilst pleasant on the Deck, the vegetation assured me, that to grow it, great heat was required which I should surely and most uncomfortably feel. I, therefore, let distance lend its enchantment.

To-morrow we come to Callao—pronounced Callaow. There I shall get off to visit Lima, and ascend the Mountains by the Oroya Route; more celebrated even than that from Mollendo to Puno, where we have just been. Again I regret to say, I will be delayed much longer than I desire for want of connection with Panamá. But you must have patience awhile yet; we will now soon be together again.

It is fourteen days before another Steamer passes Callao, making connection with the New York Line from Aspinwall; this is more time than I want; but it must be endured. I am in perfect health, and no epidemic prevails along this Coast, at any point.

I am impatient to reach Lima to get the Letters which have been following me around the Continent, or will meet me there, from Panamá, and give me tidings from you all. I truly hope mine have hurried safely to you, and told you how well I have been, and how prosperously I have travelled.

The Captain and I have had much talk to-day, on many things and subjects. I told him of the theft from which I had suffered. He said he was not surprised; since the Peru-Chilian war had ended, the community seemed to be overrun with thieves. Chili stole from them; they think they have a right to steal from anybody to replace their losses; and, consequently, constant thefts are taking place on land, and on ship-board too, of the most outrageous character, which never occurred before. He advised me to keep my State-room door locked. I am thankful my thief was kindly considerate in taking so little from me. He might have done much worse.

At six o'clock, passing the Camaña Valley, one of the largest and greenest I have seen in Peru, to reach which we passed a Coast line of sandy, low Mesa, sorry looking enough, we came to Cerro Azul in a recess of the Coast, off which we anchored a long distance by reason of the shelving, rocky shore. This is the last Port before reaching Callao, eighty-two miles from it, and thirty-three from Tambo de Mora.

I will now close this Letter and mail it with the Consul on shore to-morrow, with whom, also, I will consult regarding my future doings.

Good night! Keep me in your memory and heart a little longer, and then, God willing, we will embrace each other in our Homé.

With love for all,

F.

[No. 16.]

LIMA, PERU, HOTEL DE FRANCIA É INGLATERRA,

*Monday, November 5, 1888.**My Dear Margaret,—*

I finished No. 15 to Mary yesterday on Steamship Maipo, before reaching Callao. This morning I was out early to see our entrance into a Port of which we have heard much for many years. Prior to our Confederate War, the trade here was very large, and its name was often mentioned in our intercourse with South America. Whilst that trade has been destroyed or ceased, Callao is still the chief Peruvian Harbor, next in importance to Valparaiso on the Western Coast of the Continent; though they tell me the misfortunes of its Country in the War with Chili struck it a heavy blow, under which it still staggers.

I found our Captain at his post, and he pointed out to me the objects of interest on entering Callao; of which there are few. The town is on low ground, and, approaching, by no means conspicuous. Yet the surroundings are not to be despised, with its background of Mountains, and its Sea front. The air was full of mist, which shielding from the Sun, made the temperature pleasant, but prevented distinct distant views. Coming Northward along the Coast, just before reaching the City, several Islands project themselves, two or three small, and a large one—the last, farthest out, between which are channels that the Captain says are navigable, but not safe. He, therefore, rounded the large Island, and came to anchor inside, and awaited with impatience the arrival of the Medical and Customs Officers, who, on the whole Continental Coast, are proverbially slow. It was after nine o'clock before they came, and the prescribed regulations were gone through with, when a tug steamed out and we were towed into a Landing; the only one I have to the best of my recollection come across in all South America. Scores of boats came out, with Boatmen of every shade of color, to help us ashore; but I resisted their importunity, determining to await the Wharf.

When I had taken Breakfast, I went ashore, leaving my Baggage in my Room, locking the door and keeping the key, with the advice of the Captain and the caution caused by my late losses. Mr. Griffith had given me a Letter to Mr. John Eyre, of Grace & Co.,

and I called to see him. He received me most courteously, and tendered me any service. I told him I would like him to help me with my Baggage through the Custom House, if possible to avoid a rummage among my things. He said he would cheerfully do so.

I then called upon our Consul, Henry May Brent. He had not come in from Lima, where he resides, running to and fro daily to his Office here. I sat down and in a short time he arrived. I introduced myself, and received from him, also, such greeting as has invariably been tendered me by our Foreign Officials. He is from the District of Columbia, and has been Consul at Callao a good many years; has married here and has a family. I told him I proposed to go to Lima, and there and thence observe, or reach fields of observation, during the residue of my stay in Peru. He said he would return with me to Lima at half past one o'clock, and help me to my Hotel and Bankers, and do anything in his power for my comfort and convenience. I told him I would at once go to Grace & Co., and accept their offer to see my Baggage through the Customs, and meet him at the Station, prepared for Lima. Mr. Eyre sent porters to the Vessel to bring my things ashore, and had a man at the Custom House to inform the Officials who I was, and without examination or annoyance my Baggage was passed, and carried thence to the Lima Station. I gave Mr. Brent Letter No. 15, in three envelopes, which he promised to mail and forward for me by first through opportunity.

I bade my Captain, Wakely, of the Maipo, Good Bye! with regret. He is a fine specimen of the barly Britisher, from the Isle of Wight, and in our short intercourse, we had struck up quite an intimacy. His ship, the Maipo, is of twenty-five hundred or three thousand tons, of the South American or Chilian Line, the largest and finest in its build and appointments I have met in the circumnavigation of the Continent. I regret I cannot continue with him to Panamá, and told him so; which he reciprocated. But I must pass nothing of import without investigation; therefore, I make another detour into Peru. I hope my experiences may rival in interest those on my delightful journey to La Paz.

Mr. Brent met me at the Station according to promise, and whilst waiting for the train introduced me to several gentlemen; among them Captain Farquhar of the Trenton, United States Man-of-war, which I observed, on approaching Callao, a better looking Vessel

than most of the Tubs our Government sends abroad, as Ships; and so I told the Captain. He and several of his Officers came to Lima with us, and we had pleasant chat upon the way. When we parted at the Station here, they gave me a cordial invitation to visit them aboard, which I promised, if possible, to do before I left Peru.

We arrived in Lima safely, eight and a half miles from Callao. On the platform here, the Consul introduced me to Mr. Hubbell, one of the Officials of the Road, to whom I had a Letter of Introduction from Mr. Mayers, who said he would make arrangements for me to visit the Oroya Route during my stay, to greatest advantage. He then came with me to the Hotel which heads this Letter, and procured me a Room, such as could be had; the proprietor promising to give me a better one to-morrow. Then he went with me and entered my name in his Club, that I might amuse myself there when I chose, and then to the London Bank of Mexico and South America, where I found many Letters and Papers awaiting me. You and Taylor both say I have not acknowledged any Papers. This must be your mistake or my oversight. I thought I had recognized their receipt, for many from time to time have come to hand—ten packages to-day. Probably, I neglected to speak of them. The Letters absorbed me to their exclusion. I ought to mention that every package of Papers, and every Letter, were directed here; not one followed me around the Continent. Thus many, certainly some, were sent to my address upon the Eastern Shore, and have not yet overtaken me. This is confirmed, from the fact that there are breaks in the mention of incidents: you allude to Mr. William Baker's death as a thing already known to me, when to-day I learn it for the first time. These missing Letters may yet overtake me, or maybe follow me home, like one or two of those you sent to the East on my last Tour.

This death is a sad thing, and I can hardly realize it. When I saw him the day before leaving home, he looked well and in good spirits, and promised many years of life. His death is certainly a loss to our community, and in some respects, irreparable to his family.

I must name the Letters which have come to hand to-day:

Yours: August 26, September 2, September 9, September 16, September 23, September 30; Charles, September 4 and October 1.

Taylor : August 23, August 30, September 6, enclosing one from Randolph Harrison of August 29, September 12, September 16, September 23, September 29, October 4 ; and Mary August 29.

The afternoon was spent in reading these Letters—how delightfully, I need not say. I forgot all about Peru and Lima, and the Railroads, and the Incas, and Pizarro and other irrelevancies, and during those hours, was with you entirely.

Tell the Doctor I am charmed the Gray has gone. The keeping of her so long was an insult to Providence. How many times have your lives been put in jeopardy? The Doctor don't like the substitute, because ugly and unattractive, whilst horses to one at his and my age—pretty is, as pretty does. I trust the new one may do "pretty;" the "ugly" will take care of itself. Your Letters were full of news and delighted me. I can't talk now about their contents. Soon I will be with you, and chat then to our heart's content.

To Charles: I am truly sorry you did not get up to the Old Home. What a misfortune to Taylor! I reckon those darling children prevented; you could not tear yourself from the little things. It is a blessing you have them about you. Give my love to Mittie. Tell her she and I are too old now to be jumping about and getting our ankles sprained—must be more careful of our steps. Love to everybody of both Households.

To Taylor: Am glad you are getting on so well a-farming, and that Rogers will stay; it will save you the bother of getting another tenant. Don't worry about Carter; keep and work him: all things considered he has had a happy life.

To Mary: Delighted to hear the Mountains of Fincastle have done you such an amount of service. I trust you will take good care of yourself, and keep the newly acquired fat on till I get home.

This is all I have time to say about the Letters. Small, indeed, response to what conferred such pleasure. No one can anyway imagine the charms of news from home to one wandering or sojourning in distant Lands and among strange people. What would travel be without such recurrences—indeed, travel itself without the bond to Home is simple vagabondage.

In the evening I strolled through and around the Plaza, and down to the Exhibition Gardens and Buildings, a mile, probably, and then came back and went to bed. Thus ending my first day in Lima. I will tell you my impressions, when I see more of the historic City,

founded by Pizarro, the fierce and brutal adventurer, it became his bloody Mausoleum, fit retribution for his many monstrous cruelties.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Tuesday, November 6, 1888.

On opening my Satchel this morning, I found I had been robbed again; this time, another flannel overshirt and a pair of pantaloons. I think they were stolen by the porters who brought my Baggage from the Boat to the Station in Callao, or from the Station to the Hotel here. They were a Mulatto and a Peruvian, both villainous looking enough, whom I would not have trusted out of my sight, but for the insistence of my friends, who assured me they knew them, and that they were reliable. Two thefts in all my travels, and both in Peru! and from the looks of the people, and the condition of the Country, I do not wonder. War has manifestly been here; we know what that is, and wherever you go, are its evidences. The trail of the serpent is over all: marked upon the surface of the Country, and in the faces and bearing of the inhabitants. I ought to be satisfied, however, my losses are small—indeed, the loss will fall on Mack, for I intended both for him. I have heard of many such thefts, some involving heavy losses of money and other valuables. The whole Country in its demoralization and poverty is thus infested.

I went about ten o'clock to see Mr. Charles W. Buck, our Minister to Peru. Last night his Secretary of Legation called to see me. The former is from Kentucky; the latter from Pennsylvania—his name Richard K. Neill. Both were in and gave me a cordial reception. We had a good long talk about Peruvian people, Country and affairs. Mrs. Buck was sick, and I did not see her; but he invited me to dine with them to-morrow at seven o'clock, which I accepted.

During the day Mr. Brent, the Consul, came again to inquire about my getting on, and to tender anew his services.

The room to which I was assigned on my arrival was small and not altogether comfortable, considering I will have to occupy it for two weeks; but in the crowded condition of the Hotel, it was the best that could be done. A better was promised to-day; which promise was complied with, and I am now writing these lines in

a nice chamber on the first floor, looking out upon the street, and an ante-room handsomely furnished ; altogether more luxurious than I desire, but this, or a cuddy, where I would be uncomfortable, is the alternative.

Two weeks is rather more than I desire in Lima ; but again, want of connection, necessitates it. I cannot sooner move on to New York from Panamá, even could I get to the latter place ; which is not possible, save on indifferent local Steamers, which I will not hazard in those hot Latitudes. I had enough of such experiences on the Amazon, and will not try them again, at least on this Tour.

Next to me, in my late room, were an American Civil Engineer and his family. Hearing them speak English, I called them into my Room, and we struck up an acquaintance which has been useful to me. Their name is Dearborn, from New York, and they have been here long enough to speak Spanish. Mrs. Dearborn is a bright little Lady, full of amiability and vivacity, and has given me the use of her tongue whenever I needed it.

Besides, the Hostess, a French Lady, active, spry and pleasant, has furnished me a boy, who speaks English, to wait on me, his name is Julio—pronounced Hulio—who is apt and attentive, meeting all my demands. Thus my stay at this long-name Hotel promises to be comfortable. It is well kept and tidy ; the meals abundant, and admirably cooked and served, of anything almost you desire. I call for what I usually eat at home—my custom on travel—save when I simply wish to taste a dish peculiar to the Country where I may be.

In the afternoon Mr. Buck and Mr. Neill called, and after sitting awhile, the former and I took a walk to the Exposition Gardens. This time we went in and examined them. They were once handsome and costly. The Chilians, when they captured the City, played sad havoc and behaved like savages in their ruthless fury. They broke up or carried away many works of Art, some of which I have spoken of in Santiago. Much of the Grounds shows neglect or ruin ; but considerable portions are in good repair and workmen were then reconstructing. Mr. Buck says, a wealthy man died recently and left Legacies to the City ; one for the restoration of these handsome Grounds, and the authorities have been and are utilizing it. No works of Art of any import are left. A few Birds and animals are there, not many ; an effort at a Zoölogical Garden, but hardly

worthy the name. The Grounds are still well enclosed, and it is to be hoped the Legacy or other means can be obtained to preserve them, an ornament to the City, and a source of rest and recreation to its people.

It was nearly dark by the time we returned from our walk.

I let it close the day's proceedings.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Wednesday, November 7, 1888.

I rose early, and after my Coffee, went to the Chief Market of the City. It is nearly a mile from the Hotel. Along the streets I had an opportunity of seeing the people on their way thither or returning. They afforded me nothing like the same interest I enjoyed in Arequipa, Puno, and La Paz. Not superior to those I saw there, and wanting in the singularity, and sometimes picturesqueness, which belongs to them, and wanting, too, in the droves of LLamas, which would beautify any scene.

Here only the frayed ends of our hard Civilization, and the evidences of that struggle for life in it, which ever brutalizes. The Market Place and its occupants were no more interesting than the streets and those I met there. None of the South American Countries or Cities have presented me a more mixed throng or a more manifest proof of the deteriorating effects of the violation of that Natural Law which forbids the crossing of Races—Arians, Chinese, Indians, Negroes—sometimes in the original—often the life current of one peeping at you through the texture of another, with quaint perversity, like a *lusus naturae*, funny to behold. But feebleness marks them all—mental and physical. The Chinaman is the most indifferent specimen of his kind I have seen anywhere on the Globe. He wears the Occidental costume, sometimes his pigtail coiled around his head and worn under his hat or cap, but the head around the base and temples unshaved, leaving the impression that John has given up this badge—often, however, he has not thrown it away. They tell me he has left his Joss House and frequents the Churches. But wherever seen, or however dressed, he is a sorry looking chap, and from his expression, fit for any ugly thing. They were brought to this Country as Cooleys, years ago, an inferior lot, and were further brutalized by bad treatment and oppression; and though now free and working for them-

selves, the marks of their servitude have been left upon their countenances, and, doubtless, also, upon their hearts.

The Indian, Negro, and Arian, are mixed up everyhow, with shapes of phiz and shades of color which renders it impossible to say how much there is of one, and how much of the other; but unhappily in the compound, there seems to be preserved and perpetuated, much more of the inferior qualities and vices, than of the superior and virtues, of the respective stocks. The amalgams are indifferent, or noxious breeds. The pure Negro, I thought the best people I saw, in size, and strength, and amiability of expression. I observed no elements on the streets, or in the Market Place, out of which such a citizenship could be evolved, as would promise a future of any import to poor Peru.

The Market was large, and well supplied with Vegetables, Fruits, and Meats. Indeed, I think I have before remarked somewhere in these and other Letters, that I have never been in any Country where the Markets did not indicate plenty of food.

On my return Mr. Lacazette called to see me. You remember he is from Cuba, and we were on the Steamer *Itata* together, he leaving at Arica to go by Rail to Tacna, and thence to La Paz on mule-back, where we expected to meet. But he did not attempt the long journey. Returning to Arica, he went to Mollendo, and thence by Rail to Arequipa, whence he came here. He said he saw my arrival here announced in one of the City papers, and called to pay his respects, hoping I would take the same Steamer with him to Panamá, and thence crossing the Isthmus, visit the Northern Coast Line of South America, and some of the West India Islands. I told him this was out of the question; when I leave Peru I must strike for home. I have seen and experienced enough for one Tour. He showed me a most complimentary notice of me in this morning's Paper. These notices of my arrival in different Cities on the Continent have been very frequent and flattering. I place such little store by such things, that I don't think I have mentioned them before in these Letters, save in Brazil.

Mr. Sidney H. Battam called, also. He is an English gentleman who has lived in Charleston, South Carolina, now engaged in the Bank here. He said it would give him pleasure to aid me in any way, and would keep me advised of any arrival of Mail.

In the afternoon I called to see Mr. Brent, and was introduced to his Peruvian wife, a pretty Lady, who speaks English very well, and more pleasantly, by reason of the accent. I sat for some time enjoyably. They invited me to take a family dinner with them to-morrow, which I accepted; and then I wandered about, especially through the Chinese Quarters, and looked at the people on the streets and in their shops, gathering what knowledge I could, and at the appointed hour, went to the Minister's to dine.

I met for the first time Mrs. Buck, who made a most favorable impression on me by her appearance and bearing—a pretty blonde, with Southern tone and manners. I think she was a Miss Bullet, of Lexington, Ky., of the Breckenridge stock. I was joined by Mr. Neill, Secretary of Legation; Captain Farquhar, of the Trenton Man-of-War, and Mr. Provost; and we had a handsome Dinner, with a tall, easy waiter, born in Jamaica, black as the ace of spades, who pleased me much by his presence, making me comfortable by his courtesy and grace—harmonizing admirably with the eternal fitness of things, and my pleasantest memories of the Long Ago.

There was no stiffness, and conversation flowed; the Captain and Mr. Neill are from the North, Mr. Provost is a Foreigner. We talked of the olden and the present time. I unloosed my tongue, and it spoke of our Southland. Did not utter a word to wound, simply told the truth, of how it had put and is still putting Stars in our National Firmament: better than all, of how it had gathered about the fireside the refinements of the highest Life our Civilization knew, and made the name of Home significant of every earthly excellence and joy. It is well to remember, and let others not forget, that ours was a life worth living in the days of Old Lang Syne. It was ten o'clock when we came away.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Thursday, November 8, 1888.

We have been anxious about the result of the Presidential Election. Cablegrams have come which indicate Cleveland's defeat. The reports, or returns, transmitted, are indefinite and confused, leaving us in doubt. Such were those which Mr. Buck received through the *El Commercio*, the chief Paper here, and read to us at the table yesterday.

This afternoon, I went to the Legation; Mr. Buck had gone to the Office to inquire for more definite information, but could obtain none. The news was still confused and confusing. Hill seems to have carried New York for Governor; charges of treachery against him and Hewitt towards Cleveland. Independent of my party views, I think the defeat of Cleveland would be a great misfortune. He is a strong, courageous man, and has had a clean, high administration, and four years more of such, would be of infinite service to the Country. We look for more news with anxious impatience.

Mr. Buck and I then walked out, going first to the Station to see my new friend, Mr. Hubbell, one of the Superintendents, to make arrangements with regard to my trip up the Oroya Road. I had a Letter of Introduction, I have already said, from Mr. Mayers to Mr. Hubbell. The French Admiral and a party go to-morrow. I have been invited to join them; but declined. I do not know them, and do not care to go with a tea party where there will be more of talk than observation. Mr. Hubbell said it would give him pleasure to go, provided it met the approval of Mr. Cilley, the Chief Superintendent of the Road. I had a Letter of Introduction to him also from Mr. Mayers, and we went at once to see him, finding him at the Headquarters of Grace & Company. He received me most courteously, and said he would cheerfully give his consent for Mr. Hubbell to go with me, and would himself do anything in his power to make the trip pleasant and profitable. The gentlemen connected with the Firm, also, tendered me their services during my stay in Lima. Certainly, you will say, I have reason to remember kindly this extensive Firm of Grace & Company, for their repeated courtesies along this Western Coast. But who is it, that I have met, who has not been equally attentive and kind?

We then went to get a piece for the Silver Set, and came across a pair of Sugar Tongs,—very Ancient, quaint, and handsome—which I bought.

And then to the National Library. This was once claimed to be the finest, most valuable, and most interesting collection of Books and Manuscripts in South America. When the Chilianos, in the late destructive War, captured the City, they quartered their Cavalry in the Building, and literally laid it waste—a wretched piece

of Vandalism. The ignorant and brutal soldiery, made fires of the precious documents, or sold them to the shopkeepers for Liquor and Cigars. I told you of the dusty pile I saw in the Library at Santiago, and what feelings of indignation it was calculated to arouse. Doubtless, many priceless documents and papers were destroyed—for Peru is the most historic of all the Spanish South American Colonies—and with them has gone much that would have thrown light upon their strange rule—a curious medley of chivalry, so-called—savagery and fanaticism. I am told that of many thousands of volumes, only a few hundreds were left to mark where the brutes had been. When peace came, an active, devoted Librarian was appointed, who, with wonderful diligence and success, has recovered many of the volumes, and received donations of others, or subscriptions, and has thus been enabled to put the Ancient Library upon its feet again; and its present appearance surprises the visitor, how such a resurrection could have supervened upon such a death.

Among the many precious things the Library contained, and the most valuable of all, was a large painting of the funeral obsequies of Atahualpa, the Inca King, whom Pizarro, you remember, brutally murdered. The Chilians carried this off to Santiago, but public sentiment compelled them to return it. It now hangs in the Entrance Hall to the Library. It is the work of Monteros, a native Peruvian, and every way worthy the Historic incident. The Artist was a man of Genius, and has told his story well. The characters, Priests and Soldiers, with Pizarro and Father Valverde prominent, are strongly drawn and grouped, intermingled with Indians, around the dead body of the Monarch, show with masterly effect how great though he was, even to divinity among his devoted subjects, he and they had to go down before the dominating power of a Superior Race. This fine picture would stand out in any Collection, and mark the excellence of the Genius which wrought it. Monteros died in Callao of yellow fever, in 1868.

By this time the hour for Dinner with Mr. Brent had come. Only Mr. Neill, the Secretary of Legation, was there with me, beside the family—Mr. and Mrs. Brent, and her Sister. Mrs. Brent is a pretty woman, with easy, graceful manners, and the Dinner passed pleasantly. After which Mr. Neill escorted me to the Club, into which I looked for awhile, and then came with me to the Hotel.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Friday, November 9, 1888.

The news is worse and worse for Cleveland. The Minister reports victories which render it now quite certain that Harrison is elected by a considerable majority. This is not altogether unexpected to me. Issues were involved with regard to the policy of our Government on the question of the Tariff, very far from being settled among our people. Yet Cleveland has proved himself strong and plucky, and I wanted those traits to prevail longer at the head of affairs.

I went to the Club Rooms this morning, and availed myself of the courtesy extended me, and happily being the only one there, had a good time among the Books. The collection is not large, but well selected, and I found a few volumes on this Country of Peru; and in wading through much verbiage, I gathered an idea now and then.

In the afternoon, Mr. Buck, Captain Farquhar, and I strolled for some hours, visiting the Square, where stands the Equestrian Statue, in Bronze, to Bolivia; the Horse vaulting on his hind legs, not trained, like Mills' Statue of Andrew Jackson, to stand on them alone, but holding on by his long, bushy tail. Like most of such artistic efforts, when men or animals are agonizing with some violent effort, it is a failure. The Captain and I then went to the House of Deputies—the lower branch of Congress now in Session—just fronting on the Square; but were told the Body was in secret Session. We then went to another building where the Senate was sitting, and were at once politely admitted. The Hall is a long Room; the Presiding Officer on a high Dais at one end; the Senators, the length of the Hall, facing each other, with arm chairs, but no desks. The members were quite respectable looking, and perfect order and quiet prevailed during several short speeches delivered during our stay. Of course, I could not understand what they were saying. Mr. Buck did not go in with us; waited for us in the Square. There is no Diplomatic Gallery provided, and his attendance, he feared, might excite comment, especially whilst the Grace Contract is under discussion.

Joining him, we visited the San Franciscan Church and Monastery, which stands hard by. I was especially interested in the Cloisters, and wandered around them, as Monks have been doing, with deeper designs, lo! these many generations. The towers and walls of the

Old Church show the marks of balls and bullets received from the contending forces in Revolutions, fighting in and about the Sacred Place, for supremacy of Rule. What strange and unsettled phases of party these Republics have presented since they assumed that garb! They have simply continued the struggle of Arms transmitted to them by the Conquistadores, as though all life in both Church and State must be militant.

I then crossed one of the Bridges over the Rimac, which flows in narrow streams, coursing in the broad, deep, rocky channel, through the City. When it rains long and heavily above, or the snows melt, it rushes through in a mountain torrent; the rest of the time, only in swift, small currents, as to-day. It is spanned by several Bridges; the one we crossed built in 1610, and called Pizarro's Bridge, not because he built it—for he was dead many years before that date—but simply in his honor, as the founder of the City.

Soon we reached the Alameda, a long rectangular area, fenced in with iron palings, and adorned with trees, and flowers, and statuary—a most creditable affair, in good condition now, and finely kept. Rising near it, is Mount San Cristóbal, a Mountain Peak, nearly fifteen hundred feet in height, which is fortified, and dominates both City and surrounding Country. Near the Alameda a flight of steps ascends a short distance, and then a graded road to the Mountain's summit. I was almost tempted to climb there; but the Sun deterred me. Around were other Mountains, girdling the City finely, and presenting striking Landscapes from the Alameda and the Bridge. The streets were pretty full of men and women, with tables well filled with chicha, and wines, and liquors, and sweet things, making ready for to-morrow, the birthday of the President, when, doubtless, many will celebrate it in deep potations, and in their cups forget their cares. But I will not be here to see; you know, I propose to go up the Oroya Road, to find how the lofty climb compares with that which helped me towards La Paz.

LIMA, THE OROYA RAILROAD AND CHICLA,

Saturday and Sunday, November 10 and 11, 1888.

These two days, like several others I have told you of in previous Letters, are specially to be remembered. I have spent them in ascending and descending the Oroya Road, in some respects the most

remarkable feat of Engineering in the world. The Road from Mollendo to Puno, which we are now familiar with, is a wonder of audacity and skill; this, in these two characteristics, surpasses that.

One of the chief objects of my stopping in Lima was to see this curiosity. Lima, of itself, is worth seeing. Its life has been Historic, and through that life of sternest fact, there are woven threads of Romance which make its story charming even from its birth. But nothing about it, old or new, is so wondrous, as in these latter years, the use of one of Nature's forces to conquer Nature's self.

On my arrival here I made inquiry with regard to the trip, that I might make arrangements for it. I think, I told you, the Railroad authorities tendered me every facility. The French Admiral, now with his fleet at Callao, and his friends went up last Friday on a special train, returning the same day. I was invited to join them; but declined for reasons I have given. Mr. Hubbell, one of the Superintendants, then offered to accompany me; going up on one day by the regular train and returning the next by Hand Car. This was most agreeable; he would be along with his thorough knowledge, and the open Car would enable me to enjoy the fullest observation. Saturday was the day agreed upon to start.

On Saturday morning, then, at eight o'clock, I was at the Station with my Satchel and wraps ready for the trip; and soon thereafter we were off. This Road begins at Callao, and the cars—one First and one Second Class—were pretty full, not all bound for Chila, the present terminus, but many to be distributed along the route. The First Class was after the American style, built in Troy, New York, and handsome of its kind.

The Road, now completed from Callao to Chila, is eighty-six miles in length; that you remember, from Mollendo to Puno, on Lake Titicaca, is two hundred and eighteen. The latter was seized out of the hands of the representatives of Henry Meiggs, deceased, by the Government of Peru, concerning which I have already said something, and is now operated by its authority; the former is in the hands of Grace & Company. Both are now in most admirable condition; indeed, neglect for any time would convert them into death traps. The ground upon which they are constructed, and the environments necessitate daily, even hourly supervision, both for the preservation of human life and of the Road itself; this supervision has been and is certainly most diligent.

Henry Meiggs, of New York, was the designer and architect of both these wonderful Andean Roads—a man, doubtless, of comprehensive and daring genius, but allied with traits, which ultimately, in the prime of life, destroyed him. His name is a household word along this Western Coast, where, among an indolent, feeble people, his energy and enterprise were phenomenal; but where, alas! whilst he was lifting them up into a comprehensive view of the material resources of their Country and its development, with the modes of Philip of Macedon, was morally debauching them. The air, however, is full, not only of his achievements, but of his generous, manly, noble deeds. He valued money, but not as an end, only for what it could win, and he may have used it sometimes unwisely, and in high view, not well; but his aims and ends were such that he did famous work and left a famous name.

I am told he was a Californian forty-niner. He came thence to South America; and landing in Chili built the Road from Valparaiso to Santiago. Peruvians seeing his remarkable capacities invited him to this Country. He designed the Road from Mollendo to Arequipa. The Government, animated by his enthusiasm, furnished him the means, and he employed accomplished engineers and projected the continuance of the Road to Puno, and thence to Cuzco; and the daring feat of climbing and crossing the Mountains to Oroya. Thorndike of New York was the Engineer who told him how to lay his track to Puno; and Malinowski, an accomplished Pole, led him to the Trans-Andean Provinces at the sources of the Amazon. Thorndike is in Europe now; the skilful Pole I have frequently and pleasantly met at the Hotel in Lima; it was he who extended the kind invitation to join him and his friends in their Excursion the other day, which I declined.

The Road to Puno, and this Road to its present terminus at Chicla, were completed in 1876; much of the Road-bed, also from Chicla to Oroya, is completed, but the track is not laid beyond the former place. Henry Meiggs died in 1877, of overwork, both of mind and body—his brain and heart undone—and thus the Roads have stood since then, monuments to his daring enterprise. And not useless monuments, but one day to show that he was the founder of Peruvian greatness should she ever reach it; for her true sources of wealth are on the thither Andean slopes, where Nature combines her gifts in greatest prodigality. Did not Boss Shepherd do the same for

Washington, and will they not one day build him a monument therefor?

The amount of money given Meiggs by the Peruvian Government is, according to rumor, almost fabulous—thirty-five millions of pounds sterling, some say, much of which was spent in bribes—he lavished or squandered it recklessly, it is often charged. But, if he did, he left to show for it to after times a foundation of solid and enduring work, on which a people's future weal and greatness may be built. In such uncertain ways, History tells us, men's fames and fortunes are made and lost.

This much by way of preface. From Callao to Chila, the Road is an unbroken ascent, mounting at the latter place to twelve thousand, two hundred and twenty feet, following the line of the Rimac River; I do not say Valley, for whilst sometimes they are formed along its course, and the feet of the mountains fructified by its waters, it most frequently dashes in torrents between Ridges or through Cañons and Gorges. After leaving Lima, the Valley for twenty miles is often several wide, narrowing as you ascend, and principally cultivated in Sugar, Cotton, and Indian Corn, the last the best I have seen, yet not equal to that grown upon our good lands in favorable seasons. Much of this evidently rich and productive soil is not reduced to cultivation—a surprise to me, considering its proximity to the City, and the incalculable ranges of waste land which everywhere abound, beyond the reach of tillage.

The Road rapidly ascending, often with a four per cent. grade, finds its way along the Mountain's face, now with curves, and now in zig-zags, the elevations towering higher and higher, and seemingly barring the way with precipitous and inaccessible heights. Sometimes we would apparently run into a cul-de-sac, out of which there seemed no exit, save by retreating as we came; but suddenly, the Locomotive reversing its wheels would push us up a steep incline upon another Mountain, and find still greater elevations, by winding or zig-zag paths, or through tunnels whose openings, like port holes, we could see far above, or having traversed them, far below us.

Meanwhile, the River raced downward near by, or we could trace its current away below, showing verdure by its side, either in narrow strips upon its banks, or widening into pocket Valleys, where villages or humble single homes were gathered. The Mountains, though we rose higher and higher, diminished not in height or inaccessibility.

They were towering and fierce, gleaming like burnished metal, with no sign of vegetation on their surface; though many of them, like those I have elsewhere spoken of, were terraced from base to summit, showing what hosts of people once lived and fed upon them—having, perchance, a different climate from that which now prevails, or means of irrigation which have not been discovered. Certain it is, they cannot now be cultivated.

Across the Mountain's face we could trace the mule paths, and on them see the patient creatures with their piled-up burdens, walking with cautious tread upon dizzy heights, where one false or wavering step would quickly end their journey. But you get used to them after awhile, and your faith in them quite equals their steady nerve in those dangerous places.

There are thirteen Stations between Lima and Chicha, some of them simply for Water and Coal; some with Restaurants, where Refreshments and Fruits can be obtained; one or two with larger accommodations, retreats from Callao and Lima when the Summer comes. Chosica is one of these, thirty-four miles from Callao, which they have, by the use of water, made attractive and where many resort on Sunday, or for a longer stay, to enjoy its cool air, nearly three thousand feet above the Sea. Numerous villages before the late war were scattered along the track, either existing before and made Stations of, or grown up from the drippings of the Road. The Chilians destroyed them, ruthlessly, every one. Some of the ruin has been repaired; others in whole or in part stand stark with their roofless adobe walls—the poverty of the people too great to build them up again.

In Mountain scenery this ride is very different from that from Mollendo to Puno. That you are familiar with; I will not repeat. Here, you have no Pampas or extended snow-clad mountain Ranges. This is a continuous climb, heap on heap around, and before you, in the midst of which you travel, and along whose flanks you move in ever-ascending gradients. Forty Tunnels and fourteen Bridges help you through the solid obstructing Rocks and across the deep Ravines. Tracks, which you have already or are about to cross, or tunnel loopholes, around you everywhere, below, above, in curious and indistinguishable maze. The Road-bed is solid and strongly laid; but up from it rise the precipitous sides from which they are cut, sometimes of the shattered volcanic rock I have hitherto

described, or conglomerate heaps of earth and boulders, any one of which, seemingly with a touch, might fall upon the road and throw the cars thousands of feet below, or might bring down an avalanche, involving utter ruin.

One would suppose that these elevations would be healthy, save the Soroche. But what is called the Oroya Fever, and the Verrugas Fever prevailed during the Road's construction; the most virulent and fatal diseases ever known in Peru. The latter still at times appears, manifesting itself in ugly boils, and often ending fatally.

We came to Chicla, the present terminus of the Road, at half-past four o'clock on Saturday, situated among the Mountains. Beyond, they lifted themselves high as ever seemingly, on whose front above us we could see the projected Road-bed and the tunnels opening to higher realms. Oroya is about forty miles further by the projected Road, and across the watershed which divides its tributaries to the Oceans East and West. The Road when completed to Oroya will, at Monte Meiggs, sixteen miles, which is seventeen thousand five hundred and seventy-four feet above the Sea, reach the wonderful height for Railway travel by the Tunnel through it of fifteen thousand six hundred and forty-eight feet, one hundred and two miles from Callao, and then descend thirty-four miles to Oroya among the sources of the Amazon, an elevation of twelve thousand two hundred and fifty-seven feet. The want of money has hitherto stopped proceedings. The pending negotiations may result in its completion.

Mr. Hubbell had telegraphed ahead, and the Proprietor of the little Hotel had a good Room for me. The air got cooler and cooler as we ascended, and when night fell, a fire in the big office stove was comfortable, and three or four blankets were not too much to cover me in Bed. I ought to mention, that, not feeling the thinness of the air at the great elevation any more than I had done before, I walked through the Village and enjoyed looking at the people, and the hundreds of LLamas with their burdens, gathered here from Trans-Andean Countries.

On Sunday morning we were early out to make ready for our return to Lima. Mr. Hubbell had brought the Hand Car up, attached to the Train. He had invited, there being six seats, Captain Clemens of a Merchantman, in the Harbor of Callao, a pleasant fellow, and two Peruvians to join us. The Car had two seats, each holding three persons, which were cushioned and com-

fortable. The increased weight of the number of passengers made the journey safer.

When we had taken our Coffee and Toast, we put the Car upon the track. Mr. Hubbell at the brake, lifting which the little thing began to move, and soon we were whirling with lightning speed down the steep incline. I observed our Conductor was perfectly at ease, with strong nerve and steady eye, and I gave myself up to observation. At times we travelled thirty or forty miles an hour; we seemed on our light trap to move with the rapidity of a bird upon the wing: through Tunnels, over Bridges, across deep ravines; the loose Mountains, from which an avalanche might slide, or a single stone, no bigger than a pebble upon the track, would have lifted and hurled us to instantaneous death. I covered my face with a handkerchief to save it from the cutting draft made by the motion of the Car, and quietly enjoyed, conscious that composure was quite as safe as fright—under either condition, an accident was certain and swift destruction. Knowing the scene from close observation, the reverse passed before me like the unfolding of a splendid Panorama. Now, our Brakesman, who had the Car completely under his control, would slow up to enable us to examine some specially interesting point; and, now, he would loose his grip, and the Car would leap ahead, yet with the seeming sagacity of a horse that knows his rider.

We stopped to Breakfast on the way at Station San Bartolomé, and came to Lima by three o'clock. The Sun was not hot; the breeze from the Sea, and the motion of the Car, made the temperature delightful, and for many a day I have not had a more enjoyable or instructive ride; accompanied, I freely admit, with many desperate dangers. If asked about it, now that all is over, I would say: it was magnificent—but not safe!

At the Station where we Breakfasted, I saw a curious animal, like a Rabbit in all respects, save its tail, which is long and bushy. It is called Piscachua, or wild Hare.

Mr. Hubbell, the Superintendent, kindly furnished me the following data with regard to the Construction, Terminus, Cost, and Length of the various Peruvian Railways, which I enclose, as matters of great interest.

Railroads. Mollendo to Arequipa (108 miles). Begun in May, 1868. Contract price, 12 million soles. Time allowed for construction, 3 years. Completed and opened to traffic January, 1871.

Arequipa to Puno. Contract made December, 1869. Price, 32 millions. Time allowed, 5 years. Completed.

Juliaca to Cuzco. Contract made December, 1871. Price, 25 millions. Time, 3 years. Rails are laid only 82 miles.

Callao to La Oroya. Work begun in January, 1870. Contract price, 27,600,000.00 soles, *in bonds*. Time allowed, 6 years. As money failed, the work after 1874 progressed slowly. In 1876 the rails were laid to Chicla, 86 miles from Callao. There is little to be done above Chicla, as nearly all was completed when the work was suspended. In 18 months of active work, the train can run to Oroya, on the Atlantic slope. The Summit tunnel is 15,648 feet above Sea level. From Callao by *rail* only 104 miles.

LIMA, PERU, HOTEL DE FRANCIA É INGLATERRA,

Monday, November 12, 1888.

I walked to the Cemetery—here called Pantheon—this morning, distant from the Grand Plaza probably a mile and a half or two miles, Eastward, up the River, and not far from it. I took the Railroad track to the upper City Bridge, which spans the Rimac, and I believe called by that name, built of iron, with granite piers, and abutments—a massive, handsome affair. I walked to and fro over it, and had a fine view up and down the River; below, in full view, the Pizarro Bridge, built of stone, which I told you of the other day, on my visit to the Alameda.

I then turned into the City and continued my walk through the streets, and thence to the suburbs, which extend to the Cemetery, observing the people, principally Negroes and Chinese—both of low order—but I think the former much the better in appearances of the two. The Negroes are the most healthy looking people here; but I am told are an utterly worthless lot, as they are everywhere, when not upheld by a stronger arm. The Chinese, when brought here as Cooleys, were an inferior portion of their own Race, and servitude and maltreatment have brought them lower. They are the most indifferent in appearance of any of their Race I have seen in any Country. Yet they get along and accumulate, keeping shops, and eating houses, and working at various trades, and kitchen gardens, bringing their products in on horse or mule back, with panniers, trotting along, on business bent. The Negro is much larger and more

robust ; I should think from his looks living in a congenial climate ; but lacking that head-piece, which the Chinaman has received from a developed ancestry, and which, however ugly and marred by the vicissitudes of Life, has an inside to it, which, wherever and among whatever people and civilizations he may be cast, enables him to grapple with that Life's problems and in his strength, survive. I found the Cemetery well enclosed, with adobe walls around, and iron palings in front, and carefully kept. Through it the water of the River has been brought in channels, enabling them to preserve alive and flourishing what vegetation they have for adornment, and giving it an attractive look in a region where irrigation alone makes things green. As usual in these Countries the wealthy Dead are buried in vaults, with Monuments marking their site, which the rich alone can afford ; the masses are stored away in crypts honeycombed into the walls which enclose the Cemetery, or built especially for the purpose in different sections of the Grounds. Immediately in front—fifty yards probably from the gateway—on an outer Plaza, stands the Bronze figure of an Angel ; about the same distance within the enclosure, is an open structure, whose centre is adorned with a white marble recumbent figure of our Saviour, both fairly well done. Wandering through, I was soon joined by one of the attendants, who, walking with me, pointed out the Monuments and Tombs of special interest and significance. There were many costly ones, showing that wealth once abounded in the now stricken Country ; and that its people, with the common instinct of all Tribes and Races, loved to put some memorial of it in and about the habitations of the Dead. Among these Memorials here, whilst many indicated wealth, some had in them the flavor of culture ; and were works of Art. Having the time, I spent it leisurely and pleasantly.

Returning, I not only looked into the houses of the people—most of which were very dirty—but into the various Churches and Chapels—some of which were no cleaner. There is an appearance of poverty and depression here, which must be in striking contrast with what once reigned in Lima, when Guano and Saltpetre were developing the wealth of El Dorados, and the imaginations were fired with the hopes of tapping once more the fabulous Fountains of the Incas.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubbell invited me to join them at their table in the Hotel and take my meals with them, where they, like myself, are boarding. She said she would make some Southern Corn Bread, to

remind me of my home ; and sure enough, she did. It was equal to ours, at its best. Though from Maine, she is a great admirer of the Southerners ; and she says, the more she reads about, and the more she sees of them, the greater is her admiration ; she will allow no one to accuse the Southern Ladies of indolence—that before the War, when Slavery existed, their life was full of work, and since, they had not tasted the bread of idleness. I was glad to meet with such high appreciation coming from a Northern Lady. Mr. Hubbell is a kind and pleasant gentleman, my experience with him shows ; she is a bright and handsome woman, and taking our meals together is very pleasant.

In the afternoon I went to Mr. Buck's, and met there Captain Farquhar, who accompanied me to the Cathedral to see the so-called Bones of Pizarro, which tradition says are laid away in a vault under the High Altar. Unhappily, the Priest having charge of the honored place, was absent, and had the key.

We then went to the St. Dominican Church, opposite this Hotel, that we might climb and view the City and surrounding Country from its lofty Tower. Unfortunately, the person here, too, who keeps the key had gone, and we missed it. But whilst in the Church, we met Señor Josef del Carmen Sevilla, who was educated in the United States. His father died a few years ago, one of the wealthiest men on the Continent, worth millions, which by forged will and papers gotten up in this supremely rascally Country, and through bribed Officials and Courts his family was robbed of nearly the whole of his enormous possessions. Our friend was very courteous, and being a good Catholic, tried to accomplish our object for us. He took us into the Monastery connected with the Church, and whilst walking in the Cloisters we met the Chief, a handsome, intellectual looking man in his white woolen gown, whose name, when pronounced, I did not catch. Señor Sevilla said he was a distinguished man and known well in Europe for his learning.

The Señor said, as we could not that afternoon get the view of the City we desired, we must come with him, that he might show us a beautiful work of Art, the recumbent figure of Santa Rosa in white marble by Bernini, resting under one of the Altars. We went with him, and were richly repaid. A lovely work of Art it is, in the uncommon repose and ease of the posture, her head upon her hand in sleep, an Angel lifting the veil to uncover a face of exceed-

ing beauty of feature and expression—the not unworthy semblance of a Saint.

Santa Rosa of Lima is the Guardian Genius of the Western Hemisphere, the only individual, they tell me, ever canonized on either Continent. Born here, the Church is proud of her, and celebrates the period sacred to her memory with unusual solemnity and pomp. Our friend, a devout Catholic and believer in Santa Rosa, said he would gladly take us to the scene where she was born and performed those religious duties and penances, which made her worthy of the Crown. He fixed to-morrow morning at eight o'clock. The Captain said he could not get from his Ship so early. The Señor will come for me at that hour, to make our pilgrimage to the sacred spot.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Tuesday, November 13, 1888.

My good friend, Sevilla, came at the appointed hour. The Church of Santa Rosa is on the same street with the Hotel, distant a few hundred yards. It is a small structure, but neat and in good condition, to be a Chapel of the Great Church they hope to build in memory of the Saint. It was begun some years ago and stopped for the want of funds. Already much work has been done, and the foundation laid in Brick, and many of the Columns run up to a considerable height, which, covering a large area and of fine workmanship, indicate what a handsome structure it must be should its design be carried out.

Entering the present Church, Señor Sevilla seemed to be known, and was quite at home. He walked among the worshippers, of whom a good many were gathered, and advancing to one of the Altars, removed the Candles which obstructed the view and showed me an elegant painting of Santa Rosa adorned with jewels, done, he said, by a celebrated Artist, whom he mentioned, but whose name I cannot recall. She was represented as holding the Infant Saviour in her arms. The brightness, beauty and benignity of both whose faces was a study.

Continuing our walk through the Church, we entered one of the robing apartments where we found a Priest making himself ready for his Services, to whom he introduced me, and then passing through an outer door, we stood upon the ground to be covered by the new

Church, of which I have spoken. At one corner, just behind the present Chapel, he pointed out the spot where the house once stood, where Santa Rosa was born and lived her saintly life. The residue of the area was the enclosure of her father's property, which his daughter was, unbeknown to him, converting into Holy Ground. At the opposite or rear side stood a small, high rectangular structure, built of adobe and boarded in, and religiously preserved, which her Brothers, reverencing her sanctity, built for her, wherein, by night and day, she performed those devotions which won her a place among the Stars. My friend seemed to have abounding faith, and I no more disturbed it by look or word than I did that of the young Priest who showed me the marvels in the Cathedral at Cologne.

Señor offered any help he could render at any time during my stay in Lima, and especially calling my attention to a Painting of St. Joseph by Murillo, in the Descalzo Church, near the Alameda, said he would gladly go with me there. I declined his offer, fearing to trouble him too much, and he gave me his Card with a note of introduction to the Commandante there to show me any attention on my visit.

In the afternoon I went to Mr. Buck's by his request to read his Correspondence with the Peruvian Government, in relation to the Railroad and the McCord affair, of which I have already given you an account, and his Reports thereon to our State Department. The Papers are well drawn and highly creditable to him. Of the action of our Government I cannot speak so highly. From what I can understand, I think it has been wanting in vigor and promptness.

The news now seems to be final as to the Election. The Democratic Party has lost. This gives me much concern for the present and the future. But I have already expressed my views, and will not repeat.

Captain Farquhar and I then took a walk, going again to the Cathedral to see what is left of Pizarro, and again disappointed, by the absence of the Janitor of the vault. Then we visited again St. Dominican Church and Monastery, looking once more on the Effigy of Santa Rosa; this time observing that her hands were not so well wrought as her fair face; the objection met by the Captain, that the Artist knew her hands were marred by hard work. For the same reason ought not her vigils, and penances, and dire wrestlings with the Devil have left some traces on her lovely countenance? If any

were ever there, the Artist has not preserved them ; they have been allowed to pass into the repose of a conscious victory. This time we met again the Commandante walking in the Cloisters ; he greeted us cordially, and we, under his orders, soon had the way opened for our ascent to the Tower. The view was admirable : the City and Country to the Mountains and the Sea. We looked down on Lima's flat houses, with roofs of plaster, and how a heavy rain would convert Peru's Capitol into dripping mud. But Lima's experience relieves her from fear. Such a rain would be phenomenal.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,
Wednesday, November 14, 1888.

By agreement with Mr. Neill yesterday, he called for me at eight o'clock to walk to the top of Mount San Cristobal, the accent on the ò. This Mountain I have spoken of before. It is the most conspicuous elevation about Lima ; of conical shape, and fortified. The summit is reached by a good, winding road, and is between two and three miles from the Hotel. We passed the Alameda, near by which is Backus & Johnson's Brewery ; the former a Britisher, the latter an American. We stopped in and saw several other American employées, and had a hearty welcome, which we all drank in a foaming mug.

The day was fine for such a walk ; the Sky overcast, and a fresh breeze coming up from the Ocean. The walk was an easy grade, and we mounted the nearly fifteen hundred feet with more ease and comfort than was anticipated ; and when accomplished, there was abundant reward for our labor. The whole City lay at our feet, now familiar to me from my walks, and I could place its chief points and objects ; the Church Towers and Steeples rising everywhere from out its midst, and right below us, on the nearer bank of the River, the open Amphitheatre, conspicuous and large, where the good people enjoy the Bull fights. On the Seashore lay Callao, with St. Lorenzo Island, of which I told you on my arrival, in its front, the Country Road and Rail uniting it to Lima, across the flat Landscape ; the Rimac flowing from where it hides its current among the Mountains, to its entrance into the Sea ; its Valley reaching out broadly to the Mountain and Ocean rim, and looking fresh and green—altogether, a scene which richly repaid us for our climb.

The fortification of San Cristóbal is a folly, for the summit cannot be reached without such exposure as makes it useless ; and when there, hermetically seals its defenders to certain death or capture for want of food and water. But as a point of observation, it is a success. Lying around were several Cannons, blown to pieces by dynamite, when the Chilanos gained their victory.

Coming down we visited the Descalzo Church, near the Alameda, to see especially Murillo's painting of St. Joseph. We found it over the High Altar in the little Church, and well worth our visit. He has long and flowing hair, worn in the style of our Saviour. The coloring rich and fresh, as when it came from the Artist's hand.

In the afternoon Mr. Hubbell and I took the train and ran down to Chorillos, a Bathing place upon the shore, eight miles from Lima. On our way we passed through Barranco and Meraflores, likewise on the shore and places of Resort. At Chorillos we walked about the town and down to the Seaside, where persons were then bathing in the quiet waters. Standing on the high shore we could see the circle around by Barranco and Meraflores to Callao, a beautiful inlet, and had it depth of water, a famous Roadstead it would be.

The town was torn to pieces by the Chilanos, when they captured it on their march to Lima, and now presents the wrecks, in its gaunt, bare walls, the remnant of the torch. Evidently, once, much wealth had been expended here in houses and adornment. Now, a few only here and there indicate what restoration and repair have done ; the most of them mark where the savage strife has been. Sweeping over these towns, the suburbs and offshoots of the Capital, that too would have shared the same disastrous fate but for the intervention of the Representatives of the Foreign Powers then here, and what I have told you of Lima and its sights, for want of a theme would have been unwritten. In the mood which then inspired the victors, Lima would have been utterly destroyed.

I don't think I have said how the properties in the Plain or Valley of the Rimac are divided, entirely by mud or adobe fences, either built of Brick, thus sundried, or of mud packed in frames, and then the frames withdrawn. Having little or no rainfall, they, like the roofs of their houses, last well.

Now for, to me, more interesting things ; Mr. Battam, a young Officer in the Bank, who boards with his family at this Hotel, brought me to-day a bundle of Papers and Letters. Upon exami-

nation I found them those which had been addressed to the Eastern Coast, and following around the Continent, have overtaken me to-day. They are:

From you: August 5, August 12, and August 19; from Mary, August 2; from Charles, August 1; from Taylor, August 9 and August 16.

These I think complete the whole number of those written me there; none have been lost.

On my return from San Cristobal I went to the Bank, hearing that a Steamer had come in to Callao yesterday from Panamá, and was delighted to get one from you of October 14; one from Taylor of October 12, and several packages of papers. One still seems to be outstanding from you, as my last memorandum of yours was September 30. It will, doubtless, come along after awhile; if not before, it will catch me at home. I trust all of mine will get safely to you; though from what you and Taylor say, they make slow passage—the slowest of any I have written on any of my Tours. I hope, however, none will be lost.

I have no doubt the Papers have all come to me. But I value the Letters so much more that no doubt, as you say, I have overlooked acknowledging them. Indeed, when I run over the Papers several weeks or months old, I find often I would have missed nothing had they never come, save local items, which tell me of deaths and changes.

Taylor informs me of John Wotring's death—one of my old Confederate Company—a warm friend, and a worthy, good fellow. Growing older, how thin is the forest getting about us! I am glad Taylor had General Fitz Lec with him, and that the Breakfast went off well. I am glad, too, he and the Farm are going all right.

I don't know of anything special further to say in response to what afforded me such infinite pleasure. Whilst reading the Letters, I was with you, sitting by your side, though bodily here in far away Peru.

The Papers I shall take on board Ship with me, to wear away the time whilst I travel homeward. I have not the patience to give any of it to them now, when I can utilize it otherwise more profitably.

It is a source of great regret, that Charles could not be with Taylor this Summer. I am sure that it would have done them both good.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,
Thursday, November 15, 1888.

I walked down to the Exposition Grounds this morning, more especially to look at the Marble Group of Columbus. It represents him a manly figure, standing with commanding air, holding the hand of an Indian female, who grasps a Cross, whilst she crouches at his feet, more in apprehension, I think, than in Faith; and, surely, if History be true, she had reason. The holding of the Cross is somewhat apocryphal, for we have no evidence it was ever accepted by her Race with confident reliance, or if so, that it ever brought it happiness and peace. The countenance of Columbus is commonplace; bearing none of those traits which made him famous. At a distance, however, the Group is quite impressive. It stands in a large open area near the Exposition Grounds, bearing the marks of Vandalism, of which I have already said enough in other places; two of the Urns which ornament its pedestal having been destroyed, though I saw no savage marks upon the figures.

Returning I visited the Monument of the 2d of May, in honor of the repulse of the Spaniards at Callao on that day, in 1866. It is a Marble Corinthian Column, surmounted by a Bronze figure of Victory; its base surrounded by four colossal female figures representing, I suppose, Peru in various attitudes of resistance, protection or triumph—faced with Bas-Reliefs also in Bronze of victories by Sea and Land. It stands in a large open area, at the head of the wagon Road to Callao, encircled by a heavy iron chain, and was evidently a costly affair, and is highly creditable as a work of Art. These Monuments show what aspirations Peru had before her evil days came, when alas! she can have no pleasure in them.

In the afternoon Captain Farquhar and I went again to the Cathedral, and this time got into the Crypt and among a number of Tombs built over the remains of Dignitaries of the Church, saw the plain, oblong, unpainted wooden Box, which in Latin, purports to contain the Dead Body of the Conqueror, Pizarro. I wonder if it does? It is hardly possible that in such a fierce age the bones of such a fierce creature would remain long together, any more than the bones of Cromwell. It is uncertain where he was killed, whether the Palace in which the assassination occurred stood upon the ground the Government Building now occupies, or whether upon the oppo-

site side of the Plaza. The latter is the more probable, and it is said upon a narrow lane which intersects that square.

Under this wooden Box, said to hold his "*Cadaver*," are piles of human bones in disorder, mixed with cerements and pieces of rotten cloth, and dust and confusion; quite admirable environments for the Conqueror, when we think of his life and work!

There is some fine Carving in the Choir of the Cathedral, which we enjoyed for the second or third time. And this morning, in my walk, I also enjoyed similar work in the Mercedes Church, in which it lavishly abounds. Indeed, often I have spent no little time in examining such work in Churches I have visited about the City, and have not had time to name. Lima has been in her day a City of wealth and aspiration, and has borne herself with the consciousness of being the Historic Metropolis of the Southern Continent, which she, doubtless, is. She is now mourning over vanished hopes and splendor.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Friday, November 16, 1888.

In the cool of the morning, after I had taken my Coffee and Toast, I strolled out to wander through some of the Churches, always open at such hours for worshippers. I visited especially the San Franciscan and San Augustine; both of which have large Monasteries attached. I am told that these were wealthy corporations or endowments—much of which opulence still survives. Indeed, the many Churches which abound in Lima, once had enormous wealth, which added to their great power, and increased the influence that attached to them as the spiritual guide of an ignorant, credulous people. Much of their property has lapsed or been wasted by the many revolutions through which the Country has passed, or gone down in the late War, by which it was shattered and torn.

From what I can learn, and from what I have observed, the Romish Church has lost much of its supremacy. It is still the National Religion, and by its influence excludes antagonistic Faiths. But its authority is far from being so supreme, and Denial or Doubt is creeping in, subtly obstructing its once undisputed and indisputable decrees. The Priesthood have not been guided by the wisdom which, in former times, dominated in their Councils; and are forgetful that Nature is day by day advancing with its countless

facts, and demanding an audience, where once her voice was never heard. They still attempt to control by a Credulity, whose power is going, or gone. They are not adapting their weapons to their field of warfare; and before they are conscious of it, their preaching and ceremonies will have become vain or void, and will be met by scorn, instead of obedience. Rome needs to look after her Priesthood here. In other places and connections I have made some such observations before; and it shows that the agencies are general, and not local, and that changes are getting ready in Church and State of profound import to the future of these vast Countries.

In the afternoon, I walked about the City, amusing myself with places, things, and people. I went to see the Consul, Mr. Brent, who had gotten the information necessary for me with regard to the Steamer best for me to take to Panamá; the choice is between one of the English Steamers of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, and the Chilian, of the South American Line. There is now a sharp rivalry, and travellers get the benefit of the competition; the rates thereby being much reduced. The Chilian Steamers are all commanded by English or American Officers, and are generally the newest and best Vessels; those I have tried, as the *Itata* and *Maipo*, you know of. The investigation showed they had, also, the cheapest rates of fare, and the Consul advised me to take the *Laja*—pronounced *Laha*—which leaves Callao on the twentieth of this month, in preference to the English, which leaves the twenty-first; both reaching Panamá in time for the Steamer to New York from Aspinwall. I, therefore, went at once to the Agent in this City, and requested him to procure me through passage to New York, which he said he would have ready by to-morrow. If you could read these lines, whilst I write them, what gratification they would give you to know, that I am preparing to make the last link in the chain of my long Tour! Equal gratification comes to me.

In the afternoon Mr. Buck came and sat with me several hours, and we talked about the election and the changes and disappointments it would cause. He is thrown adrift. He left the Profession of Law to enter upon the uncertain one of Politics, and now he must go back to begin afresh his career. A sorry life at best is that of Office in our Country. I certainly have chosen a better part, in eschewing it utterly. It has no charms for me, and there is not one

high enough for me to step down to accept from the dignity and independence of my private life.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Saturday, November 17, 1888.

This morning I amused myself in running through the newspapers you have sent me from time to time, and which have accumulated into a considerable pile. It is amazing how little of any earthly value is lost by these long postponements in gathering up the threads of news; your Letters tell me of the incidents of our community. Such a quantity of twaddle is talked over matters of no earthly relevancy or import, that, no one who travels in distant countries and hears only periodically, can fail to be struck with the lives that are literally wasted in reading the mammoth newspapers in these days of printing presses.

The Minister and I strolled in the afternoon about the streets, visiting, during the time, the Library and looking at Monteiro's Picture of Atahualpa, and the full length of Santa Rosa, enjoying both. We met there a gentleman who holds Office in the Foreign Department of this Government, who speaks English, and whom Mr. Buck knew very well. He joined us, and we found him interesting and useful, showing us a good many paintings by Peruvian Artists, which indicate genius. The Painting of Santa Rosa is by Lasso, a cotemporary of Monteiro, and a fellow pupil with him in the Studio of Merino, another Peruvian. Our friend, whose name I did not distinctly catch when introduced, told us he is a nephew of Merino, and took pleasure in showing us some half dozen or more of his works here preserved, which, though seemingly unfinished, present points of vigorous originality. We spent an hour or two pleasantly in looking at and talking about them.

Mr. Buck walked to my Room, and we sat a good while in pleasant talk over the situation of things at home. The distance and infrequent mails bring us few reports, and even yet, whilst we know Cleveland is defeated, we know little definitely; nothing of the result in Virginia and West Virginia.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Sunday, November 18, 1888.

To-day I spent in a visit to my friend, Captain Farquhar, and a Breakfast with him on the United States Man-of-War Trenton. He had invited me frequently to come, and Mr. Hubbell and I went to Callao in the train at eight o'clock to fulfil an engagement specially made. The early hour of our departure enabled us, on our arrival in Callao, to visit the Shops of the Railroad, which Mr. Hubbell desired, as Superintendent, to show me, and which were in appointment and management highly creditable. We then walked into and about the City, and saw what manner of place Callao is. The Chief Manager in the workshops joined us, who has lived in the place some years and knows it well. He says it is not what it once was ; much of its business has gone, and apathy prevails where there was lately great commercial activity. And the town shows it. The most of the Houses are one story, and were never much ; now they are many of them in bad repair, some of them tumble-down ; many of them are of adobe, and many of light timbers, both generally plastered, and the roofs of the same material—a heavy rain would play hob with both houses and contents. Towards the Landings and Wharves there are larger and better business houses, some of them well built and imposing structures.

The Custom House and Public Commercial Buildings, on the contrary, present a much better appearance, large and commodious, and in good repair, worthy of Callao in her palmy days. The streets are fairly well paved, and the Harbor to-day presented a goodly show of Ships.

Grace & Company lent us their Boat and oarsmen, who quickly rowed us to the Trenton, anchored probably quarter of a mile out. Ascending the ladder we heard the Music of the Parlor Organ, and voices singing our beautiful Liturgy, and learned that the Chaplain of the Ship was holding Religious Services in the Saloon. We descended—the Captain immediately came forward and gave us seats. The audience was admirable, as was everything connected with the Service. There were a good many from town—taking advantage of the presence of the Trenton to enjoy what in these Catholic Countries is to them a treat. The Chaplain read well, and preached an excellent sermon—on Charity—simply and clearly written. There was a

large collection of Sailors, whose attendance, the Captain said, was purely voluntary.

After Service the Captain introduced me to his Lieutenants—five of them—among them Lieutenant Brown of your State, a Son-in-Law of ex-Senator Davis, of West Virginia; then carried me over his Ship and showed me its armament and appointments. It is one of our largest Men-of-War, four thousand tons, though wooden and of the old style. It has heavy rifled guns—altered from the smooth bore—and several Gatling and Hotchkiss. The appearance of the Ship, its cleanliness and order, indicated thorough discipline, and assured me, that with better Ships, which we are now building, our Navy will command the respect of the world in Peace or War.

We found aboard Mrs. Clark, the wife of the Paymaster, and her niece, Miss Graham, a fine looking young Lady; and before the hour of Breakfast—twelve o'clock—Mr. Buck, Mrs. Buck and their two children, a little girl and boy, arrived, and the Earl Dunnoughmore, who is here, the representative of the English Bondholders, acting with Grace & Co. to secure the contract with the Peruvian Government, which I have mentioned several times, and which the Congress is now discussing in Secret Session. Lord Dunnoughmore is an Irish Peer, and said to be a man of respectability and intelligence. He is an active, spry Irishman, stout-built and cheery, of forty or forty-five years of age. We soon fell together and pleasant talk ensued. He inquired if I knew Senator James M. Mason, and was gratified when I told him of his being a citizen of my town, and of my kindly relations with and knowledge of him. He said his father, the late Earl, was a Confederate sympathizer, and became a warm friend and admirer of Mr. Mason, who was frequently his guest at his home in Clonmel. He, too, learned to admire him greatly, seeing him often at his father's house; a man of manly and, at the same time, courteous bearing. He knew the members of the family by name, and inquired for them and their doings and whereabouts. He has kept up with them, and has heard of the deaths that have taken place among them. I told him his admiration for Mr. Mason was not misplaced; he was an able, high-toned, courageous gentleman; and then told him, how carrying the Confederate Cause, not only in his mind, but on his heart, it was broken when that Cause went down. Of an iron constitution, he could have stood for years longer, the ordinary vicissitudes of Life; but strong as that consti-

tution was, it could not stand under the weight of what he conceived to be his Country's blasted hopes and fortunes. He entirely lost his sight; and "the world shut out," he died.

We had other pleasant talk about his Country and mine, and had just entered upon the Irish question, when we were called to Breakfast. I was sorry, for there was thereafter no opportunity of its renewal.

Our party was divided; the Captain entertained Mr. Hubbell, Mr. Buck and family, and myself; the rest were entertained by the other Officers of the Ship, in other apartments. The Breakfast was handsome, and well served, with Japanese waiters, who are apt in such a rôle. Much and pleasant conversation flowed, and I was called upon for opinions with regard to various Countries and peoples. I find wherever I go now, my extensive travels come to me out of my experience and memory, and enable me to lead in talk, when otherwise I must be a simple listener. I find that the time I have spent in travel has been far from wasted; my book-lore follows me in my voyages; my voyage experience keeps with me in my reading, and both have made me a fuller, and a happier, and more self-reliant man.

We—Mr. Hubbell, Mr. Buck and family, and I—came away together in the Ship's Boat, in gallant style, with twelve oarsmen, and the Eagle guarding us. The day had been delightful, both in weather and experience, and cool breezes helped the Boat and Boatmen shoreward. This was four o'clock. The Officers of the Vessel saluted us Farewell! the Boats of Men-of-War of other Nations moving hither and thither across the Harbor, wafted us greeting; until the scene seemed festal.

[I wrote to Captain Farquhar on my return home, and received the following interesting response from Apia, Samoan Islands. He was ordered with the Ship Trenton thither, to meet a contingency which occurred in a claim for those Islands upon the part of England and Germany, threatening War. Whilst anchored there, a frightful Cyclone occurred, now Historic, which made fierce destruction among the Vessels in the Harbor, and with them the Trenton was lost. My Letter was forwarded to him there, and the reply explains itself.

SAMOA, APIA, 1 April, 1889.

Hon. Fred. W. M. Holliday:

My Dear Governor,—Your kind Letter has reached me here in the midst of my distress at the loss, not only of the good Ship Trenton, but of all the Vessels in the Harbor. You will have read about it before this reaches you, so I will not repeat the story.

The whole thing is an incident of the Service. We were sent here by the Authorities in Washington, with all despatch, to look after the interests of the United States. The Harbor is nothing but an Inlet in the Coral Reef, and during the Hurricane Season, the worst place in the world to send Ships. The Germans had a Fleet here, also. They were lost as well as ourselves. No one is to blame for our loss. We are supposed to risk our lives for our Country. We have done so. We would do it again. We were so fortunate on the Trenton as to lose but one life.

I was very glad to hear from you, and of your safe arrival. I shall always remember with pleasure the few days of your acquaintance in Lima, and trust in the near future to renew it. We are beyond the reach of Telegrams, and have only monthly Mails; so you are better posted on Samoan affairs than we. The thing in a nutshell is, that Germany wished to take possession, but played her cards so badly, that she lost the game. Both Nations, by the Samoans, have lost more than the Islands are worth. We have taken a firm stand, insisting on Autonomy; I hope it will be maintained.

No doubt, I will be at home in the course of a month, and will have the ordeal of a Court of Inquiry, or Court Martial to stand; but I have no fears. My conscience is clear; I did my duty.

Your sincere Friend,

N. H. FARQUHAR.

In the meantime, full particulars of the terrible calamity were spread by Cable and Telegraph over the world, and the gallantry and good conduct of the Trenton's Officers made known. I wrote to Captain Farquhar a Letter of sympathy, telling him not only that no Court of Inquiry or Court Martial awaited him, but that upon his return to the United States a cordial greeting and approval would be given him by the Government, and an ovation by his own people.

Not knowing where he was, that the Letter might not be lost, I sent it through the Navy Department at Washington, and in due time, received the following response.

408 MAHAUTONGO STREET, POTTSVILLE, PA.,

3 June, 1889.

My Dear Governor,—

Many thanks for your most kind Letter, which was forwarded to me here. Such Letters as these, from those we admire and respect, are real treasures. I am so fortunate as to have received many.

I was warmly welcomed by the Government in Washington, and upon my arrival here, the Citizens and Military turned out to greet me.

This is my Boyhood home, and where I located my family when I went to sea. I did all in my power to save the Trenton and her Crew. I saved the latter, and am gratified my labors were appreciated.

I am taking a rest now, but expect to be ordered on shore duty before long. If it is anywhere near you, I hope you will take me in on your travels, for I shall always be glad to see you. The trip you have laid out for your next Tour is a grand one; only be careful not to strike the worst Yellow Fever Season on the Panamá and Mexican Coast. I think the Steamer delays at San José, Guatemala, long enough to go to the Capital by Rail. Do not fail to take it; I hear it is a delightful ride.

I have heard much of New Zealand, which, I understand, is a more enterprising Colony than Australia, besides being finer scenery. There was a rumor that the Steamers from San Francisco to Auckland were to be taken off in the Fall, on account of the failure of the Subsidy. You had better ascertain about this. The English Government seems favorable to an English Line from Vancouver.

I have not heard from Minister Buck and his family: but know that he has been relieved, and is in the United States.

With very kind remembrances,

I am, truly, your Friend,

N. H. FARQUHAR.]

We went to Callao on the Peruvian Road ; we returned upon the English, there being two Lines between the Cities now ; the latter runs along the Lima Street and Road, the handsomest in and out of Callao—wide and adorned with trees—at whose Lima terminus stands the Monument of the 2d of May, of which I have already written.

We walked to our respective homes. After Dinner—which the Hubbells and I as usual took together—I went to bed, and oblivious of Ancient Incas, and Modern Men-of-War, and the like, soon passed into the Land of Dreams.

I forgot to say that I hoped to-day there would have been a Bull Fight in Lima ; not that I rejoice in Bull Fights, or have any pleasure in them, but because I have been informed they get them up well here, better, some say, than even in Madrid. Certainly, they have a fine Bull Ring, to which I have hitherto referred. I determined when I saw the brutal thing in Matanzas on my First Tour, I would never witness another ; but they claim to do better here, and have skill, without savagery, and the traveller who desires to travel profitably must see the creatures of the Countries he visits, though in contravention often of what appears good morals, and propriety. They have been trying to get up a regulation fight in Lima, but have not things quite ready. A professional Matador is at this Hotel—a well formed fellow, with a jacket to show off his figure, who walks about with a conscious air of distinction not surpassed by Sullivan or Buffalo Bill. But I have to leave Lima without a Bull Fight.

SAME CITY AND HOTEL,

Monday, November 19, 1888.

I got my ticket through to New York *via* Panamá and Colon, or Aspinwall, for one hundred and ninety-eight Soles—Peruvian Dollars—a considerable reduction, by reason of the competition ; in American Gold, about one hundred and twenty-five dollars—less by sixty or eighty dollars than before this, to travellers, delightful and profitable rivalry began.

The Agent, who is a respectable and gentlemanly man, and speaks English well, was, when I was at his Office, engaged in selling a ticket to a decent looking young Chinaman, dressed in our costume, his pigtail off. When he left the Office I asked the Agent how the Chinamen did in Peru ? that they were generally the most indifferent

looking of their Race I had seen anywhere in the world. He said that was owing, both to their being of a low order when brought here some years ago as Cooleys, and their hardships since; but that, now liberated from serfdom, they are asserting the supremacy of their development and becoming the most industrious and intelligent and valuable citizens that Peru has, constantly gaining in wealth and importance; that they were his best customers. Ever looking to the main chance, the young man to whom he had just sold a ticket, took it First Class to Panamá, that he might preserve his standing among the Peruvians with whom he lived. From Panamá to China he will go Steerage, to save the difference; no question of social position or respectability rising there.

I then went and took Breakfast with Mr Buck and his family, and had much pleasant talk; our sympathies are such, that we feel like ancient acquaintances and friends. I am truly sorry for them under the disappointment entailed by Cleveland's defeat. He has devoted his time assiduously to the study of Diplomacy, and his work here has been well done. But his hopes for preferment are blasted by the defeat of the Party, and he must give up his aspirations and return to his Profession, beginning where he left off, when he entered Public life. My observation every day only convinces me of the folly of such pursuits, and the wisdom of my own course. If I have mentioned this in the same or other words before, excuse the repetition, and attribute it to the importance I attach to it, both as a public and a private subject.

In the afternoon I called to see my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Brent, to bid them Good Bye! My intercourse with them has been exceedingly pleasant. She, I think I told you, is a Peruvian Lady; a pretty woman, speaks English well, and is apparently a sweet, lovely character. I think he has done well and happily. They expressed great regret at my leaving Peru.

Then Mr. Buck and I strolled about for several hours. I bought Dr. Mason a Poncho, which I think will be elegant for him, either riding or walking. It is of Vicuña wool, close-woven and very fine. He can stick his head through the hole in the middle, and it will cover him like a roof from the weather—more convenient than overcoat or cape. Tell him I will give it to him on condition that he will write me that Letter on my next Tour, it being too late on this. I got, also, some photographs, more particularly to show

you the Costumes of the people, which will give more accurate ideas than simple description can. And then he, with me, returned some visits of gentlemen of the City ; and going to the Legation I bade him and his family Good Bye ! They gave me in parting the same kind expressions which have accompanied our intercourse since my arrival in Lima ; and sure I am, that my best wishes for their happiness and welfare will abide with them.

[On my return I wrote to Mr. Buck, and received the following Letters worth preserving in connection with the memorials of the Tour, and, also, Mr. Neill's, Secretary of Legation, for the same reason.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,

LIMA, PERU, *December 17, 1888.*

Hon. Fred. W. M. Holliday,

Winchester, Va.:

My Dear Governor,—I received yesterday with pleasure your brief Letter from Panamá, and, of course, you are at home before this, and we shall hope to hear of your well-being there shortly.

On the 11th inst. the Extra Session of Congress adjourned without approving the Bondholders' Contract, and the Ministry only escaped a censure by a majority of two ; but another Extra Session has been called for January 1st, in order to have Congress do something in the matter.

The Trenton Man-of-War was ordered by Cable from Payta to Panamá, where I presume she is now.

I observe the Papers intimate that President-Elect Harrison will try to win the confidence of the South by taking some prominent Southern man of high standing and in full sympathy with his Section into his Cabinet. If this means anything, it must mean a safe and broad-minded Democrat. Would not this be a testimonial, if General Harrison has any such intention, of good faith relative to Civil Service Reform, and a high and honest aim to unify and consolidate the noblest elements of the entire Country for the Country's welfare ? I suppose, however, by the time this reaches you, it will be known, what are to be the controlling forces in the next Administration. It seems there is yet some doubt about the "House ;" and that the majority will be less than half a dozen, with indications of Republican ascendancy in the Body.

It is now getting quite warm here, and I don't yet know what I shall do; but subject to future enlightenment, think I will avail myself of a leave of absence received by last Mail to return to the States in March next. My wife and children join me in the kindest regards.

Yours, most truly,

CHARLES W. BUCK.

MIDWAY, KENTUCKY, *June 5, 1889.*

My Dear Governor,—I have been at home for some weeks, reaching here on April 16th. But I have been away myself a good part of the time in Louisville, and much occupied trying to get my affairs in order.

We left Lima March 13th, having Telegraphed the Department on March 4th—at noon—my intention to do so, and upon my arrival in New York, found the New Administration had appointed my successor.

I had intended writing you before, but a multitude of things has prevented.

I have not yet determined where I will locate, or as to my future course. Perhaps, I shall spend most of the Summer here, thinking over what is best. If I could comfortably afford it, I would like to spend some months in Europe for rest, or restful change, observation and reflection; but it hardly seems practicable to do so. Do you go abroad this year with the multitude who will visit the Continent?

We all reached Kentucky in tolerable health, except our little Daughter, who had greatly run down; but she is improving now.

My Wife joins me in kindest regards to you; hoping to hear from you soon,

I remain sincerely yours,

CHARLES W. BUCK,

Governor Fred. W. M. Holliday,

Winchester, Va.

LIMA, PERU, *February 13th, 1889.*

My Dear Governor Holliday,—Many thanks for your Letter of January 4th, 1889. Mr. and Mrs. Buck still remain at the Legation, and are quite well, though the weather here has been exceedingly hot.

The Grace Contract still goes on, or does not go on. It is possible another Session of Congress will be called. There is still opposition to the project from the French and Chilian Legations, and a few members of Congress like Señors Quimper and Arenas, &c.

Be sure and let me know if I can do anything for you should I remain in Lima. With kindest regards.

By the by, Mr. Hubbell desires to be most kindly remembered.

Very sincerely yours,

RICHARD RENSHAW NEILL.]

Dr. Thomas, an old Scotchman, who has lived in Chili many years, now with his family on a visit to Lima, and stopping at this Hotel, brought to introduce to me Captain Dunn of the Laja, the Steamer which will take me to Panamá; and later in the day, the Clerk of the Manager of the Line called, who will, also, go on the same Ship; thus my voyage promises well.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubbell and I took Dinner together—our last meal. They, too, have been unceasing in their kindness and attention to me. Mr. Hubbell, you remember, went with me up the Oroya Road. There he paid all expenses; would not allow me to be bothered with payments. I asked him for them, and he said there were none—I was regarded by the Authorities of the Road as their guest; and they requested him to say to me, how much pleasure it gave them to facilitate my travel and observations.

I called at the Bank, learning that a Steamer was in from Panamá, and inquired for any Mail that might have come for me. The Officer said that it had not yet arrived in the City, and hardly would before nightfall; and if there was any for me he would despatch it to the Steamer to-morrow before its departure. But he came to the Hotel a few hours afterwards, specially to tell me, that it had been delivered and there was nothing for me. I was both sorry and glad; sorry not to hear and glad to know that you had received my long Letter from Buenos Ayres advising you upon its receipt to write to Panamá. I will hear from you on my arrival there. I seem accidentally to have timed admirably my instructions as to the destination of your Letters. I believe all save one have reached me, and maybe that has been overlooked in my enumeration.

ON STEAMSHIP LAJA—pronounced LAHA—

IN BAY OF CALLAO, PERU.

Tuesday, November 20, 1888.

Early this morning in Lima I was up fixing my things for another long voyage. My boy, Julio, was on hand, as he has been every day since my arrival at the Hotel, to clean my shoes, bring my Coffee, and see assiduously after my wants. He helped me to pack up, and got me a Porter to deliver my Baggage on board the Steamer; then I bade my Hostess and the numerous friends and acquaintances who had gathered about me at the Hotel Farewell! and by eleven o'clock was at the Station for Callao. Here Mr. Hubbell, the Superintendent, with his unvarying kindness and courtesy, met me, checked my Trunk, and gave instructions to the Conductor to pass me and look after my comfort. I insisted upon getting a ticket; he would not allow it, saying such were his instructions. Mr. Consul Brent joined and accompanied me to Callao, where soon after my arrival I was safely and comfortably lodged in my State-room on this large and handsomely appointed Steamship. The Agent had made, under my suggestions, a good selection—on the Starboard, going Northward, the land side of the Vessel; and I can sit with my door open and enjoy the Coast Line whilst we go.

[The following Letters of Mr. Brent will explain themselves, and are so pleasant and kindly, I preserve them.

25 WEST 18TH STREET, NEW YORK,

May 3d, 1891.

My Dear Governor,—You may be surprised at receiving a Letter from me, so far from my old home in Lima. But the fact is, that with the troubles in the Argentine and Chili, Peru has been greatly retarded in her march of progress. Everything is paralyzed. The Syndicate formed in London for the development of the riches of the country collapsed, and although the Republic is determined on peace and prosperity, her own means are not sufficient for that purpose.

Many people are out of employment. For some reason, certainly from no fault of mine, I was deprived of my Consulate, and coun-

selling by my own interests and by the advice of my friends, I determined on returning here and seeking employment in some Commercial House, in the character of a Spanish Correspondent, in which I have had long experience.

Knowing the interest you always and kindly manifested in my welfare, I venture to ask you, should it be in your power, to aid me in this purpose, for which I shall be truly grateful. However, I hope that every trouble I may thus cause you may be pardoned.

My wife, who is with me, trusts with myself, that during our residence here we may renew our pleasant acquaintance with you.

I remain, my Dear Governor,
Yours very faithfully,
H. M. BRENT.

I replied that my acquaintance with the business men of New York was very limited, but I would most gladly aid him in any way in my power. He responded as follows :

NEW YORK CITY,
25 W. 18TH STREET, 27th May, 1891.

Governor Fred. W. M. Holliday :

My Dear Governor,—With much pleasure I received your kind Letter of 6th inst. I feared that your business acquaintance in this City would not be sufficiently great to enable you to aid me in my endeavors. But I take the will for the deed, and am very grateful for your offers of assistance. My wife sends her kindest regards, and we hope, if possible, to see you sometime soon.

As always, yours faithfully,
H. M. BRENT.

I wrote again and told Mr. Brent that I hoped to be in New York soon, and would see him and Mrs. Brent. He replied :

25 W. 18TH STREET, NEW YORK,
June 22d, 1891.

My Dear Governor,—Your favor was welcomely received, and I am delighted to know that there is a possibility of soon seeing you here on your way to your European Tour. This will give us much pleasure.

As yet I have found no occupation of the character I desire, but do not despair of ultimate success.

There are so many applicants in this great City for all classes of situations, that it is a difficult matter to obtain what one wants.

Repeating the expression of pleasure at the prospect of shortly seeing you, and with the compliments of Mrs. Brent,

I am, my Dear Governor,
 Very sincerely yours,

Governor Holliday, H. M. BRENT.]
Winchester, Va.

[Mr. Hubbell's Letters, written to me after the conclusion of my Tour, and some of them in response to mine, are so full of interest and information with regard to the incidents of that Tour, and the Past, Present, and Future of Peru, and containing nothing of a private nature, I have determined to print them as a part of my own Story.

LIMA, *December 17, 1888.*

Governor Fred. W. M. Holliday,
Winchester, Va. :

My Dear Governor,—On my arrival from Chiela yesterday evening I was very glad to find your Letter from Panamá, and both my wife and myself give you thanks for your kind remembrances of us. Also Mrs. Dearborn was very much pleased to receive your kind message. It is so seldom that "Birds of Passage" ever remember the poor unfortunates left here behind, that whenever one does send us a line it is really treasured.

But, my dear Sir, you were not like the ordinary "Birds of P.," and therefore your few lines have been all the more highly appreciated, knowing as we do the difficulties which must attend your writing.

I remember you remarked after our ride from Chiela that the danger was great—that a small pebble might send us all to smash. I know those dangers and see the pebbles—often big rocks—in time, and have so far always reached Lima without accident.

My wife and a lady friend came down with me yesterday and nobody was injured. I think you had better return and try just one more ride down the Mountains. Before you went away you spoke about having written a Letter in regard to your visit to Chiela. I should be greatly pleased to read anything which you may have seen fit to write about your travels—not only in South America, but in other Countries, unknown to me. I shall watch with interest for an announcement of an interesting work from Governor Holliday.

I have no important news to give you, more than you have probably received already. The extra session of Congress ran through its regular and legal term (45 days) without touching the Contract with the English Bondholders, and the Executive was obliged to call another extra session, to convene on January 1st prox., to treat on that matter. So you see we are still on the fence. Here to-day, and to-morrow, Quien Sabe?

I see by the Cablegrams that there have been very serious floods on the Panamá line of Railroad and Canal, but fortunately you had passed before those occurred.

My wife and Mrs. Dearborn, as well as all others who had the pleasure of meeting you here, join with me in wishing all the compliments of the New Year—good health, happiness, &c., &c., for many years.

Very sincerely yours,

ROBERT B. HUBBELL.

P. S.—Please read George Kennan's work on Siberian Exiles, now published in the "*Century*."

LIMA, PERU, *February 11th*, 1889.

Governor Fred. W. M. Holliday,
Winchester, Va.:

My Dear Sir,—My wife and I were very glad to receive your kind Letter of January 4th, and while much pleased to hear so soon

of your safe arrival at Home, we are also gratified to think you should have remembered us amid the mass of other more important matters, involving much correspondence, which you must have found awaiting your arrival.

I greatly appreciate your flattering words for the few feeble attempts we may have made to see that your brief stay here was as comfortable as circumstances in this Country would permit, but I assure you that we will always believe we are your debtors in the matter of pleasant acquaintance.

We are *not* favored often with the company of any gentleman approaching yourself.

To attempt to write you anything from this place which could be of any special interest to you seems to be useless for me.

The Contract offered by the Government of Peru (for arranging the foreign debt of the Country), to the Congress for approval, still hangs fire, and although this is the second special session called for that purpose, and that the opposition to the Contract is clearly in the minority, these opposers have been able to so *filibuster* the matter as to prevent it coming to a vote. The session can only last four days more, and those four days will probably decide whether we remain here longer in durance vile or seek other climes. This is the rainy season in the Mountains, and we have a big torrent in the Rimac, and the Road has suffered largely from land-slides, washouts, &c. We have been put to large expense, and work by day and night has been necessary to keep the line open.

Now, Governor, please accept from my wife and myself our sincere wishes for your continued good health as well as happiness, and believe we shall always be glad to hear of your movements.

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT B. HUBBELL.

LIMA, PERU, *June 12th*, 1889.

Governor Fred. W. M. Holliday,

Winchester, Va.

My Dear Governor,—Although I have not had the pleasure of receiving any news from you of late, I must send you a hasty scrawl to prove that you have not been forgotten by us. You will perhaps

have heard of the serious damages done to this Railroad by sudden floods from side ravines, carrying away the track, bridges, and filling up the deep cuts on the line of the road. The worst of all was the destruction of the Verrugas Viaduct—the finest bridge ever built—but it could not stand against such an unexpected flood of rocks any more than the City of Johnstown could withstand the flood which overwhelmed it, and caused such a *terrible* loss of life and property. What an awful catastrophe that was! Speaking of that disaster, I am reminded of that other one at the Samoan Islands.

You undoubtedly remember the Sunday when we breakfasted on board the “Trenton,” and I could have cried when I saw by cable that the ship was lost; and then I could have shouted “Bully Boys” when I read that the Trenton was the only Ship of War which had her flag hoisted, and that during the second terrible night had the Band playing National tunes in the face of almost certain death. I remember a tune of the Confederacy (and of course you do also)—“Brave boys are they, who at their Country’s call,” &c.

I send you by this mail some Photographs of poor old crippled Verrugas Bridge as it looks to-day, and hope they may reach you safely.

With best of wishes from my wife and myself, I remain

Yours, very sincerely,

ROBERT B. HUBBELL.

LIMA, PERU, *June 25th*, 1889.

Governor Fred. W. M. Holliday,
Winchester, Va.

My Dear Sir,—The mail from the United States only reached us late this p. m., and as the return mail closes to-night, I have only a few moments time to acknowledge the receipt of your very welcome Letter of the 28th ulto. My wife was very glad to read your message to her, as well as to know of your well being which will permit you to take such a long Tour as you propose making.

What a glorious Tour that will be—and we sincerely trust you will thoroughly enjoy it; and if not asking too much of you, get some one who has leisure to tell us about your experiences. I am

not by nature envious, but if that feeling does occasionally come over me, it is because I am not able to travel as I would do—"Strange countries for to see."

I have written you about Verrugas Bridge, and sent you Photos of the same, which I hope have reached you safely. Below Verrugas the road has been blocked from the freshets from side ravines, and until yesterday an Engine could not reach the Verrugas ravine. I went up there with a small Engine, and looked over the ends of the broken rails, and wondered how small a shock of earthquake would be required to send the remainder of the bridge and those on top of it into atoms.

My wife has been enjoying fair health for some time past, and never fails to send you her best wishes on your journeys. We became tired of hotel life, and have taken a nice house near the Railroad Station, where she gives me good American food—corn bread, pork and beans, hog and hominy, etc.

Wherever you journey, to "Cape Good Hope" or to "Iceland," I shall always be glad to hear of your good health and comfort.

I was sorry to think Captain Farquhar, of the Trenton, should have believed for a moment that he could be censured for the disaster at Samoa, and you will know my sentiments about the conduct of *our boys* when you have read my former letter.

With renewed sincere regards.

I am, yours truly,

ROBERT B. HUBBELL.

LIMA, PERU, *August 22d*, 1889.

My Dear Governor Holliday,—Your very kind and long Letter of July 23d came to hand yesterday, and was read with much pleasure by my wife and myself, and, I assure you, we are very grateful for your kind remembrances.

We are again keeping house, and although it is on a small scale—as the income necessitates—it is far ahead of hotel life. How I wish you could drop in and partake of our frugal meal, "American hash," warm biscuits, or corn bread, but no greasy hotel stews.

I know that nothing we could give would compare with your good fare in Virginia, but we would certainly be glad to see you at our table here (or preferably in the United States) once more.

I have seen several very flattering newspaper articles regarding the conduct of Captain Farquhar and Lieutenant Brown of the "Trenton." I am sure they *all* did all that could be done, and it seems invidious to single out the names of any of Officers or Crew, but we naturally think first of those we were best acquainted with.

The Oroya Railroad seems at present to be a thing of the past ; one of those things that has been. Besides the Verrugas Bridge a great deal of serious damage was done all along the line. Nearly every one of the small cultivated places between Chosica and Matucana is covered with a sea of earth and rocks, washed down from the side ravines.

Congress has not yet approved of the Contract with the foreign Bondholders.

And worst than all, Mr. Cilley, our chieftain, and the one all Railroad men in Peru look to for support, has been ill for a month, in fact in the Hospital, and almost at the point of death several times. You may remember that he was ill when you were here, but since that time he has been continually on the decline, and I am afraid he will never be a well man. So you see, my dear Governor, we are living under an enormous bank of very dark clouds.

You did not mention the date of your intended departure on your next Tour, but whenever it is, or wherever you go, please remember you carry the best wishes of my wife and myself for the preservation of your health, your comfort and pleasure, and safe return to Virginia.

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT B. HUBBELL.

LIMA, PERU, *January 6th*, 1890.

Governor Fred. W. M. Holliday :

My Dear Governor,—Your kind favor of November 26th was duly received, but as I was up the Line I could not reply in time to catch the last Steamer. How I wish that your kind desire to meet us on your journey could be realized, but I don't see any prospects for it.

How I envy you who can travel abroad and visit people and climes to us unknown.

If I am ever fortunate enough to return to my own Country, I believe the first person I shall look for will be Governor Holliday, and induce him to tell me the stories of his travels.

My life here is full of annoyances and griefs. After Mr. Cilley's death followed those of two good men, chiefs of departments, both dying from the fever contracted at Verrugas. I am full of the same, but go up every week to encourage the men working there. My wife joins me in wishing you a most pleasant voyage and safe return to your Home. I hope this hasty scrawl will reach you before you have arrived at the end of the world.

With every good wish, and hoping to hear from you soon,

I am, yours faithfully,

ROBERT B. HUBBELL.

NEW YORK, *December 13th*, 1890.

My Dear Governor Holliday,—You can scarcely imagine how glad we were to receive your very kind Letter written from Winchester, October 24th, which reached us from Peru this evening. We were glad for more reasons than one—principally to learn of your safe return from your 40,000 mile journey, and also on receiving such a kind evidence that we were not forgotten by you. You will be surprised to hear that we are in New York. We left Peru in May last, and have been domiciled the greater portion of the time since then in this City. I have often been on the point of writing to you, but believed you were still absent seeing the World, as you had informed us you proposed doing when you last wrote.

You kindly ask how we were faring in Peru, and I will answer briefly, that after the death of Mr. Cilley I became dissatisfied with my surroundings, and concluding that I had wasted sufficient years in waiting for the good days that were always *coming*, I resigned my position, and we packed a couple of trunks and came *home*.

I think I wrote you last soon after the Contract for the transfer of the Peruvian Railroads had been made to the English Bondholders, when the Public Works were expected to start in with great vigor, the Railroads to be completed in short time, and in fact Peru was expected to experience almost the benefits of the millenium. But after months of waiting and hoping I gave up, and we agreed to

make a fresh start again in the United States. My news from Peru of late has been meagre, and I only learn to-day that the new *Verrugas* was expected to be completed about this date, and that the works on the Line above Chicla are going ahead very slowly. The financial troubles of England, as well as in Wall street, have undoubtedly had a bad effect upon all similar enterprises throughout South America.

We are repeating to each other "what a delightful journey the Governor must have had." I almost think I can pick out from among the places—or countries—you mentioned the ones that proved most interesting to you. When do you think of giving to the world your impressions of what you have seen in your many long journeys?

We are stopping temporarily at No. 1614, 10th Avenue, but do not expect to remain here longer than this month, but any letter addressed to care of W. R. Grace & Co., Hanover Square, will always reach me.

How I wish we could see you here.

My wife is still suffering from ill-health, but always sends her very best wishes to the dear Governor, as she calls you. You have, of course, found plenty to interest you in the matter of political changes here since your arrival in October last.

Very sincerely, and truly yours,

ROBERT B. HUBBELL.

No. 1614 10TH AVENUE,

NEW YORK, *January 20th, 1891.*

Governor F. W. M. Holliday,

Winchester, Va.

My Dear Governor,—I must beg a thousand pardons for not having replied sooner to your kind favor of December 17th, and can only give as an apology the fact that I have been moving around a great part of the time since its receipt, and had an idea that I might get close enough to the Shenandoah to warrant my calling upon you without waiting for the time appointed in your kind invitation to us.

For the past month my wife has been with relatives in Connecticut, as the physicians declared the sea air of this City injurious to her at this season; and I am glad to say that the change has been beneficial thus far, although she continues weak and unable to regain her strength rapidly.

You will have read of the troubles in Chili, and if the meagre reports are correct, I look upon the downfall of the oligarchy that has controlled that country so long as certain; for the Government cannot hold out against the fleet arrayed in opposition, and the chief ports blockaded.

Whether the change will be of benefit is doubtful, but it is likely to lead to continual outbreaks or revolutions. Still the United States is not so far behind the spirit of the times, when such States as New Hampshire, Connecticut and Nebraska present the scene of various claimants fighting for gubernatorial honors, each of course acting under the requirements of the Law.

I am not engaged in any active occupation as yet, and probably will not be before Spring, when I expect to go West. In the meantime, if it is possible, I intend to have the pleasure of seeing you again.

With many sincere wishes for your continued health, and all the compliments of the season, from both of us, I remain, dear sir,

Yours, very truly,

ROBERT B. HUBBELL.

NEW YORK, *June 16*, 1891.

My Dear Governor,—Your welcome favor of the 13th inst. was a forcible reminder of my neglect in not having replied promptly to your former one, and my only excuse is that since its receipt I have been on the move considerably, and had hoped that some good fortune might lead me to Virginia, so that I could have the pleasure of meeting you again.

My wife was much pleased to hear of your good health and to read your kind remembrances of her. She was in poor health during the greater part of the Winter and Spring, but of late has been much improved. During April I had some slight attacks of the Grippe, which were followed by a badly congested lung and some pleurisy, but prompt remedies and careful nursing brought me through safely, although I do not feel yet as if I had fully recovered my normal strength, but I am told that is the case with nearly all persons after such lung troubles.

I long for the climate of the Tropics again, after a year's experience in this so-called *Temperate* zone. It seems only a week ago that we

were buried in sleet and snow, and for the past two days the thermometer has ranged from 94° to 98° in the shade, much hotter than I ever found it under the Equator, 1500 miles away from any Ocean.

So you are preparing to pass a part, or all, of the coming Fall and Winter in Southern Europe. You are fortunate in your selection of that locality, I think, and you know we wish you the enjoyment of every pleasure and perfect health during your absence, and a safe return to your Home.

I have not been really *settled* in any business since I came from Peru, but am now engaged in placing on the market here a patented device, and that will keep me occupied in this City for some little time, but we hope to be able to visit you in your beautiful Shenandoah before you leave there. If that is impossible, we shall be delighted to see you when you come to New York, and hope you will not make a too hurried passage through the City.

I have seen Mr. and Mrs. Brent but once since their arrival here, and am sorry to see he appears to have aged a great deal in the past year.

From all I learn affairs are very quiet in Peru at present, but the Chilian troubles interfere with the prosperity of that entire coast. What a prolonged fight they are having! My impression has been, and still is, that the Insurgents (or Congressional parties) will win.

My wife sends many, many regards, and, like myself, anticipates with pleasure our meeting. We are still at No. 1614, 10th Avenue, and should any change be made in our address I will advise you.

With renewed good wishes, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

ROBERT B. HUBBELL.]

I spent the rest of the day walking the Deck, looking at the Ships in the Harbor, and watching the loading and unloading of the Steamer. Again in the diversity of breeds and their mixing, I am struck that the pure blood Negro is the biggest and sturdiest of them all. But everybody continues to say he is lazy and worthless, and will not work save under the compulsion of want. Among the Ships, I missed the Trenton and her Banner. Under orders she moved Northward to Payta and Panamá. I may again meet her and her Officers, whose acquaintance I so pleasantly formed.

In the afternoon I met the Captain; the Agent, who came to inquire for my comfort; the Manager of the whole Line, Mr. Horacio Lyon, who is going to Panamá; and his Clerk, Mr. Swimley; all of whom, you will recall, I have met before. With them, my seat was assigned at the Captain's table, and we dined pleasantly together.

About sundown the Tug pulled the Steamer from the Landing to mid-harbor. It was a fine evening, my last at Callao. The Sun tried his deftest colors on Ocean, Land and Sky, and he had subjects worthy of an Artist's skill. The purple and the blue of Sea and Clouds struggled for supremacy, and the verdure of the wide Valley of the Rimac where Callao and Lima lay with their dusky houses, passed into the hazy sheen of the vast Mountains, which towered heavenward, girdling the landscape in semi-circle from shore to shore. The Harbor, and the Ships around us, of every shape and size, would not be overlooked or lost, but in the mellow light transformed themselves into things of grace and beauty, and added their full share to the splendor of the scene.

I have been delayed longer in this portion of Peru than I at first desired; yet now that the time is gone, I have no regrets. The numerous friends I made in Lima, and the place itself, quite occupied my time. To see its sights, I did not hurry, but from day to day leisurcly strolled, each affording its new objects of interest, so that I may say I know the City—some have told me who have lived there many years—better than themselves.

Situated on the Rimac, which in the Indian dialect means the Oracle—or one who knows—Lima from that derived its name. The fondness of the Spanish tongue for euphony changed the R to L, and the terminal C being rough, was dropped; hence easily Rimac became Lima. Pizarro founded it in 1535, more than three centuries ago, and in loyalty called it the City of Kings, in honor of his Sovereigns Joana and her son Carlos; with religious veneration, in honor of the Eastern Kings—the three wise men who gathered to adore the Infant Christ, following the Star. Intending to reign there gloriously, we know it soon became his Mausoleum. We have seen how sundry bones are enclosed in an unpainted box, and called the Conqueror's.

Lima has passed through many vicissitudes, suffering the fate of all Cities which have grown up or been formed in any part of the world, under the relentless Rule of the Romanic Races. Itself His-

toric, and the Capital of the most Historic of the South American Countries, it has always attracted attention, and became the finest City on the Continent. The State held there its Court, displaying Barbaric Wealth, and the Hierarchy built there its Western Throne, surrounded by Churches filled with riches, and sustained by deep-seated credulity and vast possessions.

It is built in the usual style of Spanish Cities, with a central Plaza, on which stands the Cathedral, occupying one front, the Palace another; the others with two-storied Buildings, the lower of which is colonnaded and used for stores and shops. The Plaza is large and paved with stone, save the centre, which is enclosed with an Iron Rail, and ornamented with shrubbery and flowers, daily irrigated and kept fresh and green. Formerly, I have already remarked on a previous page, these Plazas were not adorned; they were the Rendezvous or Rally in time of danger of the military people who designed them. In later times, since Civilization has become softer and more amiable, they have been converted into Gardens and places of pleasurable resort; thus the unhappy Carlotta did for the grand Plaza in the City of Mexico, which we saw upon my Second Tour.

The streets, too, of Lima, like all the Towns we have seen of Spanish build in South America, cut each other at right angles, and have narrow sidewalks; they are generally quite well paved with small round stones from the River-bed. The Houses, strange to say in this volcanic country, are very many of them of two stories, with Bay windows and Balconies, either open or shut in with glass. My chamber was a large corner Room with parlor attached, entirely surrounded with an outer balcony, enclosed with glass, making delightful apartments. Most of the Houses, however, farther from the centre of the City, or occupied by the humbler people, are of one story, and nearly all of every sort have roofs simply plastered, making no provision for rain, which here rarely comes. But it sometimes does. Mr. Brent, the Consul, tells me that in 1873 he witnessed a down-pour which lasted during the whole of one night, and washed the people literally out of their houses, converting Lima into a mass of mud, and destroying two millions of dollars worth of property. But no similar calamity has since occurred.

Earthquakes are exceedingly common, but a dreadful one has not happened for more than a century; slight tremors are very frequent.

We had one the other night; but I did not know it. I slept so soundly it did not arouse me. Whilst, however, the appearance of the City would indicate great want of caution, and the houses be fatal to their occupants at such a crisis, it is not entirely true. The big Churches—and there are said to be at least seventy of all sizes in Lima—with lofty and apparently massive towers, are not as they seem; whilst the substructure may be of adobe, the steeples and towers are of light wood and bamboo, the whole artistically stuccoed, and to the casual observer, or when seen in photograph, appear solid edifices of stone. I am told, when the Earthquake comes, these proud spires under the impulse sway like drunken men. I have had an opportunity of seeing these structures and their composition inside and out. The San Franciscan Church was fired on in the war, or during one of the Revolutionary disturbances, and the two fine towers which crown it, and in the distance look so grand and substantial, with the plaster knocked off, show that they are shams of lath and plaster: and in the really elegant Cathedral, the arches and groins turned gracefully and massively enough for stone of finest workmanship, the plaster dropping off, show the same flimsy material and architecture. The Peruvians, fond of show, are yet thus wise in its display.

Thus it is with their private houses—looking often heavy, are of light material. The only solid house in town, I am told, is one begun by the wonderful Henry Meiggs, and finished and now owned by DuBois, an American, built of stone and brick, and called DuBois' Folly.

The streets in the better portion of the City are well kept, and I cannot say I was, in my extensive walks, anywhere disturbed by bad sights and odors. In the morning early the Buzzards—a smaller and more decent looking bird than ours—promenade the streets, and purify them. Nobody disturbs them in their walk and work, it seeming to be agreed here and in all warm and tropic countries that they, for this valuable consideration, shall have the right of way.

In the climate of Lima I have been agreeably disappointed. Within the Tropic belt I have felt no Tropic heats. I have not used my umbrella, nor did I ever see one on the streets. Not needed for rain, the Sun does not demand it. It is true, the Summer has not yet come, but I am in the last Spring month, and one would infer greater heat ought to prevail. I have walked, you have seen, everywhere

about the City and climbed elevations in the neighborhood without suffering. I always avoid the Sun upon the streets, keeping on the shady side, both for comfort and precaution. The climatology of Peru is peculiar. I have already spoken of it. The Humboldt Stream brings from the Southern Pole a cold current into these warm regions, and the mixture makes a temperature of singular uniformity. Mr. Brent tells me, that in his residence of many years he has rarely seen the thermometer above 86° or below 45° . Pleasant, but not good for the strength and development of man's highest powers, as these regions have sadly shown, and will continue, doubtless, to manifest, in spite of Syndicates and Grace Contracts.

The nights have been always cool and pleasant for sleeping; the mornings misty, hiding the Sun and his hot rays; and often on looking out of my window I have seen the streets wet with a dew, heavy enough to be mistaken for a rain.

[The Grace Contract spoken of frequently in the foregoing pages was entered into between the Bondholders and Peru, by which, in consideration of her release from liabilities, Peru transferred her Railroads for sixty-six years; also her Guano Deposits and an annuity for thirty years of her Customs, to the amount of four hundred thousand dollars per annum; also embracing certain rights of colonization to be accomplished within a period of nine years. I have already given my reasons why any such contract must be of doubtful consummation; and the short time that has intervened up to the printing of these Letters, does not enable us to certainly forecast the result.]

I will close this Letter now, and carry it with me to Panamá, there being no communication faster than this good Ship. When I reach that City, if I find any mode or way of sending it to New Orleans, I will do so, that it may hurry to you thence by Rail. If not, I will carry it to New York and mail it immediately on my arrival, that it may reach you a day or two in advance of myself.

My next and last Letter of the Tour will be, as usual, addressed to Charles. That I shall write from day to day, on my long voyage, and mail to him also in New York. The contents I will relate to you by word of mouth when we meet, to which hour I am eagerly looking forward, with an impatience now that outstrips Steam.

With love for all,

F.

NEW YORK, *Thursday, December 13th, 1888,*
4 o'clock, P. M.

I was unable to expedite this Letter as I hoped. I now mail it in New York on my arrival, safe and sound. To-morrow I will spend here in settling my business affairs; on Saturday I will go to Philadelphia to see Mr. Greenwood Smith, to get a suit of clothes; on Sunday will go to Washington, and on Monday to Charlestown by the morning train; by the afternoon train will be with you in the Old Home. Glad to hear it, I know you will all say.

P. S.—I will mail No. 17, the last Letter of the Tour, to Charles.

[No. 17.]

ON STEAMSHIP LAJA,
ON PACIFIC COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA,
Wednesday and Thursday, November 21 and 22, 1888.

My Dear Charles,—

This being the last Letter of the Series, as our old Cook Missouri was wont to say, “by rights” belongs to you.

I finished yesterday in Callao No. 16, to Margaret, and putting it in three Envelopes, await an opportunity to mail. The Vessel I am on will take me to Panamá; and I can find no faster mode of transmitting it. On reaching that place, it may be the same thence to New York; and thus I may, under necessity, be my own Carrier to the latter City and post it there for its destination.

I will proceed in that manner with this; jotting down incidents from day to day and closing it in New York and thence transmitting it to you, the last lines of the long Tour.

These two days have gone without material incident. The admirable and comfortable Steamer, with every attention, has brought me many miles on my homeward journey. The weather has been delightful, and the Sea floats the big Ship without a jog. Though in the Tropics, there is no heat; a pleasant breeze is either made by

the motion of the Vessel, or alternately wafted from Sea or Land. All the time we steam in sight of the Shore—whose bleak, bare Mountains, of which I have spoken enough, come down to the water's edge, of varying outline, covered with scoriae, sand, and ashes, or jagged rocks, and behind them the lofty Cordilleras, their heads among the clouds, and looking gigantic amid the haze which covers all. That peculiar atmosphere prevails along the entire Coast.

Now and then we stop at Ports and take off and put on passengers and cargo. Thus, yesterday we came to Casma, one hundred and eighty-six miles from Callao; to Samanco, eighteen miles from Casma; and to Chimbote, fifteen miles from Samanco. The Vessel always anchors, never lands at a Wharf, and the loading and unloading is done by Boats and Launches. Chimbote has a fine Harbor—one of the best upon the Coast—almost completely land-locked by Islands. We entered at the hour of Sunset, and the scene in the balmy air was most enjoyable—the water Amphitheatre presenting, with its canopy of Sky, many phases of the beautiful. The Captain tells me Peru, during the war with Chili, offered to give the United States this fine Port, provided she threw around her the ægis of her name and arms.

These towns present a sorry look amid the dreary Mountains. Sometimes patches of Valley, of which I have often told you, along this Coast, whence subsistence is drawn, sometimes a perfect scene of desolation, the Valleys being hid behind the desert hills. Yet these Valleys are cultivated, and the communication kept up by Rail. The chief products are Sugar and Rice, sometimes Cotton.

To-day we came to Salaverry, sixty-two miles from Chimbote. This is the port of Truxillo—pronounced Trukilyo—a famous place from Spanish-Inca times. Farther inland is Caxamarca—pronounced Cakamarka—another equally Historic spot. The latter is inland beyond view. Truxillo, soon after leaving Salaverry, opens up finely, with its wide extended plain of verdure, its churches and public buildings conspicuous amid its Tropic vegetation, nestling in its rim of Mountains. At four o'clock in the afternoon we reached Pacasmayo, from which a long and costly Iron Mole has been built into the Ocean. I could not see in the town itself or its surroundings—not conspicuous in its Commerce, for there was not a single Ship—anything to justify this elegant and expensive structure. Even as it was, the Steamer could not reach it, but by reason of the shelving

shore, was forced to cast her anchor much farther out. The Captain said it was built by the Government, not because it was demanded by the resources or needs of the locality, but because one of the members of that Government had interests there, which his colleagues and associates thought ought to be regarded. Our Statesmen, so-called, understand this quite well.

The Birds, especially Pelicans, have been very numerous along the shore, and the Rocks are whitened with their roosts. A curious phenomenon during the two days engaged me. The Sea at first seemed simply streaked with red. This coloring deepened and enlarged and covered patches, and not unfrequently square miles of bright red water, through which we steamed for hours. No one on board could give me any information. Can they be animalculæ, carried sometimes by aerial currents to the clouds, and coming down again in snow or rain, making the affrighted people swear the Sky wept blood? or are they the natural offspring of the Ocean?

ON SAME SHIP,

Friday and Saturday, November 23 and 24, 1888.

At six o'clock in the morning of Friday we came to Eten—pronounced Aetaen—thirty-four miles from Pacasmayo; not more attractive in appearance than those already named. But travellers tell curious things of the little place—how a remnant of the Inca Race here survives, at least in their own estimate, preserving with persevering faith their identity; never marrying out of their own set; even members of the same family uniting with each other, as that Royal Race are said to have done, to preserve the purity of the stock. Diminishing in vigor and numbers from generation to generation, they are now feeble and few, making their livelihood by needle and wicker work, or other light occupation. I would have gone ashore, but they are said to be seclusive, and averse to being visited, and the dusty, dreary looking town and country presented no other motive.

At ten o'clock we reached Pimentel, nine miles from Eten. Here an interesting thing for water transportation engaged my attention. The shore is shelving, and Vessels anchor out several miles. The water is rough upon the shallow beach, and Launches and Boats for freight are not used; instead, they have Rafts made of heavy, massive logs of the Cabbage Tree or Cotton Wood—ten or a dozen of them lashed together, fifteen or twenty feet in length, from the middle

of which springs a mast stayed by lateral ropes. These Rafts are called Balsas, and it is quite astonishing how readily the crew of nine or ten can handle them. Upon the logs they have two low platforms, on which the goods are piled, which protect them from the waves when they submerge the Raft and sweep between it and them.

One or two were ready for us with their freight when we arrived. Others in the distance, on the shore we could see hoisting the great square sail—a seeming cloud of canvass, which, bellying before the breeze, brought them rapidly and steadily through the water. It was quite surprising with what skill the clumsy thing was handled, with its heavy heaped-up cargo, and how easily and bravely it ploughed the waves. Coming near the Steamer, one of the Raftsmen, slipping off his shirt, threw a two inch, twelve feet plank into the Sea, and lying flat upon it, with a rope brought it to the Steamer, which, taken hold of by the crew aboard, soon tolled the Balsa to the Winch. Sometimes the swimmer would not use the plank, but would, swimming, carry the cable to the Steamer around his neck—the whole proceeding most primitive, yet, though slow, quite sure and safe apparently.

The Captain grumbled very much at the delay caused by the primitive proceedings, and the small profit that would accrue to the Company from freight thus handled, necessitating the prodigal use of Coal to catch the time thus lost. We ought to have left Pimental before dark; we did not get away till ten o'clock.

Whilst thus delayed, the Santa Rosa Steamer of the Pacific Steam Navigating Company, the Rival English Line, passed several miles distant, bound Southward. She was a large three-masted Ship, and cut a handsome figure on the water under the bright evening Sky.

During the night we passed the Lobos Islands, once renowned in Guano History. I wanted to see them, as I saw the Chinchas, you will recall, but the Captain said it would hardly justify me getting up. The Guano is now exhausted, and the Islands low lying could not be seen from the Deck of the Vessel on her passage in the night time. This Saturday morning he confirmed the statement, saying that in addition, last night was murky and the Lobos not visible. We rounded them on the West. These Islands passed to Chili in the treaty which closed the War, and one of her Officials got off at Eten to go thence to visit them and report—though I hear they are now of but little value, the deposit nearly gone.

During the day we steamed along the Shore, still barren and dreary-looking. The Coast Range has much let down, and the high Cordilleras have receded out of view, still the misty atmosphere envelopes all shoreward, and the Ship now and then ploughs through red waves.

At eleven o'clock we came to Payta—pronounced Pyta—distant one hundred and fifty-six miles from Pimentel. This, too, is a sorry looking place—half a dozen good houses, public and private; the rest, ordinary, at best, now worn and tattered; not a living thing of green; the bald hills coming down to the sand on which the town is built. I saw nothing to induce me to go ashore.

On my arrival I observed that the Man-of-War Trenton was anchored in the Harbor. After awhile its Boat came over and the Officer in command said Captain Farquhar told him to inquire if I was on Board; if so, he would call to see me. Soon thereafter he came, and we had a pleasant talk. He does not know how long he will be here; but hopes he may get off in a day or two under orders for Panamá, where we may see each other again during my enforced stay in that Port.

I hear the chief product shipped from the interior, through Payta, is Cotton. The English Consul here came aboard, and whilst here I had a talk with him. He says the Cotton is unusually fine, better than our American, commanding larger prices.

Later on, when too late to see well, Cape Blanco came in view, the most Westernly point of South America, and the last we see of Peru. There is nothing striking in this projection, like North Cape, or Nordkyn, or Lindesnaes, or Virgins and Pillar, which last you know, guard the entrance to Magellan, East and West. Here the great Mountains recede, and the land in flat Mesa reaches bluntly out, around which the Sea rolls lazily, presenting no bold point of everlasting Rock with which the Ocean in such places loves to battle.

ON SAME SHIP,

Sunday and Monday, November 25 and 26, 1888.

During the night we passed Tumbez, in the distance too far to be seen, the last of Peruvian towns. At six o'clock in the morning of Sunday we were in Ecuadorian waters.

I have written so much of Peru during my stay and travels there, that I shall now make no summary. I have told you of her History in snatches, when visiting the scenes where many of its incidents, remote and recent, were enacted ; of her resources, and how they have been used or wasted ; of her War, but lately ended, which well-nigh ended with it her existence. From the time of her Invasion and Conquest by the Spaniards, and the destruction of the beneficent rule of the Inca Empire, and their cruel subjugation by the Conquerors, through the centuries of serfdom, and afterwards of Revolution, Peru may well be called the Niobe of Western Nations. Now, strangers have come again in this, the last crisis of her History, and propose to take her resources, and from them pay her debts, and in course of time, out of her wreck, give her a status once more among the South American Republics. As I leave the Country, no agreement has yet been arrived at by the Peruvian Government. From all I can learn of her unsettled condition, and the low state of her public morals, the best thing she can do is to accept the Strangers' propositions. The far graver question is for the Strangers. Who is to hold Peru ? We, who have had to do with Public Debts, know how they can be used by Parties to disturb the Public Peace, and pervert the Public Morals. No sooner will this contract have been made, unless backed by foreign powers, with promise of force, than Demagogues will stir the people's greed or passion by proclaiming, how the Alien has come to steal the Country and its vast resources from their rightful owners ; and how the Government then in power traitorously aided them in their scheme ; and poor Peru will pass into another Revolution.

To proceed : At six o'clock we passed the Island of Puna on our left. It is remarkable how suddenly we have glided from a region of barrenness, save here and there an Oasis, into one of Tropical abundance. The scene around us is purely such. Puna is covered with Forests, and on the East, the mainland, equally so. This Island is Historic, also. Pizarro landed here and spent six months with his small band of followers in subjugating the natives, who offered him unusual resistance, before proceeding to Tumbez on the Continent, where he began the Inca overthrow. It is composed of both high and low land—hills and plains—but all, far as we could see from the Deck, covered with trees and luxuriant vegetation.

Soon we could observe the current of the Gulf and the River projecting itself into the Sea, distinctly marked before and after the

struggle for supremacy began; and then we steamed up the flood, the Country on either side in forests or in grass, over which were scattered numerous horses, cattle, and sheep. They looked well, and the lands seemingly productive, but too flat for agricultural purposes thus near the River. A number of Islands studded the current, also clothed with forests; over all hung a mist, and the Sky was covered with clouds, and we had passed during the night from a genial temperature into one of Torrid heat—the Thermometer indicating 86° —more oppressive by reason of the humidity of the atmosphere.

At midday we came in sight of Guayaquil City—pronounced Wyakeel—seated in a long line upon the low West bank of the River, backed at its upper end by irregular hills, to which, in some places, the buildings extend. We anchored off the town a few hundred yards. The River here is probably a mile wide, and from our Deck we had a fine view of the City and both banks for a considerable distance up and down, affording, with its level area, here and there broken by hills and little mountains, and all covered with prodigal vegetation, an unusually beautiful scene. The City, in the panorama, looks better than it is; the houses with their corridors or porticoes presenting an imposing front; the Church steeples and towers breaking the monotony of the tiled roofs.

I determined I would not go ashore in the heat of the day. In the afternoon it rained quite hard, with some thunder and lightning, and it had been so long since I had seen any water fall I enjoyed it the more, sitting on Deck and experiencing the delicious cooling of the air it brought. This is the first hot day I have felt since before I arrived in Rio. You will, doubtless, recall how, then and since, only pleasant weather has accompanied me in my circuit of the Continent.

In the evening the Chilian Consul, Mr. Higgins, took Dinner on Board with the Captain, and I had much talk with him. He is a handsome, cultivated man of sixty probably, and grandson of the celebrated O'Higgins, who played a high rôle in Chili, and to whom they have erected a Monument in Santiago. He has been living in Guayaquil nearly thirty years, at one time as French, now as Chilian, Consul. Among other things of the town he told me, that it was a most unhealthy place, its average of mortality being three hundred a month.

This morning, Monday, I determined to go ashore and pedestrianize the town. It was still hot, the Thermometer ranging at 84°, but the Sky was overcast and a slight breeze stirring. The Manager, Mr. Horacio Lyon, who is with us on a Tour of inspection of the Line, and has been extremely polite, offered to take me ashore in his Boat when he went, or send me earlier, if I desired to go. I preferred, however, to go alone and wander at my pleasure; and getting my Toast and Coffee by half-past six, I had taken one of the Harbor Boats, any number of which were plying their avocation, and was speedily landed on the Quay.

Guayaquil claims a population of thirty thousand, and doubtless it has that number, having grown quite rapidly of late years. Along its front, upon the River, flowing by in a whitish-muddy current, is a broad street reaching to the water's edge; a portion of which is improved, and the River's bank converted into Landings and Bathing Houses. The residue is just as Nature made it; washed by the floods when the waters are up, or the tides are high, and otherwise, muddy and slimy enough. The Houses along this front present a goodly look, of two or three stories, with colonnades the entire distance; admirable contrivances for such a hot climate, protecting the stores below, and the sidewalks from the blazing Sun. Along this thoroughfare a tramway runs its whole length, and likewise, I observed afterwards, renders quite good service to the entire City.

I walked for several hours, strolling slowly, and without any serious oppression from the heat; the Sky continued overcast; the same style of building extended everywhere. Whatever the import of the structures, having their Porticos protecting the sidewalks, thus enabling one to traverse nearly the whole City shielded from the Sun and rain. The buildings of every sort are built lightly of wood to withstand the Earthquakes, which are frequent; sometimes I observed from the new structures now going up, well and strongly framed and braced, of good lumber; sometimes of bamboo or other frail-looking material, which plastered nicely, look substantial and strong as a house of stone: and to appearances, the people of Guayaquil are not entirely oblivious. Many of the Houses overlooking the River, with these solid looking walls; the Balconies above the sidewalks closed in with Venetian blinds, or of highly carved and adorned woodwork, present an imposing look; and this kind of

building is scattered through the City amid inferior, sometimes sordid contiguities.

Some of the principal streets are paved with stone, most of them, however, are of the simple alluvial soil, and are, since the rain, muddy and in bad condition. The whole place is badly policed; portions on the suburbs offensive in the extreme: yet I met in different sections of the City two policemen dressed up in Soldier's clothes—the same individuals every time—riding around, and in commanding tones ordering the inhabitants to remove the nasty filth and garbage from before their doors. The people and their habitations often looked as filthy as the streets.

The Churches are quite numerous; but none of them fine. I believe I looked into every one in town in my stroll. They are built lightly, under the Earthquake premonition; even the Cathedral, though larger, has nothing more substantial—standing, of course, in its own proper place upon the chief Plaza, a by no means inviting looking area. I may remark, the streets cut each other at right angles, like those of all Western Spanish towns we have observed.

In our conversation yesterday afternoon, I asked Mr. Higgins where I would find the Market Place? Of course, he told me; but at the same time advised me not to go there, to take his word for it, I would find no pleasing attractions or knowledge of any value to the traveller. This only whetted my curiosity; for perchance what he desired I should not see in the town in which he resided, would be the very thing which would, in a traveller's eye, characterize the place.

Nor was I disappointed. The Market is located in the heart of the City. It is large, and largely attended; but so offensive in sight and smell, I could hardly complete the circuit. Cess-pools of filthy, putrid water, in the open spaces, about which men and women sat with their commodities for sale; the Meat hanging on the shambles, fly-blown, and looking full of epidemics; the Fruit, in which the Country abounds, looking stale and flat, and profitable only to the Genius of Disease. The odors were as offensive as the sights. It must be the nursery of fatal germs for Guayaquil, and the wonder is, not that three hundred monthly die, but that all do not die every month. The greater wonder is how any at all survive. In all the world I never saw as nasty a place as the Market of Guayaquil, used for such a purpose.

Along the River bank, making the City front, I found much to entertain me. It was thronged with Balsas and Boats, filled with Tropical fruits of every sort; when the tide was in, floating on the water; when out, resting on the oozy, slimy mud. These Balsas are similar to those already spoken of on the Coast of Peru. Loaded with fruit from the Country, they are floated down and tied to the bank, and act as Booths whence their cargoes are sold. On them their owners live, inhaling the River's pestilential breath, and, doubtless, helping bravely to make up the monthly three hundred.

Among the people I saw few Negroes in proportion; when I came across them, I thought they were the sturdiest of the population. The White Races look feeble—the women and children especially pale, flabby and washed-out in appearance; the Negroes have a more healthy, vigorous look, as if they were living in an environment suited to their organization. But everybody says they are lazy and worthless, and will not work, save under the spur of necessity; yet the town is evidently increasing in population and business, and manifesting it in the buildings which have gone, and are going up. If the normal growth by birth goes to swell the necrological summary, newcomers in search of a livelihood or wealth more than make up the deficit; and with them, it is hoped, will come sufficient wisdom to make regulations by which the Hygienic condition of Guayaquil will be improved and the place rendered less fatal to human life.

Quito, the Capital of Ecuador, is one hundred and sixty miles from Guayaquil. It is reached now by Steamer, seventy miles up the Guayas River to Bodcgas, and thence by mule-back, eighty miles to Quito, more than eight thousand feet above the Sea. Mr. Higgins tells me they propose to connect the places by Rail, and the work has already been begun. When completed, it will be one of the most interesting in the world, and rival in engineering wonders those of Peru, making familiar the renowned Cotopaxi and Chimborazo; though many of the Peaks we have seen in our travels on the Continent, have in altitude quite thrown into the shade those two, once supposed Monarchs of the Andes. Chimborazo, I am told, in good weather is visible from Guayaquil; that we are now having forbids it.

Quite a fleet of fine Steamers have gathered since our arrival: The Maipu and the Mapocho of this, and the Mendoza and Serena of the Pacific Steam Navigation Line—two bound North with us,

and two South. One after another they got upon the wing and departed to their several destinations. Last of all, the Laja, about eight o'clock, lifted anchor and steamed down the River, leaving behind me forever the Lights of Guayaquil along the Banks, and promising to land us on the 30th in Panamá. A pleasant breeze was blowing, the clouds had gone and the Sky was full of Stars; all of which I sat upon the Deck, and for some time enjoyed; then having faith in the Laja and her promises, I went to bed.

ON SAME SHIP,

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday,

November 27, 28, 29, 1888.

By six o'clock on Tuesday morning, when I went on Deck, we had passed the limits of the River and Gulf, and were out again upon the Ocean. It was still hot, and has thus continued for the three days which head this Mem. My Thermometer night and day has indicated 83–85°, but generally a breeze has stirred the tepid atmosphere coming across the waters, or made by the Vessel's motion, and it has been delightful to sit upon, or walk the Decks, and enjoy the scene about me—the water, blue as indigo, and sparkling with its corrugated or white-capped surface. No storm has disturbed his Majesty, nigh or far, and the Ship scarcely throbs as she speeds her way. Fish disport themselves around us; the Porpoises turning their lubberly somersaults, sometimes in shoals, and the interesting Flying Fish tipping the water's crests. Last night, one, in his jollity, threw himself on Deck, and met the fate of every fish, when "out of water." I bought him from the boy who captured him, and cut off his wings, which I will take home as curios. They are two fins, projecting from the shoulders, if I may so say, three or four inches long, about half the fish's length, and not unlike in shape a swallow's wing. Naturalists are not agreed whether these fins have power of locomotion, or simply sustain the fish in his aerial flight when projected from the water by his tail. I rather think, from my observation, they have power of locomotion. Nor are they agreed whether they use them in the enjoyment of their pretty life, or are provisions for their escape from some voracious enemy.

The Birds have not been numerous. The Pelicans, in myriads, have been left behind. A few Gulls, of different species, and the

name of their varieties seems to be Legion, have been swinging at our keel, gathering the garbage of the Ship. Two or three small Birds, much like the Swallow, were with us for a day or two, when at one time we were three hundred miles from Land—for rounding the Western point of the mouth of the Guayas River we have left the shores of Equador and Columbia, and have been steaming Northward, direct for Panama. Sometimes those tiny Birds would rest upon the Ship or its rigging; but nearly all the while they were fluttering upon their little wings, looking altogether out of place so far from Shore.

At ten o'clock on Tuesday night we passed the Equator; and once more, after many months of wandering in trans-Equatorial Regions, I am getting Home. The nights of late have not been free of clouds. I am waiting for clear skies, when I can watch the Constellations. I have seen the Southern Cross till it is a familiar friend; I want to see again the Dipper, and the "Star," which, to the Old Mariner, marks the Firmament's stability. What if the Heavens rain all the Constellations whilst that hangs out! The world is safe, and the Judgment Day has not yet come; just as to the Poet, Rome is not undone "while the Colosseum stands." None of the Stars, however, of the Southern Hemisphere enchain me, like those which shine in the canopy of my Home—the Dipper, and the "Star."

Now and then, during day and night, there falls a shower; but no storms of any violence, nor any excessive downpour. I welcome the showers; the Decks are well covered—the lower with solid roofing, the upper with canvas—and it is pleasant to watch the coming and the going of the rains, leaving a fresh and cooling air behind. To one who has, by discipline, conquered the fatigues of idleness, a voyage upon Tropic Seas opens up in all its charms the full significance of the "*dolce far niente*."

Our number of passengers has, since leaving Callao, been greatly thinned. From Port to Port, some have left us, till now not more than ten or a dozen are on board, one half being the Chinamen, of whom I have already spoken. They are uncommonly polite and well behaved, all dressed in our costume, save the pigtail, carefully and doubtless sacredly coiled up under the hat or cap. Only one speaks English, and he a mongrel tongue of Spanish, Chinese, and Pidgeon English, scarcely understandable. He is a young man yet, but has grown rich, being a merchant, with branch firms in Santiago,

Valparaiso, Lima, Callao, Panamá, and San Francisco, and he now goes to China to establish branches in Canton and Hong Kong. I have had talk with him, and have, with difficulty, gathered much information from his Lingo. The others are going back to the Celestial Empire to establish themselves in business there. But I have told you enough about these peculiar people on my last Tour, and will not bother you again.

Mr. Lyon, the Manager, has been exceedingly polite and courteous. He is a Chilian, and speaks English very well, which has enabled us to have, to me, many profitable conversations. There is one Lady now aboard, from Boston, who has lived in South America—Chili and Peru—for five or six years, as Governess, with a Mr. Fezzer, as I caught the name; with her a young man, his son, both on their way to New York. The other passengers are two young French Midshipmen, on their journey home on furlough, and several Spaniards from Peru and Ecuador, all of whom can manage a little English;—and thus we go.

At four o'clock we sighted the long line of Isthmus sweeping towards the West, with that upon the East, girdling the deep indented and splendid Bay of Panamá. A pleasant breeze breasted us, and a brilliant Sunset, and a Heaven full of Stars ushered in the night, with promise that the well-known town should greet us in the early morning.

ON SAME SHIP AND AT PANAMÁ,

Friday, November 30, 1888.

The promise was fulfilled. At six o'clock we were in full view of Panamá, seated in a cusp of hills, all clad in forests. Soon the rattle of the chain told that the Anchor had been cast, and that our voyages in Pacific waters were done by the completion of this last link, of eight hundred and forty miles from Guayaquil.

The scene on entering the Harbor is unusually attractive; the shores of the Peninsular indentation which forms it are covered heavily with trees, now clothed in unbroken green: the outline, not of massive and great Mountains, but of high, sometimes big hills, whose curves of elevations are uncommonly graceful, hill rising beyond hill in handsome retrocession, all clad in trees. Numerous Islands in the shape of Buttes, some quite regularly conical, are

scattered hither and thither, they, too, clothed with vegetation from water-line to summit. Half a dozen or more Steamers bound North or South were in, anchored like ourself; and, in the fine morning, Panamá with its clustered houses dominated by the Cathedral's Towers, with the surroundings of Sea and Land, was fully worthy of the traveller's interest.

The tide here is very high, eighteen or twenty feet, and the City cannot be reached or left save subject to its flow. At the hour of ten or eleven o'clock, the small Steamer of the Pacific Mail Line came out and took the Passengers and their Baggage ashore. By the polite invitation of the authorities of this South American Line, I have been induced to remain on board during the time I am detained here waiting for the Steamer from Colon or Aspinwall to New York, four or five days. I have accepted the invitation; for I wish to avoid the malarious influences of Panamá during such a long delay. I, therefore, went ashore with the other passengers, leaving my things aboard.

I took my umbrella with me, proposing to walk; for Panamá does not contain more than ten or eleven thousand people, and the distances are not great. We arrived at twelve o'clock, and the Captain told me I would have till two in the City. I started with my 'rumbarel, making for the Cathedral Towers, around which and nearby are the places I wished to visit. I found the streets, contrary to Spanish custom, a little intricate, and in their narrowness, not being able to see the Towers, I inquired the direction of a Policeman, who forthwith left his beat and walked to the Chief Plaza with me, full half a mile. I offered him money; he looked at it wistfully, and declined, other persons standing by. I am quite sure he would have taken it had I let it rest in my open palm behind me.

I went first to the Office of the Pacific Mail to have my Ticket issued upon the certificate I held from the South American, or Chilian Company, on my through fare to New York. Being busy with others, I simply left it, with promise to call on a future day. Then I hurried to Henry Ehrman, my Banker, for Letters and Papers, hoping you had all received my request to forward to him. I was not disappointed. He gave me a considerable package of both. Having a little time yet at my disposal, I called upon the Consul-General, Mr. Adamson. He had gone to Callao; but the Vice-Consul, his son, was in his Office and gave me a cordial welcome. I had

finished No. 16, as I stated, to Margaret, and brought it with me, hoping I might find a speedier passage for it than the one I am travelling. I heard upon the Steamer that there is a Line from Aspinwall to New Orleans, which, by mailing in the latter City, would reach Home several days before me; and young Fezzar, this being his first visit to the United States, proposed to take it, and kindly offered to carry my Letter for me and mail it upon his arrival in the States. But whilst I appreciated his kindness, I, in the first place, did not want to bother him with Commissions, and in the next, I did not like to trust a young man, full of enthusiasm and sight-seeing, with such an important document. I, therefore, asked the Consul to forward it by the New Orleans Line. He said there was no Steamer of that Line before the tenth of the month, which would not expedite matters, and I determined to hold on till my arrival in New York, when I shall mail to their respective destinations both that and this. I shall be detained there on business a day or two, and they can hurry on, while I stop.

By this time the hour for the departure of the little Steamer had arrived, and I hastened back to the Landing. I told the Consul that on some future day I would be ashore, proposing to walk again about the town. He said he would gladly welcome and walk about with me, and in any way in his power render my visit to Panamá pleasant and profitable.

A considerable number were gathered on the Steamer to be transported to the larger one of the Pacific Mail, bound for San Francisco: the Chinamen we had with us, and thirty or forty more, and an English party. The Captain said there is now, as usual, along this Coast from Panamá Northward, a full list of passengers. The Steamer was anchored not far from ours, whence a Boat came for me, and I made the two Oarsmen—one a fine old Tar—feel comfortable, each with a Bottle of German Beer.

Then I made no further delay, but hastened to the Deck, and sitting in the fresh breeze which came to me over the waters, opened my treasury of Letters. They are: one from you of November 12; four from Margaret: October 21, October 28, November 6, November 11; four from Taylor: October 19, November 2, November 9, November 15 [one seems to be missing between October 19 and November 2]; one from Mary, dated Winchester, October 23.

Also numerous packages of Papers.

These Letters come to me full of commingled joy and sorrow ; alas ! this time more of the latter than usual. Are we more sensitive as we grow older, or are the shafts more numerous ?

I am glad that my friend, Mrs. Kownslar, is well again. When you write, give her my love, and tell her how rejoiced I am at her restoration to health. When good and noble women like her are called from earth, in these latter days, who are to take their places ? May her time be lengthened many years, that the younger generations may inhale and be strengthened by the aroma of her elevated life ! Give my sympathy to Mr. Burke, in his anxiety about his son ; when this reaches you, may the cloud be over-past ! My love to Mittie ; tell her she and I are yet too young to limp ; and by the time I get back she must be ready to pedestrianize Australia with me. My love to all of both households. Tell little Taylor he is right—it is “high time I was coming back,” and I am following his advice, with all the speed with which Steam can carry me. I spoke in my Letters of the demoralization in Peru, and how I had been robbed. I don’t think, however, I named the last act of the kind from which I suffered just before leaving that Country, in which Mary Taylor and Mary Mason are interested, and wherein they appear most innocently and unconsciously to have stimulated the demoralization of that unfortunate people. I gave out for washing at the Hotel in Lima, among other things, four Handkerchiefs—two linen and two silk—the former with my initials wrought by Mary Mason, the latter by Mary Taylor ; so elegantly, you remember, that with them on my last Tour I excited the admiration of the embroiderers in China and Japan ; these were in my trunk, when on the former occasions the spoiler invaded my satchel. When my things came back from wash, the boy said my handkerchiefs were gone, but he returned four others equally as good ; the hostess or the washerwoman had been beguiled, by the beautiful work, and stolen them.

To Taylor : Never on any Tour have you had to tell me so much sad and sorrowful news. No arrow, thank God, has struck in our own dear Household, but how frequently have they fallen among our relatives and friends ! When I read your Letter, conveying the intelligence of Ned Tidball’s death, I was so shocked, I stopped the reading of it, to think of the dreadful bereavement that had come upon his Mother. The cup of her agony must be full. Ned was a

good son—kind hearted—with energy and a consideration for his mother and grandmother remarkable in a boy. Amid her many troubles, he was her stay, and enabled her to bear the present, hoping he would be all her future need desire. Now that stay is gone! I can hardly realize that I will never see Ned again, with his bright, joyous salutation. What will Sue and Cousin Mary do without him? I will write to them, that I am not untouched in this the greatest sorrow they could have; and I verily believe the greatest loss.

I am glad the Feather Flowers came safely, and that you think them beautiful; I thought so certainly when I bought them. I was sure Mr. Asmus would do his part. What did he say about his health? I will write to him when I return.

To Margaret: Your Letters, like Taylor's, brought sorrowful news—the death of Mr. White. Poor Cousin Fed; waited on, in her ill health, by him with such tenderness for so many years; how can she stand the withdrawal of his affectionate care? You are right; his death is a loss to your community. Such men—quiet, unobtrusive, gently good—are never appreciated fully till they die. The current of their Life and its charities flow with no fuss and clamor; but when Death comes, they are missed, because then, for the first time, is felt the import of their daily doings. Give Cousin Fed my love and tenderest sympathy. But I will write and tell her how my heart is not oblivious of her loss and sorrow. She will not long survive. God generally cures the wound at their age by bringing the dear ones once more together. Dr. Mason will miss him, too.

To Mary: I am glad to learn you have got so fat; but fear the bad cold will take some off before I get back to see it. Keep it on till I return. Your Letter was just as full of news as it could stick. Some of it I have alluded to, or commented on, in my notes to your Mother and your Uncle Taylor; some of it, for answer, must await my getting Home.

The reading of the Letters, and my thinking on and of them, consumed the afternoon. The Manager and the Captain and I took our Dinner together upon the upper Deck; and whilst we did so, enjoyed the breezes, which came to us to temper a heat of 85°, and the beautiful surroundings of the shore. Our Ship swings at anchor four or five miles from Panamá; but the distance seems much shorter, with the City full in sight.

Whilst in town to-day we had several showers ; but no wind, or thunder, or lightning, just poured down without premonition, then in the same way stopped, and cleared off, not chauging the temperature either way a particle.

ON SAME STEAMER, IN HARBOR OF PANAMÁ,
Saturday and Sunday, December 1 and 2, 1888.

These two days have passed without incident. I have been all the time upon the Steamer, lounging on Deck and running through the Papers Taylor sent, in which I have seen nothing worthy of comment. The heat has been great, ranging, without variation, night and day, 83° – 85° . This, however, much tempered by breezes, which have almost without interruption prevailed, mainly from the Northwest. Without this breeze the heat would be excessive, and even with it, the perspiration freely flows. But forgetting it, the Scene around me from the Ship is very attractive.

Vessels are coming and going all the time. Yesterday the United States War-Ship Dolphin steamed in and anchored a few hundred yards off, saluting with many guus the Columbian Flag. Last night a large Ship of the English Line steamed out for Valparaiso, and this morning—Sunday—one of similar proportions of the United States Pacific steamed in from San Francisco. It is wonderful what a fine service there is of Steamers along this Western Coast, both of North and South America.

Save the Manager, Mr. Lyon, and his Clerk, Mr. Swimley, I am the only stranger or passenger aboard. We and the Captaiu take our meals together on Deck, and I am having a pleasant, quiet time—my thoughts and I—save the consciousness, that I am thus making no progress towards Home, for which I am longing now. I have travelled aud seen, and thought enough in the last six to seven months, and it is time to stop—time, too, that Taylor should be relieved of his loneliness. When I get back, perchance, I will uever go again.

But Travel has in it a strange fascination for me. My vigorous constitution and its untiring energies enable me to move without sense of weariness, and hence, wherever I go, it is with fresh and healthful spirit. Then, too, the places aud countries, though to many stale and without incident, seem to me to throng with fascination,

and soon I gather up their threads of History to add to the knowledge I already have, feeling how, in the progress of time, they may for weal or woe be mixed with the destiny or welfare of my own. I cannot, in the midst of their scenes of natural beauty of flood or mountain, help finding occupation for every day and hour.

These things prevent *ennui* here in this far-off Bay. Whilst I write the beauties of which I have spoken are in full view around, and it requires a by no means vivid fancy to put Balboa on the Mountain top, catching the first sight of the vast Ocean and proclaiming over it the sovereignty of Spain, or wading in its waves, and flaunting the Castilian Flag; nor to see Pizarro's little Barks sail out for Inca Conquest. More than three centuries have gone, and now we have fleets which, could those conquerors see, would be as wonderful to them as theirs were to the simple Aborigines, and in full view, the Pacific mouth of the Canal, perchance, destined one day—who knows when?—to make the Oceans one. It counts no great degree of sensibility to stop awhile, and revive, in the midst of such scenes, their memories and associations. But I wont bother you any more about them. Get the History of the men and times, and imagine yourself upon the spot where I am floating, and you can 'norate to your heart's content, and make as much or little out of them as you choose.

To-morrow morning Mr. Lyon will take me ashore in his Boat. I will spend the night in Panamá, and early on Tuesday take train for Aspinwall, and thence Steamer for New York.

In alluding to Cleveland, you say "his Sun has set." That's true for a while. But you add, whatever betides he will be remembered for his strength and courage. That's true, also. In times like these, however, such men do not stop, they only stay the tide, and whilst History speaks of and eulogizes their ability and pluck, the tide moves on, and even the mighty Cæsar's body cannot check the current.

PANAMÁ, HOTEL GRAND CENTRAL,

Monday, December 3, 1888.

Mr. Lyon was good as his word. This morning he brought me and my Baggage ashore. We left the Steamer Laja at eight o'clock; the Captain also with us, in the Manager's handsome Boat, with four oarsmen. The night had been hot, the Thermometer ranging

at 85–86°, and it has been the same in town all day ; relieved of oppressiveness by a gentle breeze, which we felt sensibly on the water.

The tide was low, and a reduction of eighteen or twenty feet exposed the rocks and sands far out into the Ocean's bed. We could not reach the usual Landing by half a mile or more. Indeed, our Boat, having a keel, we had to leave her and take a flat-bottom one to reach the nearest rocks. The Boatman of the latter brought us safely, and then he and his little son, shouldering my trunk and things, brought them across the sand and rocks, and through the streets of the City to this Hotel ; I walking with them, having substantial admonition from my frequent losses, not to miss them from my sight, I insisted the Manager and Captain should go ahead. It could not be called a luxurious walk, fond though I be of that healthful exercise, for the Sun was blazing hot.

When I arrived at the Hotel, and was registering my name, the Proprietor, Mr. Shuber, came up and introduced himself, telling me he knew I was coming, and giving me cordial welcome, ordering the Clerk to assign me to the best apartment he had. This was very kind. We had a good deal of pleasant talk, in which he told me he had been here nearly forty years ; starting to California with the so-called Forty-niners, and stopping here from choice, thinking he saw an opening that probably the land of Gold could not afford, and he had had no cause to regret the choice. He is the picture of health, and said it always had been good ; he believing the bad hygienic reputation of Panamá results more from the habits of its people than the unhealthiness of the City. Strange to say, in every Tropic country, the people are generally dissolute and dissipated ; is it the enervating effects of the climate which induces their modes of life ?

Young Fezzar came up and spoke to me, and said he had been unable to make his way by New Orleans ; and Mr. Adamson, the Vice-Consul-General, whilst I was at Breakfast, invited me to his house. After Breakfast I went to Mr. Ehrman's and asked again for Letters ; but found none, and then left request to forward them should any come to Winchester. Then to the Office of the Pacific Mail to get my tickets to Aspinwall, and thence to New York, which I found ready for me. The Agent was very polite and gave me a Letter to the Steward to furnish me good quarters and extend me

every courtesy. Then I strolled, with my umbrella, over the City, and saw the portions that I had not been able the other day to visit. On the way I bought a Spoon for the Set, and sent a Cablegram to Taylor, telling him I was "coming."

The streets, as I remarked the other day, are not laid out with mathematical precision; nor are the houses built of any known style of Architecture—some of brick, some of stone, some of wood, some with balconies, some without, some of one, some of two, some of three, or even four stories, standing where and how they please; some of the streets paved, some not. The sidewalks everywhere narrow, as Spanish Founders of Cities knew how to make them; and not cleanly as we count cleanliness. Thus do the eight or ten thousand people in Panamá live.

Those people, too, are varied and various like their houses; some are white, and some are black; the rest cover all the shades of color between these extremes. The whites are the feeblest looking of the lot; washed out by the sweats of the Torrid climate; standing listless, or working as under an incubus, or taking their siesta in limp and dowdy dishabille: the Chinese, calm and quiet, looking invitingly from behind their counters, thinking how the balance sheet to-day will tally. The Negroes, the most robust and healthy looking of the lot, not bothering themselves about balance sheets, or any such like business things, taking no thought of the morrow, sure that the evils of the day are quite sufficient. Beyond the skin, I have no doubt, they were all like our dear Father's simile of the keg of rusty nails—some are long, and some are short, and some are devilish crooked.

Towards midday I wandered upon the Battery, and saw the Tide come in—a magnificent sight it was. No wonder the Conquistadores were astonished. A flock of Pelicans gathered to gobble up the unsuspecting shoals of fish brought landward upon its current; and another of Urubus, or cormorant crows or gallinaceos, to feed upon the carcass of a much-abused and now happy mule, his life's hardships ended—washed ashore. The waves rolled in majestically, and covering the ground exposed by the ebb, in an hour or two beat with thundering roar against the Battlements.

In the afternoon Mr. Adamson, the Vice-Consul-General, called upon me and we took a stroll, and returning, sat awhile in the Great Plaza, upon which the Hotel, on one side, fronts—the Cathe-

dral upon another. It is quite a nice place, walked with cement, and adorned with flowers. I went into the Cathedral; it is large, with two towers, built of stone, but nothing inside worthy of note; it is undergoing repair.

Mr. Adamson and I had much pleasant talk. His father is one of the oldest Consuls in the service, having been appointed by Lincoln; and the young man himself has had a good deal of experience abroad.

It was showery, like an April day; but the showers brought no cooler temperature. The rain came and went, and the figures told by the Thermometer were the same—before, during and after—among the eighties.

Whilst with the Consul he showed me a chart of the Canal, both surface and profile, which gave a good idea of the work that has been done, and how much remains. Proceeding at the same rate, a Century must elapse before the enterprise is finished. I hope to see a good deal of it on my ride to Aspinwall to-morrow, and can form a better estimate from the sight.

ASPINWALL OR COLON: PACIFIC MAIL LINE—

STEAMSHIP COLON—*Tuesday, December 4, 1888.*

To-day I crossed the Isthmus by Rail, from Panamá to Aspinwall, forty-five miles.

Early I was up and out in Panamá, took my coffee and toast, and had made things ready for a start. Mr. Seligman, a young German, who is engaged in mining near Caxamarca—pronounced Cakamarka—in Peru, now on his way to Germany, and I took a carriage together and drove to the Station, half a mile distant from the Hotel. By eight o'clock we had our seats, cared for our Baggage and were off for Colon. The Proprietor at Panamá continued most attentive and facilitated my movements by every means in his power.

The First-Class Coach or Car is of American style; the seats, however, not of velvet or cloth, but of wicker to suit the climate. The Conductor is an American, and was very useful to me in answering my inquiries along the Road, many of which I made. The Car was quite full, beside two Second-Class Cars, also full.

This is the short thoroughfare between the Oceans, and is exceedingly interesting. Interesting, because it is the Bridge, as it were, which joins the Fleets of the East and West, and helps to make the circuit of the Globe; interesting, because it passes through a Tropic country, which in a short run can give one an idea of what Tropic vegetation means; interesting, now especially, because along it you see the work of the Great Canal, which its projectors promise shall mingle the two Oceans' waters, and be one of the world's wonders.

The Road is a good one, broad gauge and admirably built, and has been a mine of wealth to its owners. Until recently, the fare was twenty-five dollars, a monstrous charge for so short a distance. Now, the charge is five dollars, or one pound, with an extra charge for Baggage.

The Tropic vegetation is luxuriant enough. Every square yard of ground is thick-set with it—of trees, and shrubs and creeping plants, everything growing wild: I saw no cultivation, even of the fruits, anywhere; the rich soil and moist atmosphere inviting growth, without care. But there is nothing majestic and noble about it; these are not the sentiments aroused, rather fear, that lurking in the "tangled fens," disease and death find a perpetual home. The hills are covered with trees, the low grounds with masses of growths concealing marsh and swamp.

The whole Line from Sea to Sea is a succession of stations and villages, or collections of houses, the latter built of wood and weather-boarded, and covered with corrugated Iron, for the use of the laborers and the employees on the Canal, whose appearance indicates the character of the Country. Few white people are here now, only Superintendents or Bosses. Many were employed in the beginning, but graves along the Canal's entire length mark the result of their sojourn. I saw only Negroes at work, and they say, too, that even with them the pestilential country and air are fatal. They and their surroundings are proverbially dirty. The shops and stores are generally kept by Chinese, which, in their appointments and paraphernalia, are most enticing and successful in catching the drippings of the poor Negro's sweat.

The cost of these villages, merely incidents in the Canal's construction, must have been enormous; and on every hand are auxiliary Canals and Railroads, and engines and machinery, and lumber and debris of every sort, I think, indicating prodigal and unnecessary

waste. With the Conductor's assistance, I went upon the platform of the Car and had a good view of portions of the work. The impression made by the Chart shown me by the Consul was confirmed; it will never be finished by this Company: that will be buried under the load of debt and obloquy, which will be heaped upon them by their false promises and failure, for the famous Mississippi Swindle will pale into insignificance before the imposition and fraud of this monstrous Scheme. The Canal, under its present management, will not be dug; even should that be effected, it may well be a question, could it in this rainy Country, of pulverulent and sliding soil, be preserved? Many human lives have been finished, and its banks and channel are a huge cemetery, and millions of dollars have been already buried there. What an hour of retribution awaits somebody! And yet I believe, one day, the world's ingenuity and power will decree somewhere or how these two Oceans to be one.

I had a Letter of Introduction, from the Agent in Panamá, to Colonel Jno. Stuart, the Steamer-Agent at Colon. We reached the town in a run of two hours and a half from Panamá. I went to the Office of the Steamship Company and received a cordial welcome from Colonel Stuart, who had been notified by Telegram of my coming, and at once said he would take charge of my Baggage and have a good State-room assigned me, and I need give myself no further trouble about either. Whilst we were talking, Captain Henderson of this Steamer came in, and Colonel Stuart introduced me; the Captain said it would give him great pleasure to do everything in his power to make my journey to New York all I hoped for. I had, also, a Letter of Introduction to him from the Vice-Consul, which I delivered. Things look favorably for a pleasant Voyage.

Colonel Stuart then took me into the house and introduced me to Mrs. Stuart, with whom I had a pleasant talk. She is a niece, pretty woman; though now feeble, having just recovered from a spell of Fever. What an awful country this to live in! The Colonel said, of his five clerks three had died in the last twelve months. I would not tell you such stories were I to remain here; but you need not worry; for when you read these Lines I will be at Home.

The Captain and I then came to the Ship, and I had a nice Breakfast with him in his apartment, by his invitation—Oysters on the shell and the like, and good ones, too. In the afternoon Colonel Stuart took me out driving, in and about Colon. We took with us

another of the Railroad Officials, who has charge of Colonel Alfred Rives' Quarters in his absence. Colonel Rives is now in Virginia. He is the President of the Panamá Railroad, at a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year. He and I were College mates at the University of Virgiuia. We went to his house, situated upon the Beach, and we drank a Bottle of his Champagne, which Mr. Smith, the Official who was with us, had produced. I left him my Card with regrets for his absence. His house is an admirable one for the climate, built of wood; the rooms opening into each other, and all protected from the Sun by Balconies, and Porticoes and Bay-Windows, through and from which the open Sea is seen and heard, not a hundred yards off, and over which the fresh winds career; a comfortable place, and healthy, could he keep away from the malarious town. His Daughter, Amalie, has never been here. I should have been gratified to have met Colonel Rives. My recollections of his distinguished Father, during our service in the Confederate Congress, would have given us much to talk about.

Then we drove about the town, which, though it contains many new buildings, induced by present and promise of future Trade, has yet the appearance of exactly what it is; an unfit place for white people to live in. I called on the United States Consul, Victor Vifquain, and spent a half hour or so very pleasantly. From all I can learn, the conclusious I have drawn, with regard to the Canal, are not without the support of those who kuow much more of its affairs than I do.

The hour or two that remained after my return from the drive, I amused myself in walking upon the Landing, which the Ship here has the advantage of, looking at the people, and on the streets near by, findiug them of the same kind and quality I have already commented on in Panamá and across the Isthmus. I will not repeat.

At half-past six o'clock we loosed Cable and steamed out upon the long voyage to New York, of nineteen hundred and seventy miles.

ON SAME STEAMER, *Wednesday, December 5, 1888.*

The night was hot; but having my State-room to myself, I cannot say I suffered. I had a good matrass, and in my night-gown rested, catching the puffs of air through the open window; when awake, watching the water and the Stars till lulled to sleep again. The

Tropics thus present no terrors; for, however, their Lands may be abused, their Seas are ever full, both of beauty and of health.

South America is behind me. I was somewhat prepared to visit it by general reading and special preparation; but my travels round and through it have given me knowledge I could not otherwise have gained. I trust my much writing has not wearied and worried you beyond all reason. Three Centuries ago, or more, the world was filled with the rumors of its *El Dorados*, of the strange Dynasties which flourished there, and their marvellous wealth in Gold and Silver and Precious Stones, rivalling Marco Polo's story of Cathay, or the wonders of the Mogul Empire; of how the so-called knightly Castilian came and planted over them the Spanish Flag.

Then succeeded many generations of brutal and exhausting struggles for wealth and power, until the Continent seemed to recede from public interest and view, save such Trade as survived, or struggled for supremacy among the different Colonies or Nationalities, which from time to time were drifting into shape.

In later years the crowded condition of older portions of the world, and the greater facilities of locomotion, have brought South America again to the front, either as a home for the Immigrant, or the arena of Trade; and Travel and Commerce are filling her land with Railroads, and her waters with Ships. With me, you have taken advantage of these conveniences, and have circumnavigated the Continent, and traversed the interior, seeing whatever there is of interest for the traveller.

How does it compare with our own Continent? an inquiry which it is wise and profitable for every one to make in visiting strange Countries. We have no Fluvial System like the Amazon or the La Plata; we have no Flora to approximate that which borders the former, and adorns it with such a glorious fringe. What Country has? We have fine Ranges of Mountains, and splendid snow-clad Peaks, as you saw with me on my first Tour; but we have no Andes! Ours lies mainly in the Temperate Zone; South America mainly in the Tropic. The former is the normal home of the Superior Race; it cannot flourish and fulfil its destiny in the latter. In the Temperate Regions of the Southern Continent, the Argentine and Chili are with foreign populations promising a Future; but for years to come, if ever, can I see much hope for Peru and Brazil. With populations debilitated and debauched by climate and mix-

ture, they have no assurance in themselves of advancement, and their climate forbids the coming of the stronger Race. Far as I could ascertain, too, the Southern has not, like the Northern, inexhaustible resources of those elements which constitute the strength of our Civilization of Force, especially Iron and Coal.

The more I travel and observe, the more fully satisfied am I, that no area of the world's surface rivals our own, in the variety and prodigality of those resources which go for the elevation and advancement of the Human Species, along the pathway of our civilization of Force. Let us be satisfied with our lot. Our wisdom will be shown in appreciating and guarding it. Are we worthy of the heritage, is the question?

We will now stop ruminating and moralizing, and go ahead with the good Ship, leaving the South behind us, and getting to the Land on which we pronounce such eulogies. Our track is slightly Northwest, towards the Strait between Jamaica and Cuba on one side, and Hayti on the other, called the Windward Passage. The Thermometer continues to tell 83–85° in my State-room; but on Deck the breezes breathe, and the water of the Caribbean is pretty as Tropic waters can be.

ON SAME SHIP, *Thursday, December 6, 1888.*

I went to the Captain's Room before Breakfast this morning, and we had a pleasant chat; and he showed me on his Chart our line of travel. I will give it to you from day to day, and you can follow me on the Map, and refresh your knowledge of Geography.

We had a heavy rain this morning, but no wind; simply an opening of the windows of the Heavens, and a Tropic downpour. It was interesting to watch its power. The waves were rolling in considerable ridges, the falling water broke their backs, and in a little while the Sea became smooth and quiet as a sheltered Lake. What a treasury of wonders and of beauties is the Sea!

ON SAME SHIP, *Friday, December 7, 1888.*

The heat continues about the same—probably a degree or two lower—81°–83°. But the Trades blow briskly from the Northeast,

and sweep all torridity of atmosphere from the apartments and decks, and, now and then, send down a shower, which comes and goes upon their wings, refreshing in its passage.

We have a pleasant lot of passengers aboard, mostly young men. Young Fezzar, of whom I have already spoken, with him Miss Lynch of Boston, who has been for a good many years Governess in his Father's family in Cuba and South America. His Father now lives in Lima, and is the Chief Agent of the New York Life Insurance Company on that Continent; he conducts the Office in Santiago. A young Lawyer by the name of Darlington, from New York City, returning from a visit to San Francisco; a young man by the name of Curtis, from Boston, returning from a visit to the Marquesas and Society Islands, which he made in a sailing Vessel from San Francisco, a pleasant, sensible fellow, who gives an agreeable account of his travels. A gentleman, who has been living in Salvador engaged in Mining, named Rennie; a young Engineer, Van Wyck, who has been operating in Nicaragua; another, Waldegrave, engaged on the Panamá Canal; another, —————, from the Island of St. Thomas; all, save the last, from New York, and on their way to that City on a vacation. You may be sure I gather what knowledge I can from them, pleasant, gentlemanly fellows, and as I have found with everybody, however humble, or in the world's eye poorly informed, can give me stores of information I never had before.

Steaming Northeastward against the Trades, and a heavy current, we make slow progress. During the day we sight the first land, and pass between the Southern Horn of Hayti and the small Island of Navassa, six hundred and eleven miles from Panamá. The latter is a low-lying piece of table-land, inclining slightly Northward; my Salvador friend, who has been there, says valuable and worked for its phosphate deposits. Hayti rising conspicuously with recession of varied Mountains, looking what it claims to be, one of the most valuable and beautiful of the Antilles; now, alas! filling to the full the refrain of Heber's Missionary Hymn, "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile"; another instance of that silly, ignorant sentimentalism, which, in violation of God's immutable Laws, attempts the exercise of a so-called Philanthropy. Such efforts, in contravention of the "eternal fitness of things," have ever and must always end in grief.

ON SAME SHIP, *Saturday, December 8, 1888.*

All day we steamed against a heavy current and the boisterous Trades. The Captain told me they had already delayed him twenty-three hours, and, consequently, that much postponed our arrival in New York. The Skies are ruffled like the Seas. Clouds are ever drifting across the Heavens, sometimes light, sometimes heavy, bearing rain and dropping it in showers, now and then. Going Northward, from the Equator to the Tropic belt, the Thermometer feels and tells it. From the time I reached the Guayas or Guayaquil River, over water and land, till yesterday, the tube marked from 83° to 86° ; yesterday it fell to 81° , to-day still lower to 79° ; we are creeping, plainly by its teaching, towards Temperate regions.

This morning at six o'clock we came to Cape Maysi, the Easternmost point of Cuba, simply showing itself in the distance, one hundred and twenty-two miles from the Island of Navassa; and in the afternoon at five o'clock to Castle Island, sometimes called Acklin, one hundred and fifteen miles from Cape Maysi; a low-lying piece of territory, a Lighthouse conspicuously crowning its Western point. The Captain tells me he often stops and puts off and takes on Letters here; but the wind and waves prevented his going near enough to-day to halt.

We steamed on by, and after dark, passed Fortune Island, twenty-six miles from Castle; and Bird Rock Island, eighteen miles from Fortune, lying thus in close contiguity to each other. During the early hours of the morning, we passed Watling's Island, the first Land, it is said by some, Columbus touched on his voyage of discovery; others say this honor belongs to Guanahani, or Cat or Salvador Island, lying due West of Watling's; this latter is eighty miles from Bird Rock. The Captain sent to notify me of our approach, but the darkness prevented my having any view.

These last four Islands named belong to the Bahamas—Coralline productions—owned by the British Empire. You remember on my first Tour I visited Nassau, in the Island of New Providence, another of this Group, and how the beauties of its waters took me. The navigation among them is deemed dangerous on account of the reefs the little insects build, but which they marvellously adorn and beautify with their strange Architecture. The poetic Genius of Columbus, fired, not only by their loveliness, but by the ardor of his first

discovery, declares: "It seems to me that I can never quit such enchanting spots; a thousand tongues fail to describe them; my hands spellbound will never be able to write concerning them."

We cross the Tropic Line before reaching Watling's, which is in waters of the Temperate Zone. Hence on, we sight no more land for many hundreds of miles. Leaving the Coral Reefs and Islands, with their dangers, as well as beauties, we venture on the Atlantic's inhospitable waters. What weather and waves we shall meet there in the winter, who can tell? The Gulf Stream, the so-called Storm King of the Ocean lies obliquely across our path. It comes out of the waters we have left, and spreads itself and its benign, as well as tremendous influences across the world. Suppose the tiny insects, which have built up these Territories, that England owns, should continue their indefatigable work across the Straits of Florida at Bemini, whence the Gulf Stream issues, what would become of the Seat of England's power in the British Isles?

SAME STEAMSHIP,

Sunday and Monday, December 9 and 10, 1888.

The Thermometer continues to creep downwards in these two days—81°–79°. Sunday was a lovely day, the Sky and water bright and clear. We had Services in the Saloon; the Surgeon reading, which he did very well—most of our small list of passengers attending.

We sighted products of the Sargasso Sea around us, drifted from that curious product in the basin of the Atlantic, caused by its various currents. I often wish we had a skilful Naturalist along, authorized to stop the Ship, and with his glass unfold some of the things about us hid from the unaided eye.

We have met several Steamers going to and fro, which call all hands out to see them: anything to divert the mind from the listless inactivity of Ship-life, and these Vessels answer for awhile. With myself, happily, I need no such adjuncts; every hour of the day brings its occupation, reading, talking, thinking, and seeming idleness; the night brings sleep, or even without it, rest.

Our Engineer is an Irishman, by the name of Moriarty, a fine fellow, and gentlemanly and sensible. Though born in Ireland, his parents in his childhood came to our Loudon County to live. He

had many kind words to speak of the people there, especially of Colonel Dick Dulaney, and also of Colonel Arthur Hubert, whom he knows. He says he would like much to give up navigating the Seas, and return to live among so good a people, and in a Country which, in the recall of his young memories, he has seen none to rival in all the world. His brother, he says, is a Horse-Man: Taylor may have met him in Winchester.

I had considerable talks with Mr. Rennie and Mr. Van Wyck about Salvador and Nicaragua, and their experiences in those regions; how beautiful some portions are, producing fruits of many kinds, of their own motion, without man's aid; how, in the dry Season, they have scarce, if any rain; in the wet, rain nearly, if not every day, sometimes in torrents; how the Hills and Mountains catch the breezes, and are healthful, and the Seashore and the lowlands hide malaria and venomous snakes, and reptiles and insects, whose bite or sting is dangerous, often mortal.

I have quite other talk with Darlington and Curtis; the former telling me the City gossip of the lawyers and bankers and speculators of New York; the latter, of the Literary men, who lately formed such a brilliant coterie in the Hub, most of whom have gone—Wendell Holmes and Russell Lowell, the sole survivors. How one after another passed away, and how Emerson, his fine intellect worn out, when brought on from Concord to Cambridge to attend the funeral of Longfellow, his life-long friend and comrade, and conducted by Mrs. Agassiz, the widow of Louis Agassiz, the Scientist, to his bier, looking composedly upon his upturned face, inquired with touching pathos, "Pray, who is the slumberer?" And many more interesting things about men, who, receding into History, will throw around Boston a halo hardly surpassed by that, with which the Poets, the world knows so well, adorned the Lakes of England—now, too, all gone, save Ruskin.

Monday it rained hard the whole day, sometimes in torrents; but there was no boisterous wind. There was, however, much fog, and the whistle was sounding constantly to warn off collisions.

The winds from Northeast Trades now we are beyond the Tropics, have veered around and become the Southwest Passage Winds, helping us on the other beam, and we made two hundred and eighty miles in the last twenty-four hours. Our usual speed is nine or ten per hour; though when beating against the Northeast Trades and

the Equatorial Current in the Caribbean Sea, our speed was reduced to five or six. I fear our progress may bring us within the range of other influences, and before many hours the stormy Northwest will be tearing down to occupy the warm apartments of the gentler Passage Winds. I hardly expect to get to New York without a lowering of the Thermometer and a rising of the elements. To-morrow we will see.

SAME STEAMSHIP,

Tuesday and Wednesday, December 11 and 12, 1888.

The Thermometer still creeping down; on Tuesday falling to 64° , to-day, Wednesday, to 61° in my State-room.

The wind on Tuesday, as I anticipated, rose into a gale; that from the Southwest, overcome by the stronger blasts of its adversary, passed into the Northwest, and all day long continued to gather strength and pile up the waters.

The Ship struggled manfully, and plunged ahead, with creaking timbers. Her speed was much reduced, but still she went upon her course. Her build is not suited to such boisterous Seas; rather for the warmer and gentler climes. A violent storm, like that, you remember, I experienced on the Pavonia, from Liverpool to New York, on my Second Tour, I verily believe would have swept away her Hurricane Deck and left her an uncovered shell. She does admirably for hot climates, with her open, well ventilated spaces; but not for stormy times on stormy Seas, when her openings have to be battened down, and all made taught against the weather. At one time I thought the hour had come; a heavy wave dashed over the bulwarks and broke through the kitchen and pantry windows, filling the apartments with a flood. When I went to bed, I fastened both the glass and slat sashes of my Room, fearing a similar fate might befall me during the night.

Yet the sight, though so threatening, was magnificent; especially looking behind, to see the great waves rise and fall, seeming like a serpent to follow the Ship with dire intent. The immense billows were crowned with caps, which the winds would clutch and scatter, covering their sides, down which they flowed, with flecks and streams of white, that made them pale with seeming anger. Meantime the Steamer, while she fled, with her propeller, churned the waves in rivalry, and tossed them into foaming Geysers. These splendid scenes

were some compensation to those who could view them and stand the rolling and tossing of the Ship.

All day Tuesday and Tuesday night this struggle raged. Wednesday, passing obliquely through the Gulf Stream, on our almost due North passage, we came to calmer Seas and Skies, during which I am enabled to dot down these hasty words, though, you see, with straggling lines and letters. Whilst doing so, the Captain sends me this note: "*Dear Governor*,—We are 240 miles from New York Bay, and in all probability will be in the City to-morrow afternoon. Yours truly, HENDERSON." Maybe the Stations in the United States are announcing the rough weather we perchance are having. If Edison had perfected his mode of transmitting thought without the use of wire, I might send you the Captain's words and mine, to relieve you of apprehension for our safety.

I go to the Captain's State-room now and then and we have a pleasant chat. I talk with the Stewardess, Mrs. Milburn, an old lady now, who has been on this Line more than twenty years, and varies in her spirits like Sea weather, now sad and doleful, now bright and cheery. She knows some of my friends, has met them travelling, among them Captain Jefferson Maury and his wife, of whom she had much of good to say. He was Captain of a Steamer on this Line at one time, and she was his Stewardess. Also I have talked with Dr. Duncan, the Surgeon of the Ship. He is from New York, and told me of the Doctors there, among them of Dr. Agnew, and his sudden taking off; and of Conklin and his ailment and its cause; and of Dr. Otis and his specialty and reputation. And thus I while away the time. Of my reading I will not bother you; to you the reading of these Letters is enough to make you wish, I doubt not, that a young Omar had come along, before they reached you, and like his namesake long centuries ago, with equally laudable intent, made of them a little bonfire.

ON SAME STEAMER, AND NEW YORK CITY,

ASTOR HOUSE, *Thursday, December 13, 1888.*

The weather continues to improve in temper, but not in temperature. It grew colder; and whilst we steamed into the City to-day without wind, the Thermometer fell many degrees below freezing point. It was, however, very lovely, passing between the Bridge and Bartholdi's Statue—the Gateway of the Great City—its lusty health

and growth now spreading itself far and wide around and over Main and Islands.

We reached the Landing about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, nine hundred and seventy-eight miles from Watling's Island, and a total distance from Colon of nineteen hundred and seventy. I was introduced to the Superintendent of this Line, Mr. Bullay, who in turn introduced me to the Chief Customs Officer on the Dock, and with great courtesy, my Baggage was speedily passed, and I took a Cab and drove at once to this Hotel.

At night I went to the Fifth Avenue Theatre to hear Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett in Julius Cæsar; the former as Brutus, the latter as Cassius. I was disappointed. They are both getting too old—"lagging superfluous." A young man by the name of Charles Hanford, of whom I never heard before, did the part of Mark Antony, and far surpassed them both. They are living upon their reputation; he has his to make. As ever, I was struck in Antony's speech, with the profound wisdom and insight of the wonderful Master, who, though he never lived in or saw a Republic, knew how not Romans only, but human beings must deport themselves under its influences.

To-morrow I shall close up my affairs, and then on towards the dear Old Home.

And now the Tour is finished, and here, where it began, shall end the Story of it. I started on it with some misgivings, both on account of the climate and the poverty of interest South America I feared would offer. But in both I was agreeably disappointed. I was sick upon the Amazon—sicker than I admitted in my Letters—but my will overcame my apprehensions, maybe my disease. I trust I have been able to give you a tittle of the interest and pleasure I enjoyed; helped on everywhere by the attention and courtesy of my acquaintances and friends, old and new. And when I gather up its incidents, it seems, in whatever goes to make Travel enjoyable and profitable, to be entitled to a place by the side of the other delightful journeys I have made.

With love for all,

F.

When you have read, forward to Margaret and Taylor.

ITINERARY.

1888.		Miles.
May	21. Winchester to New York.....	300
"	23, 24. New York to Newport News.....	288
"	24-31. Newport News to St. Thomas.....	1298
" 31 to June	1-3. St. Thomas to Barbadoes.....	437
June	3-8. Barbadoes to Pará.....	1161
"	9-17. Pará to Manaos.....	954
"	21-26. Manaos to Pará.....	954
July	6-18. Pará to Rio de Janeiro, viz: Pará to Maranham, 364; Maranham to Pernambuco, 800; Pernambuco to Bahia, 389; Bahia to Rio, 740. Total.....	2293
"	19. Rio to Tijuca.....	10
"	20. Tijuca to Rio.....	10
"	22. Rio to Corcovado and return (5 + 5).....	10
"	23-24. Rio to Petropolis, 20; return, 20. Total.....	40
" 30, 31 to August	1, 2. Rio to Cantagallo, and to Palace of Count de Nova Friburgo and return to Rio (105 + 105).....	210
August	4-7. Rio to Montevideo.....	1039
"	7-8. Montevideo to Buenos Ayres.....	90
"	12. Buenos Ayres to Tigre and Calzetta's and return (25 + 25).....	50
"	13. Buenos Ayres to City of La Plata and return (30 + 30).....	60
"	16-22. Buenos Ayres to Asuncion, viz: Buenos Ayres to Rosario, 240; Rosario to Paraná, 120; Paraná to Corrientes, 390; Corrientes to Asuncion, 240. Total to Asuncion.....	990
"	23. Asuncion to Recoleta and return (3 + 3).....	6
"	24-28. Asuncion to Rosario.....	750
"	29. Rosario to Cordova.....	246
" 31 to September	1-2. Cordova to Mendoza, viz: Cordova to Villa Maria, 90; Villa Maria to Rio Cuarto, 90; Rio Cuarto to Mercedes, 70; Villa Mercedes to Mendoza, 220. Total from Cordova to Mendoza.....	472

1888.		Miles.
September	3, 4. Mendoza to Buenos Ayres (by direct Route)...	651
"	9, 10. Buenos Ayres to Concordia via River Uruguay,	250
"	12, 13. Concordia to Buenos Ayres.....	250
"	13, 14. Buenos Ayres to Montevideo.....	90
"	18-29. Montevideo to Talcahuana, Chili, viz: Monte- video to Cape Virgins, 915; Cape Virgins to Punta Arenas or Sandy Point, 125; Punta Arenas to Cape Pillar, through Straits of Magellan, 195; Cape Pillar to Lota, 1,003; Lota to Coronel, 6; Coronel to Talcahuana, 43. Total from Monte- video to Talcahuana.....	2287
"	29. Talcahuana to Concepcion.....	10
"	30. Concepcion to Coronel, 18; Coronel to Lota, 5,	23
October	1. Lota to Concepcion.....	23
"	2. Concepcion to Santiago.....	354
"	7. Santiago to Valparaiso.....	115
"	10-17. Valparaiso to Mollendo, viz: Valparaiso to Coquimbo, 198; Coquimbo to Huasco, 98; Huasco to Caldera, 70; Caldera to Anto- fagasta, 209; Antofagasta to Iquique, 220; Iquique to Pisagua, 39; Pisagua to Arica, 72; Arica to Ilo, 86; Ilo to Mollendo, 53. Total from Valparaiso to Mollendo.....	1069
"	18. Mollendo to Arequipa (Rail).....	107
"	24-26. Arequipa to La Paz (Bolivia), viz: Arequipa to Puno (on Lake Titicaca), 218 (by Rail), October 25, 26; Puno to Chilacaia (Boli- via, over Lake Titicaca, by small Steamer), 108, October 26; Chilacaia to La Paz (by Coach), 48. Total from Arequipa to La Paz.....	371
" 30 to November	2. La Paz to Mollendo (by same modes on re- turn)	478
November	2-5. Mollendo to Callao, viz: Mollendo to Lomas, 186; Lomas to Pisco, 157; Pisco to Tambo de Mora, 13; Tambo de Mora to Cerves Azul, 33; Cerves Azul to Callao. Total from Mollendo to Callao.....	471
"	5. Callao to Lima (Rail).....	8½
"	10. Lima to Chicla (on Oroya Route).....	79
"	11. Chicla to Lima, return.....	79
"	18. Lima to Callao and return (8½ + 8½).....	17
"	20. Lima to Callao.....	8½
"	20-25. Callao to Guayaquil, viz: Callao to Casma, 186; Casma to Samanco, 18; Samanco to Chimbote, 15; Chimbote to Salaverry, 62; Salaverry to Pacasmayo, 69; Pacasmayo	

	1888.		Miles.
November		to Eten, 34; Eten to Pimental, 9; Pimental to Payta, 156; Payta to Guayaquil, 220. Total from Callao to Guayaquil.....	760
"	26-30.	Guayaquil to Panamá.....	840
December	4.	Panamá to Colon or Aspinwall.....	45
"	4-13.	Aspinwall to New York, viz: Aspinwall to Island of Navassa, 611; Navassa to Cape Maysi, 122; Cape Maysi to Castle Island, 115; Castle Island to Fortune Island, 26; Fortune Island to Bird Rock Island, 18; Bird Rock Island to Watling's Island, 80; Watling's Island to Hatteras, 664; Hatteras to Barnegat, 271; Barnegat to Sandy Hook, 43; Sandy Hook to New York, 20. Total from Aspinwall to New York.....	1970
"	15.	New York to Philadelphia.....	90
"	16.	Philadelphia to Washington.....	138
"	17.	Washington to Charlestown, Jefferson County, West Virginia.....	64
"	18.	Charlestown to Winchester.....	22
Total number of miles.....			22,278

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